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THE

MIRROUR

Sam. OF Charnells

Divine Love

UNVAIL'D, CW

IN A

Poetical Paraphrase

Of the High and Mysterious

SONG of SOLOMON.

Whereunto is added a Miscellany of several other POEMS, Sacred and Moral.

Together with some few Pindariques in the close.

By *ROBERT FLEMING*, jun. V. D. M.

Μῶσαι Πιερίηθεν, ἀοιδῆσι κλείουσαι,
Δεῦτε δὴ ἐννέπετε σφέτερον πατέρ' ὑμνέουσαι. Hesiod.

LONDON,
Printed by *J. A.* for John Salusbury,
at the *Rising Sun* in *Cornhill*. 1691.

THE PREFACE.

IF it ſeem ſtrange to any of my *Acquaintance*, to find the following *Eſſays* thus adventure abroad, in a *time*, when it may rather be eſteem'd a Man's Wiſdom and Happineſs to remain wholly unknown to the World, than to be expoſed to the various Opinions of a giddy *Age*, wherein *Uncharitableneſs*, and a precipitant and cenſorious *judging* ſeems to be ſo *Epidemical* a Diſeaſe; I beſpeak *their Candour* ſo far, as not to cenſure me raſhly for what, it may be, I am as innocent of as they. What comes here to publick View, is (I readily confeſs) but the *product*, for the moſt part, of my *younger Years*; and then alſo Com-

posed chiefly for Divertisement's sake; and though of all these *Papers*, I can't say that of the *Poet*, that they have been *Nonum deprompta in Annum*; yet most of them are of a much older date. And they should have yet enjoyed their former *Obscurity*, had I been permitted to follow my own *Sentiments*; for I never judged more of them, than of many of their Fellows, whom I have secured from the like Ramble, by bestowing upon them the grave of a perpetual Obscurity; *Quæ misi in ignem, ne fortè mitterentur in lucem.* I could easily give the ordinary *Apologies* for my appearing thus in Print, if this had not proceeded from something not only *providential*, but some way *necessitating* also. I know it is the Custom of many to censure the best *Writers*, as soon almost as they have heard the Title; and for one *word* or *sentence* to run down a whole *Work*, above it may be their own *Imitation*, if not their *Understanding* too: So that I were very ignorant of the Disposition of the Age in this, if I should expect these small Essays should escape; tho' otherwise I might hope my Obscurity might some way Priviledge me as to this. But hower it happen, I am little concerned; hoping I may hereby profit *some*, though I should offend *others*;

others ; and being assured that whatever *Offence* be *taken*, there is none hereby *given* to any. But I have long agoe learned, that it is not only *difficile*, but *impossibile omnibus placere* : So that they presume more upon their own worth than they ought, who expect the detraction of none in things of this Nature. And yet I must say, that as it is very bad Manners to interrupt a Man in the middle of his *Discourse*, so to Censure a *Book* before it be read and considered, is no better.

But I happen here to be more exposed to the *Censures* of the World than many others, since not only my *Weaknesses*, but the very *way and manner* wherein I write gives Occasion for the same. For such is the diseesteem of *Poetry* at present, that by many it is reckoned as a Disgrace for any Person to be that way addicted. To such I shall only say, that for my part they shall be suffered to enjoy their own Sentiments : Though I am very well satisfied, that all the Arguments that are made use of against it, proceed either from *ignorance or prejudice.* And surely, if the Authorities of the best *Examples* and Presidents bear any sway with us, it were an easie thing to shew, that in all *Ages* this *Art* hath

been esteemed of, and that not by a few only, and those of lesser Account, but by almost all *Learned* Men, in all *Faculties* and *Professions*, in all the Politer Nations of the World, of whom I might reckon up whole *Catalogues*, if need were. But besides this, if we consider *Sacred Writ*, we shall find a good part thereof adstricted to *Poetical Numbers*. For tho' *Job*, the *Psalms*, &c. be not composed after the manner of the *Poetry* of other Nations; yet it is acknowledged by the greatest *Masters* of the *Jewish Language*, that these Books are written Poetically. And it is no strange thing, that the old *Hebrew Poesy*, seems different from that of other Nations, since every Nation and Language hath its own Properties and things peculiar to it self. Only we may justly here lament the loss of the Knowledge of this *Art*, as it was used in the *Schools* of the *Old Prophets*; which hath perished, together with many other things, in the overthrow of that Common-wealth. Those then who contemn *Poets and Poetry* in the general, without distinction, ought to take heed lest they Contemn the *Holy Scriptures*, yea, *God himself*, the Author of them, who hath both *sanctified and honoured this Art*, by setting down thus the most excellent and useful part of the Old Testament,

ſtament, as without doubt the Works of *David*, and the other Pſalmiſts, and the Works of the *Wiſe Solomon*, together with the Book of *Job*, are; eſpecially ſince thoſe ſacred Pen-men (not to mention the many *Poetical Songs and Hymns* wherewith both the *Old* and *New Teſtament* are beſpangled) get particular, commendatory and honourable *Epithets*, by the Spirit of God, from their *Skill* in, and addictedneſs to this Art: Thus *David* is deſigned the *Sweet-ſinger* or *Pſalmiſt* of *Iſrael*; and *Solomon* is particularly Noted as the *Author* of *a thouſand and five Songs*, whereof this following is the moſt excellent. I readily confeſs (which I bewail alſo) that no *Art* hath been, and is, more variouſly abuſed, and ignominiouſly perverted, than this: But I can't thence be induced to throw off the *Art* it ſelf, upon this account, as wholly uſeleſs; ſince even the *Scriptures themſelves* are by many perverted, to their own deſtruction.

And ſure I am, if it be ſuitable for any thing to be written *Poetically*, *this Song* does eſpecially require it. I ſhould have wiſht indeed, that ſome other might have prevented my labour herein, by Paraphraſing the ſame better, both as to *Matter* and *Words*: But ſince none has done it as

yet, *in such a manner*, this may, I conceive, some way Apologize for the Defects of this *Paraphrase* of mine; which *Necessity* has pull'd from me, without affording so much time as distinctly to Revise the *Copy*. I am not ignorant, that (besides the more brief and verbal *Metaphrases* of this Book) there has of late been made Publick a large *Paraphrase* hereof, by Mr. *Beverly*: But since he leaves the true *spiritual sense* thereof, and turns it wholly to *Prophecy*, I may (notwithstanding *that*) justly say, that none has yet rendered this Song, *in such a manner*, as I have (at least) attempted to do here. I would not reflect upon that *worthy Person*, or any else, for making this and such other Parts of *Scripture* to run in a *Prophetical strain*; tho' (I must needs say) I am somewhat afraid of the consequences of that way; lest Men be so bold also, as to pervert even the main *Doctrinal parts* of *Scripture* by *Allegorical Glosses*, and thus turn the whole *Scripture* into a meer *Nose of Wax*, or the Schools *Materia Prima*, that can admit of what sense we please. And upon this account I am concerned to find this good Man so far swallowed up in this way, as already to have attempted the turning of the *Lords Prayer* and *Sacraments*, with other things of that Nature, into *Prophecy*

or

or *Allegory*; to whom it seems all things appear *thus*, from the Predominancy of Imagination that way; (as 'tis said of them that are troubled with the *yellow Jaundice*, that they see all things in the same Colour:) only I judge, that in this matter he is like to have few Followers, among the Learned and judicious. However this is a way that proved hurtful to the *Ancient Church* in *Origen*'s time: And of late the *Belgick Church* has had the same revived, to its no small Detriment, by *Cocceus* and his Followers, who derived it from the *Talmud* and *Rabbinical Interpretations* of Scripture. But I have, it may be, digressed too far on this Head, and shall therefore say no more thereof.

As for the *Miscellanies* here added to the *Song*, they are a *few of many* that have one way or another been lost, and appear no otherwise to me than as some few *Planks* toss'd ashoar from a common *Shipwrack*. It is true, I might have added a great many more *Scriptural Translations*, which yet chance to lye by me, such as the *Lamentations of Jeremiah*, with most of the other *Scriptural Songs*; as also several other *Psalms* in *Meeter*; but finding these already done by *others*, I did not think it worth the while to be at the Pains of revising them. The same Reason (as also the

the fear of swelling the Book into too large a Volume) has occasioned the retaining likewise of several other *Poems*, that otherwise might have claimed the same Priviledge with these. As for the *Dramatique Poem*, subjoyned to the Miscellanies, I only would Advertise the *Reader*, that I did not think fit to prefix thereunto the Word [*Act*] as is usual, (being in my judgment against *acting* of any such grave Matter, after the manner of our corrupt *Comedies* and *Opera's*;) though the right apprehending of the scope and design thereof seem'd to require the prefixing of the word [*Scene*] for distinctions sake.

The few *Pindariques*, which I thought good to add in the close of all, are much of the same Age with the former, of which I shall not say any thing here particularly. Only as to the last of them, which is called the *Ecstasie*, and which was formerly Printed apart, I may add a few of the Words prefixed to it in its first Publication; *viz.* "That though "both the *Subject*, and the *manner* of hand-"ling it may seem strange to some, yet not "to such as are acquainted with the *Nature* "*of Poetry*, (especially Pindariques) and its "*liberty*, beyond other ways of Writing. And "what should make it seem strange, that the "active and intelligent *Soul*, when freed from

"sin

" ſin, and all its Effects, wherewith it is bur-
" dened in this *Animal State*, ſhould be there-
" in introduced, as *conſidering* Gods Works,
" and *diſcourſing* of them, even in its *progreſs*
" to Heaven. For why ſhould it be more
inconſiderate then, than when it arrives at
" Heaven? or why ſhould it be thought to
" go thither in ſuch a precipitant haſte, as
" not to have any time to conſider thoſe things,
" as the vulgar fancy? But beſides, as the
" *Occaſion* ſheweth, ſo in reality theſe *Lines*
" were the product of *ſomewhat*, that may not
" unjuſtly bear the Name of an *Ecſtaſie*, *or*
" *Ecſtatical Rapture or Dream.* Now conſi-
" dering how ſtrange ſometimes the *Idea's* are
" of things repreſented in an *Ordinary Dream*,
" it needs not ſeem ſtrange, that in a ſome-
" what more *extraordinary Conſtitution of the*
" *Phantaſie*, there ſhould be ſome more un-
" common Idea's and Repreſentations of
" things.

But not to detain the *Reader*, I ſhall only ſay further, that if what is here Publiſhed offend him, he is not like to be troubled a ſecond time with any thing of this Nature; for my *publick Work* at preſent, and *ſeverer Studies*, afford me little time for ſuch *Digreſſive Diverſions*; and if they ſhould, yet I reſolve ſuch *immature Births* of my *vacant hours* ſhall

ſha.. not again trouble any, except it be private Friends. So that I may now ſay of *Poetry*, as one ſaid in a.. her Caſe,

Hoc fabella modo panſum facit. Optima poſt-hac
Sulpit. Sat. *Muſa velim moneas, ſine qua mihi nulla voluptas.*

In the mean time, I wiſh theſe *Poems* may be ſo happy as to divert the *Reader* from worſer thoughts, and ſo pleaſe the *Affections*, that the Soul may be profited, which was the *ſcope* of the *Author*, (as to himſelf) in Compoſing them, and is the *deſign* (as to others) of ſuch as have extorted the Publiſhing them. And ſure, how low and dull ſoever the *manner* of Compoſing them may ſeem to be, yet the *Subject* for the moſt part is ſuch, as may fully anſwer any ſuch defect. But leaving every one to judge as he pleaſeth, I ſhall ſay no more in this place, but only bid the *Candid Reader* Farewell.

Viro

Viro eruditione juxtâ ac Pietate Præstantissimo D^no^ Roberto Fleminio in S. S. Epithalamium, &c.

MActe animo, & virtute piâ, spes maxima patris,
Nec Patriæ minor, & dignus utrinque mei:
Est solvenda fides, meritas persolvere grates
Et statui, & vovi, & musula fida dabit:
Hoc tamen in gracili non pingui Carmine, quale
Det blandis Musis ars decorata tuis.
In promptu est hoc χαῖρε, (χάρις βαιῶν ὀπαδεῖ)
Amplectens calami pignora sacra tui.
Omnia quæ longa indulget mortalibus ætas,
Hæc tibi (fausta bonis) prima juventa dedit.
Mulcet inauditâ mentes dulcedine carmen,
Aspera & invicto fœdere corda domat,
Me prope confectum reficit, prohibetque Sepulchro:
Serviat hinc genio fama ministra tuo.
Respuis hoc votum? spretis popularibus auris?
Sed suus ex merito quemque seculus honos,
Et tuus imprimis; quem 'illevit melle benigno
Calliope sacri magna regina soni.

Venerationis ergo hæc scripsit Addictissimus tuus, & frater fraterrimus.

S. B.

To the Reverend

AUTHOR.

THanks, Courteous Soul, for all thy fruitful (pains;
But what, muſt thanks and love be all thy gains?
No, we'll immortalize thy ſpreading Name,
To be the wonder and diſcourſe of Fame:
But this thou'ſt done thy ſelf, who can do more?
Nay, half ſo much as thou haſt done before?
My rough-built Verſe mayn't undertake to praiſe
Thy Soul-entrancing and harmonious laies:
'Twould be to blurr both thee and them, before
My dull, pen-feather'd Muſe had learn'd to ſoar,
And gotten Wings as well as Feet, but then
Challenge my praiſing Muſe-inſpired Pen:
Then brand me, and condemn me, if a word
Breaths through my Lips that does not praiſe afford.

Thanks

To the Reverend Author.

Thanks Belgick *Coasts, and* Scotish *too, that thus*
We share in one so great with you and us:
Whom the kind Arbiter of Fate thought fit
To make the Master of a Mine of Wit;
And give so pregnant, quick and clear a mind,
So well from Earth and Muddiness refin'd:
One who at pleasure has the help in's Quill,
Of all the Powers that hunt Parnassus-*Hill.*
Let the bright Ruler of the sliding day,
After his long and gilded Travels say,
Whom he has found so young, that winged Fame
May glory more in th' Honour of his Name:
Whose coupling Cadences in greater grace
Fall in a better and more chast Embrace.
When others bite their Nails, and rub their brow,
I enter their squeezed-brain, and all won't do,
Thy Lips drop accents, and thou shap'st the Air
Into such words at pleasure, that shall bear
Proportion to thy thoughts; thy ready mind
Can think, and fix, and full devotion find.
Oft have I been in Solomon's *Porch before,*
But ne're could understand to unlock the Door,
To get within the Temple, 'till at last
I found thy Key, and so got in in haste,
Where now I live, and feast my Eyes and mind
On th' greatest Mysteries, and no Mists can find.
Thanks then for this, and for th' Pindariques too,
But all my Thanks cannot be half thy due:

Bless'd

To the Reverend Author.

Bleſs'd be thy Day of Life, that happy day
Shall be to after times their Epocha.
Thou fill'ſt Report, and thy Victorious Rhime
Shall well revenge thy Death, and conquer Time:
And Antedate thy Reſurrection,
To live two Lives, when others live but one.
Go on, brave Soul! we'll write it on thy Herſe,
Here's one gain'd Souls to God by Proſe and Verſe.

S. B.

Ad

The Song of Solomon.

CHAP. I.

VERSE 1.

The Song of Songs, which is Solomons.

The Paraphrase,

The Song of Songs, penn'd by Solomon.

A Song which other Songs exceeds each one:
Not only those which Human are; as also those
Thousand and Four, *which he, besides this did compose.*
But likewise those whose Inspiration
Is divine. All do yield to this rare one:
Both for its Matter, Words *and* Form,
And Figures, *which each line adorn.*

ANNOTATIONS.

THere were Three sorts of Songs in use amongst the *Hebrews* of old. The First whereof they called מִזְמוֹר, which we translate *Psalm*, and is taken either more generally,

and so it includes the other two sorts; or more specially, and so it includes properly those Psalms, which contain Doctrinal Points, Poetically handled and treated of, whether they belong to Instruction, Exhortation, Dehortation, Mercy, Judgment, or Histories, Promises, Prophecies, Threatnings, Prayers, *&c.* And of this sort is the Hundred and nineteenth Psalm, and the greatest part of all the Psalms of *David*, till near the close. The Second sort is called תְּהִלִּים, which signifies properly an Hymn, or Song of Praise, and from this word the Book of *Psalms* is designed, according to the *Hebrew*, *The Book of Praises*; so called, as I think, from the latter part thereof, which is almost wholly composed of Praises. The Third sort is termed שִׁיר, which signifies properly in our Language a *Song*; after this manner we may observe, that those Psalms or Songs, which as to their Matter and Expressions are mostly Mystick, Allegorick and Spiritual, are thus designed. This we may observe in the Forty fifth and Forty sixth Psalm. But there are some Psalms which get both the designation of a Psalm and Song, as the Sixty seventh and Sixty eighth Psalm, with some others: And of these we may observe that they are so composed, as to contain in them both something of the first and last sort; and so participating of both, they get the Designation of both. All these three sorts of Psalms which we have mentioned, we have set down by the Apostle, *Eph.* 5. 19.

Now of the last of these three kinds of Songs, is this present. Bnt as it is a Song of a higher strain than any other which ever was composed, either by Human or even Divine Inspiration; so doth it deserve a higher Title than others. Wherefore it is

not

not simply called a *Song*, but with an adjoyned Epithet, *of Songs*; yea as if it were not enough to call it a Song of Songs, it is expressed *the* Song of Songs; for so much the force of the *Hebrew* Expression imports, and is thus rightly translated in our Version. And if we should translate the *Hebrew* by the meaning of this Expression, it should be thus, The most excellent of all Songs. For the *Hebrews* want the Superlative; for the making up of which, they use, in this case, the Genitive of the Plural Number of the same Noun, thereby holding forth the excellency of the Singular.

Some there are, who think that some Secret or Mystery is imporred by the little Circle which is to be seen above the letter *Schin*, (for thus it *is* written in this place שִׁיר,) but what it is, it cannot be positively determined; but it may be not improbably thought, that it is a mark of eminency, to distinguish it from the One thousand and five Songs mentioned 1 *Kings* 4. 32. or rather to shew that is the most excellent of them; for the words in that place seem to make this one of them, in that it says, That *Solomon*'s Songs were a thousand and five, which imports as much as if he had writ only these, and none besides these.

The Pen-man of this Song is said to be *Solomon*. But in the Hebrew it is not said, The Song of Songs, which is *Solomons*, but, *The Song of Songs to Solomon*. The reason of this, why the Dative and not the Genitive is used, may (altho' in it self an *Hebraism*) possibly be added to discriminate this Song from the others which he composed, by shewing the Divinity of this: And if we admit this Conjecture, we may thus Metaphrase the words, *The Song of Songs which was given to*

mon, viz. *by Divine Inspiration*; intimating that the other Songs were composed *by Solomon*, but this *to* him.

We may observe here, that in the Title of this Book *Solomon* is simply designed, without any Title of Honour, as he is designed in his other two Books. The reason whereof it's like may be, because this Song being wholly composed of *Love*, no other Titles were convenient and fit to be insert but such; but Titles of Eminency, Honour and Estate, are not such, but are rather a Barr and Obstacle of Intimacy, and therefore are left out: For as we use to say, *Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur, majestas & amor.* And possibly it may be, as for other Reasons, so for this, that it is written so mystically: For a plain Discourse of such Intimacy as is here set down betwixt Christ and the Believer, would not have that lustre that it hath, when vailed: For the Names of *God*, *Lord*, *Jehovah*, &c. behoved to have been in that case insert; which are Names of Eminency, and so, for the former Reason not fit for a Love-Song.

I judge none of any Conscience will be so profane, as to doubt, far less deny, that this Song is to be understood Spiritually; for not to mention its ever-undoubted and unquestionable Authentickness by both *Jews* and *Christians*; I shall only use one Reason to evince the same, which is couched in the Title. Shall we think that the Spirit of God would give such an Epithet to this Song, (or even *Solomon* himself,) That it is the most excellent of Songs, if it were not of an high and spiritual strain? Would the Title of it be more august, ample and superlative than all the Psalms and Songs in Scripture, if it

Matte

Matter and End were not correſpondent to its Title? But it's no wonder that earthly and carnal Minds, to whom all Spiritual things are fooliſhneſs, have their Reaſon gravelled and non-plus'd here; this Scripture ſhining with ſuch a light, that even the Eyes of holy and judicious Souls are dazled thereby.

And it is but a ſhallow Objection which ſome adduce againſt the Divinity of this Book; *viz.* That there is no Paſſage of it cited in the New-Teſtament: For Citation of Scriptures in the New-Teſtament, doth not give Authority to them; for there are many Scriptures in the Old-Teſtament, which were never cited in the New. Yet we may judge, that there are many Scriptures in the New-Teſtament, which are ſpoken in alluſion to this Song; as the often ſtyling the Church a Vineyard, and comparing the Churches Union with Chriſt to a Marriage, *Mat.* 20. and 22. That Chriſt ſtands at the door and knocks, *Rev.* 3. 20. taken as it ſeems from *Song* 5. 2. and many other Expreſſions of that Nature.

It is uncontroverted by all, that this Song is written *Dialogue-wiſe.* And it is likewiſe clear, that the *principal Speakers* are two, *viz.* the *Bridegroom* and *Bride*; for the *Maſculine and Feminine Particles*, denote different *Sexes*; and the *ſtrain of their Diſcourſe*, the *Relation* that they ſtand in one to another. It is alſo clear, that there is a *ſecondary Speaker or Speakers*, called *Daughters of Jeruſalem*; who ſeem to be the *Bride's Companions*; as the Forty fifth Pſalm (which is as it were an abridgment or compend of this) doth term them. Neither doth it come into debate among Commentators, who it is who here

goes under the Name of *Solomon*, and the Notion of the Bridegroom; all granting that hereby *Christ*, or God in Christ, is understood. But it admits Variation of Judgment and Debate, who it is who is here meant by the Spouse or Bride; some understanding it of the *Church*, and some of a particular *Believer*: And those again, who understand it of the Church, do vary, some taking it to be the *Church Visible*, and some the *Church Invisible*: And some again there are, who under this Notion take in *sometimes the Church Visible*, and *sometimes the Church Invisible*; according as any part of the Allegory seems best to relate to any of them. For my part (with humble Submission to better Judgments) I understand here, by *Spouse* or *Bride*, a *particular Believer only*; and I think that the intent and scope of this Scripture is to shew the various Cases and Conditions that a Saint may be in, as to their spiritual and inward Exercise. To prove which I think it not needful here to insist, since the following Paraphrase and Annotations, as Occasion offers, will (I think) manifest the same. Only I may say this, That there are some passages in this Song, which, in a manner enforce us so to explain them, as *chap. 3. ver. 4. The Spouse's bringing her Beloved into her Mother's house*: For how can we explain what the Mother here is, if we understand the Spouse to be the Church? However, to leave each one to their own Sentiments, we pass by this. And though many things might be previously spoken to here, e're we come to the Song it self; yet because whatever is necessary to be known (as to those things which are introductory to this Song) are largely set down by others, especially Learned, Holy and Judicious *Durham*, in his

Key

Key premitted to his Explication of the Song; therefore I shall add no more here, remitting those who desire more of this nature to that solid Writer; as also to the *Synopsis Criticorum* upon the place.

Now because, by what is said, it may appear how ample and large this Title is, which is prefixed to the Song, I thought it not incongruous (although I have already Paraphraz'd the same in a few lines) to amplifie it yet a little further under the form of a Preface or Introduction: Which is as follows.

The Preface.

HE to whose hands this sacred Song *shall come,*
If Ears he have, he shall not find it dumb:
But it's a Song *of such a matchless strain,*
As few, its like, may understand the same.
Whether its Matter, Form *or* Words *we view,*
Nothing there's here but what is strangely new.
Its Matter *is no* common Theam, *nor such*
As vulgar Mortals dote upon so much.
It's not compos'd of empty trivial things;
No dying Prince's *dying* Praise *it sings.*
The loveliest piece of the Almighty's *ways,*
It sings unto the Great Almighty's *praise.*
It treats of Love, *not what we* Love nick-name,
But of what only can Love's Title *claim.*
Its Form *is such as ne're shall follow'd be;*
For here the Words and Speeches you do see,
Of Heavens illustrious Darling, *and his* Spouse,
Whom strangely he doth to himself espouse.
Mysterious Amours, Mystick Riddles *lye*
Wrapt here unseen, ev'n by the curious Eye.

Its Words *at once do both instruct the Good,*
To whom true Piety is understood;
And do debarr the Bad, though worldly-wise,
By its transparent Vail, *which proves* Disguise
To them; while to the Good it doth appear
The same as when that Vail it doth not wear.
It's Author *would you know? It's he who here*
To be the glorious Bridegroom *doth appear.*
None else could e're these Mysteries *unfold;*
None else could e're these Mystick Loves *have told:*
None else durst have usurpt his glorious Name,
Or have put in as Sharer of his Fame.
Who then is this, you'll say, of whom we hear?
Who's this, whose Name *we see ingraven here?*
The Name *of* Solomon *sure here doth stand!*
Right! ——— *that's the* Pen-man's Hand.
A chosen Pen-man, *chosen for to write*
The Rules of Wisdom, *used to indite*
Nature's Mysterious Secrets, *who did* more
Than hundreds ten *of* Songs *compose before.*
Songs rare indeed each one, but none so rare,
As with this Song of Songs *for to compare.*
You see the Writer Solomon *to be,*
But do but draw the Curtain, *and you'll see*
Another Solomon *of far more worth,*
Who is the Substance *by this* Type *held forth.*
Come then, and lend a serious humble Eye,
And here a Treasure *rich thou shalt espye*
Of richest Truths. *Come here, and thou shalt see*
The lively Image of true Majesty.
Love's *lovely Feature,* Purity *divine,*
Are the sweet breezes *breath'd from every* line.
The Rose *and* Lilly *here do sweetly meet;*
The balmy Shrubs *do showers of* Nectar *weep:*

The

The Honey-comb *sweet Honey doth distill*;
All Pleasures *true do here abound at Will.*
Discords *do here unite, and all agree,*
In making one concording Harmony.
In summ, it doth contain the summ *of all*
Which can the heavenly Pilgrim *here befall*
As to his inward Case: *Each* step, *each* pace,
Each slip, *each* fall, *of his* Spiritual Race,
Is pourtray'd here, and in this Map *set down,*
From's setting forth, *untill he* reach the Crown.
Come then, advance, delay not to come here;
Unto this rarest Mirrour *draw thou near:*
And if old Adam's Vail *be off thine Eye,*
Mysteries passing Thought thou shalt espye:
The Work's but small, *take but a* little pains,
And quickly thou shalt reap assured Gains.

Now having set down these lines by way of *Preface*, it will not be needful to say much more; only I think it not incongruous to *advertise* any (who may chance to see this *following Paraphrase* of mine) of these few things. 1. That in *Paraphrazing* this *Song*, the several kinds of *Verse* which I there use, are for the most part *Arbitrary*; and as I used no Copy to follow in my composing them, so I suppose that the most part of them are to be seen in no other *Writer*: This I did, not out of any Affectation of *Singularity* or *Novelty*, but only because I endeavoured to have the *Verse vary*, according to the *Variation* of the several *parts* of the Book; and so to *correspond* to the *variety* of *Matter* therein, that something of the *Air* and *Breath* that this Song carries with it, may be expressed: And though I do confess, that it is but little that I have attained of this, (the excellency of the

the Song herein being scarce imitable ;) yet this was the true cause of my doing so. 2. That I have looked, in my *Paraphrase*, more to the *Matter* than *Words*, and have still, as I went along, endeavoured to express and make clear the same ; yet so, as I have not sligthly passed by the *Words* and *Phrases* of the Text. And indeed I must say, That I do scarce know to what use it is to Paraphrase the Words, and not the meaning of this Song ; for sure I am there can be no more sweet, smooth and soft *Expressions* used, than those which are in the Text it self ; and therefore I judged it my special work to express the *meaning of this Scripture* in *fit Expressions* ; and therewith in *a due and apt way* to bring in the *words of the Text* it self *to imbellish the meaning*. And though I am sorry that I fall so far short of my aim herein, yet I comfort my self in this, *Quod aliquam mereatur laudem etiam magna tentasse, licet non succedat pro votis successus.* 3. I have, for finding out the meaning of this Song, consulted divers Writers, but especially judicious *Durham*, whose Judgment I have mostly followed ; yet in two or three places I have been led to a dissenting from him, tho in a manner against my will, thorough that just Estimation I have for him. 4. I have in some places dissented from our *English* Version, as not so near the Original, as will be seen when I come to them particularly. 5. I have in the mutual Commendations of the Bridegroom and Bride, always used Hexamiter or Heroick Verse, because I thought that that kind of Poesie was the most proper for expressing the high Qualifications there described. 6. Some may possibly judge, that this Paraphrase of mine is but low and flat, because destitute of these high Expressions, without which some

some think Poesie doth not run: To whom I shall only say, That I am not apt to judge much of what is my own; and that I have only studied here to express this Scripture so, that the meaning thereof may be, in a tolerable Poetical style, laid open. And for high terms I do not much esteem of them; for the excellency of Poesie consists not in a roaring impetuosity of its Style, but in a perspicuous softness of Expression; resembling in this more the clear and gently running Stream, than the impetuous roaring Torrent. But not to detain my self and others any longer, I go forward to the Matter it self.

The Song or Discourse it self.

The *BRIDE.*

An *Account* of the *Bride's Marriage* or *Conversion*; which is *not expressed*, but is *implied* in the Bride's *Discourse*, particularly in *Verse* 2.

I Once *did think*, *as others* yet *do think*;
Spiritual *things but* Follies *I did deem*;
Earths Pleasures I as Cordials did drink,
Who spoke of Heavenly Joys, *methought did dream.*

Dis-

Discourses *I of* God *and* Christ *did hear*,
Heavens *Comforts, and* Hells *Torments were me told*;
Yet all did reach no further than the Ear,
Satan *and* Sin *so strongly did me hold.*

Long, long, alas! in this sad state *I lay*,
Dead, miserable, sinful, ignorant;
To each Temptation and Lust a Prey,
Proud in my Slav'ry, wanton in my Want.

But yet at last, O sweet and happy hour,
God graciously of me did pity take;
And by a touch of his All-potent Power,
From Ignorance and Sin did me awake.

Then from my blinded Eyes the Scales *did fall*,
I clearly then did things aright *behold*;
I heard another *than the* Preacher's *Call*,
I learn'd to discern Dross *from* Gold.

I then became enamour'd with his Love,
Who first me for to love did condescend;
But now he's gone; *my love I hope to prove*,
Though Love *be prone to* Jealousie *to tend.*

Those who consider how *abruptly* this *Song* begins in the *Second Verse*, and who reflect upon the *scope* of the same, will very easily, I doubt not, be brought to see and confess, that the *Bride* speaks at the very first, as one already *Converted*; or, to speak more consonantly to this *Allegory*, as one already in a *Married* state and condition: Which being considered, it is easie to judge that her Conversion or spiritual Marriage is there presupposed. So that no con-

considerate Person will think it strange (especially if he have any genuine *Idea* of the extent of *Poesie*) that I lay hold of that which is necessarily presupposed and implied in the whole Series of this Song, but more specially in the *Second Verse*; and thereupon give a general Account of a Christian's *Conversion*, applying the same to this Purpose, For making up the full extent of the *Bride's* meaning.

VERSE 2.

The Bride's Desire *or Wish, That Christ would manifest himself to her.*

The Words,

Let him kiss me with the kisses of his mouth: ——

The Paraphrase,

Oh would he come again,
And ease me of this smart and pain,
Which his sad absence *doth impart*
Unto my Mind and Heart.
O come my lovely one,
Let me no more for absence groan,
Let once thy lovely Face *appear,*
And Grief *will disappear.*
Oh lay thy Lips to mine,
And grant a Kiss, *a Kiss divine:*
Let me of thy Mouth's sweetness taste,
And thereon sweetly feast.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

It is easie to judge by these words, that the Bride hath been under some *Desertion* of *Christ's sensible Presence*; and therefore is it that she breaks out with that *abrupt Wish* or Desire, of *Kissing her*; whereby she means his coming again, and manifesting himself to her.

It is remarkable, that it is said by her, let him kiss me, without designing whom; for this relative hath no antecedent preceeding to answer thereto: Undoubtedly Christ is here to be understood, none makes question of that. And here we may take notice of two things; 1. That Love outleaps and breaks all the Rules of Art, it stands not on these. 2. That Christ in the Believers account is *the one* in Heaven and Earth, on whom they have their eye fixt; he is *he* per κατέξοχω: they think they need say no more of Christ, but *he*, *he*; for who can be ignorant of him. *Pythagoras* his Schollars used to say of their Master, αὐτὸς ἔφη, he said it: And in Scripture Saints speak so too, as *Psal.* 87. 1. *His foundation*, &c. and *Isa.* 53. 2. *He shall grow up*, &c. and good reason they have to say so, for he only deserves to be spoken so of.

Ibid.

The Motive *of the Bride's* Wish; viz. *The excellency of Christ's Love.*

The Words,

——For thy Love is better than Wine.

The

The Paraphrase.

For why thy Love's *most sweet,*
All sweetness there doth meet.
It's better far than Wine,
Though ne're so rare and fine.
All things on Earth that be,
Are but meer Gall to me,
When once compar'd with this
Foretaste *of Happiness.*
No pleasure else I find
That satisfie *the Mind;*
All empty proves, and vain,
And brings no solid gain.
Thy *Love doth strength impart*
Unto the inward part:
It purifies within
The Heart and Mind from sin;
From th' vital Spirits *it doth*
All heavinesse remove.
All Cares it drives away,
And turns our Night to Day:
Divine and sweet content
To th' Mind is thereby sent.

ANNOTATIONS.

By Love here, *or Loves*, as it is in the Original, is undoubtedly understood the Manifestation and Effects thereof, for it would not run so currently to understand it of Gods Eternal Love, as it is an Atttibute of his. The connexion of this with her former

former Desire doth likewise shew this: For her Wish before being, that he would manifest his sensible and comforting presence to her; she here adds the Reason, because these *Love Visits* of his were so delighful and refreshing to her, that nothing could come in competition therewith.

So that it is hence easie to judge what it is which she here calls Wine; even all the good things of the Earth. To all things, Saith she, thy Loves are preferable, nothing can compare with these. Wine indeed is cheering and refreshfull, would she say, (yea *Judg.* 9. 13. *It is said to cheer God and Man,*) but Oh what is that to thy Love, which both in it self, in its effect, and in my Experience and Esteem, is unconceivably better than it, and preferable thereto.

VERSE 3.

A Second Motive *of the Bride's* Wish; viz. *The sweetness of Christ's Love.*

The Words,

Because of the favour of thy good Oyntments, thy Name is as Oyntment poured forth, therefore do the Virgins love thee.

The Paraphrase.

Oh what an odoriferous scent
Unto the smelling sense is sent;
When thou thy Spirit me dost give,
Whose influences me relieve;

When

When thou thy Graces *me dost shew;*
When thou presentest to my view
Thy costly Ointments *which excell;*
O what a choice perfuming smell
Doth issue thence, and flow to all
Who upon thee sincerely call!
What pleasant savours *thence proceed,*
Which far all other scents exceed!
Thy very Name, *when it is spoke,*
Is like a Box of Oyntment *broke;*
Which swiftly flowing here and there,
Perfumeth *quickly all the* Air.
Hence is it that the Virgins *pure*
To be from thee cannot endure.
Hence is't that thou dost ravish so
All those who thee do rightly know.
Hence is it that so willing they
Thy Captives prove, and thee obey.
Hence is't that all Earths *Beauties rare*
Do lose with them the name of Fair,
When once they do with thee compare.
Hence is't that they rejoyce or grieve,
Hence is't that they do die or live,
According as thou dost them grant
Thy Love, which they can't chuse to want.

ANNOTATIONS.

Christ is all savoury, all Oyntments and Perfumes are in him, and all the Oyntments which he hath are good, they are all excellent, and *super-excellent.*

Yea, not only is he all perfumed over, but his *very Name* carries a ſweet Odoriferous Scent therewith to all true Believers.

So that it's no wonder that all true Chriſtians, who are pure and unſpotted Virgins, be in Love with Chriſt, for he is all compoſed of Sweets.

Ointments ſerve not only for perfuming, but for adorning alſo: hence *Pſal.* 104. 15. *Oyl* (or Ointment) *makes the face to ſhine.*

Now Chriſts Oyntments are his Graces, wherewith he is anointed, for *opening the eyes of the blind, for preaching glad tydings to the poor, to bind up the broken-hearted, to give the Oyl of joy for mourning*, &c. Iſa. 61. 1, 2, 3. See *Pſal.* 45. 2. In this reſpect Chriſt is ſaid to be *anointed with the oyl of gladneſs above his Fellows*, Pſal. 45. 7. *For God giveth not the Spirit to him by meaſure*, Joh. 3. 34.

VERSE 4.

The Bride's Prayer and Suit *for quickning Grace.*

The Words,

Draw me, we will run after thee——

The Paraphraſe,

Oh let me find thy quickning Grace,
And then I'll run *apace.*
Draw me, *O draw me after thee,*
Why from me doſt thou flee?
I cannot run, nor go, nor creep,
Except *thou give me* Feet.

I have no knowledge, will or might
To follow thee aright;
Till I the same from thee receive,
For all from thee I have.
Oh grant me then thy quickning Grace,
And then *I'll run apace.*

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse being now confirmed more and more in her former Desire, from the Motives or Reasons laid down; she breaks forth now, as not able to hold longer, with a fervent *Ejaculatory* Prayer, That Christ would grant her desire, and manifest himself to her sensibly, for her comfort and refreshing; and for that end, that he would *quicken* her Spirit, and effectually stir her up to follow him and seek him, while as absent. And it is not long e're she get a comfortable *Answer*, as follows.

Ibid.

The Answer *which the* Spouse *gets to her* Suit; *at the suddenness whereof she is astonished.*

The Words,

——The King hath brought me into his Chambers: ——

The Paraphrase,

Oh happy Suit! *where am I now?*
What's this I view?
Things rare and new!

Are these Heavens Mansions bright and fair,
So choice and rare,
Without compare!
Sure this is Heavens Porch *and Gate,*
So goodly, great,
Where I await!
My King and Prince hath brought me here,
Griefs disappear,
And Joys appear.

ANNOTATIONS.

These words cannot but be understood as a grant of the Bride's *Suit*, when compared with her *Petition*. And the Expression, in its abruptness, doth evidence that they are spoke by way of Exultation or Admiration.

By *King* here is meant *Christ*, *who is King*, κατ' ἐξοχὴν, *King of Kings, and Lord of Lords.* And by *Chambers*, is denoted *intimacy* with him, and nearness to him: she is brought in to his *Chamber of Presence*, his *Dining-room*, and *Bed-chamber*, e're she is aware. She was just now putting up a Suit to be admitted to *do* the King's *Will*, as a *means* to be admitted to his presence. But lo the King, e're she is aware, overleaping as it were her *Suit* about quickning Graces, comes and introduceth her into his own presence himself.

Ibid.

The Bride, upon the grant of her Suit, engageth her self to Gratitude, *for his gracious favour of admitting her to his presence.*

The

The Words,

———We will be glad and rejoyce in thee, we will remember thy Love more than Wine: the upright love thee.

The Paraphrase,

Come let us all together joyned be,
And let us all rejoyce in thee,
Unwearied and triumphantly.
Let all who ever of thy Love *did taste,*
Come here and joyn themselves a Guest,
At this choice Banquet and Love-Feast.
Let us set down a Register *of all*
Which ever did our Souls befall,
Since we did tread the earthly Ball.
Let us cast all into one Mold of Love,
For such they'll be when them we prove,
Love-tokens *all sent from above.*
Tho' some seem'd harsh, when them we underlay,
Tho' for their absence we did pray,
Yet otherwise we see this day.
Oh let us never thy sweet loves forget,
Or to commemorate neglect
To us thy gracious respect.
For why there's none who ever thee did see,
Who are not captivate by thee;
All upright Souls thy Lovers be.
Shall Drunkards *at their Cups combine,*
And Tavern-Rhimes *compose of* Wine,
And shall not we compose Divine?
We will be glad, triumph, rejoyce and sing,
And all thy Loves in order bring,
And mount them on our voices wing.

ANNOTATIONS.

Conſidering the connexion of theſe words with the former, I cannot but take them to expreſs her *rejoycing* in the *grant* of her *Suit*, and her ſtirring up her ſelf and others to a thankful commemorating of his kindneſs. She had ſpoke hitherto in the *Singular* Number, but now in the *Plural*: And the *reaſon* of the change ſhe ſubjoyns, ſaying, *The upright love thee.* As if ſhe had ſaid, Now ſince I ſee the King's Face, and am his Favourite, what ought I to do but ſolace my ſelf therein, and remember it always, as do all thoſe who are admit to be Partakers thereof? Surely would ſhe ſay, None who know my Beloved, will refuſe to joyn with me in this rare exerciſe; for why, they who love thee, cannot but chuſe to do ſo.

To remember here, imports, I think, more than a ſimple revolving of a thing in the mind with delight; for it ſeems to denote the time to come alſo: For, ſays ſhe, *we will* remember thy love; and ſo it may take in the *recording* of God's goodneſs for her own profit, to the time to come, when poſſibly ſhe may ſtand in need of it. And thus we may take in, her keeping a *Regiſter or Diary of God's Deſpenſations towards her, for the help of Memory*; and her laying *Engagements* on others to do the ſame. And thus have I underſtood it, and rendred it in the Paraphraſe.

It is to be obſerved, that the word מֵישָׁרִים, which we tranſlate *the upright*, is the Plural Number, and is a *Subſtantive*, and not an *Adjective*; and ſo it properly ſignifies *uprightneſs*, or *righteouſneſs*; and ſo it may be read thus, *All things that are upright love thee.*

thee. Or if we understand that word, with some, *adverbially*, then the sence is, *all who rightly love thee:* As if she had said, We will remember thy Love more than Wine, [as do all those who] rightly love thee. However we have followed our *Version*, which expresseth the sence well; for that word may very well be rendred by the Adjective *upright*, this way of Expression which we have noted, *being but an Hebraism.*

By this Expression, *more than Wine*, may either be understood, the Saints preferring Christ's love to all earthly things; or, that the Saints have a greater esteem of Christ's love, than earthly Men have of earthly comforts. Neither of these we exclude, but judge the second to be principally here intended, it being like to that expression, *Psal.* 4.6,7. and we think the meaning to be this, We will remember thy Love, more than earthly Men do their carnal Delights, and more than Drunkards do their Wine. As if she should say, As the Object of our Delight and praise is infinitely preferable to the Object of the delight of Worldlings, so let us strive to out-go them in our delight and commemorating thereof; and thus keep some proportion to the great disproportion that is betwixt these contrary Objects. Yet I think this is spoken here with a special respect to the delight which Drunkards have in their Cups, which transport them often to an admiring and praising of Wine in their drunken *Revels.* And therefore it needs not be thought strange, that in the Paraphrase I notice this.

VERSES 5 and 6.

The Bride's Apology *for her* blackness, *to the Professors of Religion.*

The Words,

I am black, but comely, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, as the Tents of Kedar, as the Curtains of Solomon.

Look not upon me because I am black, because the Sun hath looked upon me: my Mother's Children were angry with me, they made me the Keeper of the Vinyards, but mine own Vinyard have I not kept.

The Paraphrase,

V. 5.

I'm black, *I'm black indeed, I must confess;*
Sin and Oppression makes me so:
Than th'vilest Miscreant I'm black no less,
I have no beauty of my own to show.

Load me with all reproach and calumny,
And I will it acknowledge all:
For why my Sins are greater than you see,
I'm worse by far than what you can me call.

Oh

Oh how deformed am I when I see
And view my Master's *comely Face!*
I'm made to wonder why he looks on me,
In whom nought but deformity hath place.

Nought do I say? Oh let me not deny
What I in bounty from him have,
Which I receiv'd, when I in want did lye:
I'll then subjoyn, Nought but what me he gave.

None can his comely Countenance behold,
None can with him converse and talk;
But strait his Image will of them take hold,
And cast a lustre on their life and walk.

Sure in my self I something do perceive
From him for to reflect on me;
Which makes me beauteous Features to receive,
And comely by his comelines to be.

To Kedars *Sun-scorch'd* Tents *I do compare*
My self, when I my self review:
As Solomon's Curtains, *costly, rich, and fair,*
I seem, when I my borrow'd beauty view.

V. 6.

Wherefore O Daughters of Jerusalem,
Who Godliness professe to know;
Because I'm black, do not me thus contemn,
Neither because I troubles undergo.

The

The scorching Sun of sore Oppression, hath
My Beauty quite consum'd away;
Oft have I been brought to the gates of Death,
Griefs multiplying on me night and day.

Those who the same Religion *did profess,*
Me wrathfully did sore abuse;
And did than Foes me persecute no less,
And without cause me cruelly did use.

They set me as a Slave their Vines to keep,
In drudgery they made me live;
The care whereof did make me lose my sleep,
And to my trotbled Mind no rest did gsve.

About these earthly cares my life was spent,
Much of my time did thus consume;
Which now, though too too late, I do repent,
Though still these cares to vex me do presume.

Alas! I have a Vineyard *of my own,*
Which I'm concerned much to keep;
And yet it is with Weeds all overgrown,
For this, alas, I have not lost my sleep.

Lo! how unprun'd, and how undress'd it lies,
By my own sloth and carelesness:
Then let my Soul from sluggishness arise,
Which is the chief and only cause of this.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

By *Daughters of Jerusalem*, are certainly understood *Professors*, Members of the Church, professing the true Religion; and more especially such Professors as have a Love to the Truth, though but little knowledge or experience.

These words of the Brides are spoken by way of *anticipation*, to preoccupy an objection, or (at least) prejudice, which these Daughters of *Jerusalem* might be in hazard to have at her, in seeing her blemishes and affliction. As if he should say, Do not think that I am a meer Formalist, because I am disconsolate sometimes, and afflicted, and because you may discern many foul blemishes and spots on me; for though all that be true, yet you must not conclude that I have no Beauty. It is more than probable, that for all this, the Bride had as few spots as any, and was every way holy and unblameable in her walk: but when she had once been admitted to intimacy with God, presently her spots did become so visible to her self, that she imagines all see her faults, as well as her self; and therefore lest they should stumble at her, she thus expresses her self, and I think this is the true ground of her speaking so.

And indeed her Speech here is very pathetick: for first she confesseth her blackness, and yet nevertheless denyes any peremptory conclusion therefrom, as if she were insincere.

Kedar was one of the Sons of *Ishmael*, whose Posterity gave Name to the Country of *Arabia Petrea*; and were by the *Romans* afterwards called *Nomades*:

Nomades : They were a People which lived in *Tents*, which Tents were like the Inhabitants, black and ugly ; whether by reason of the scorching heat of the Sun, or because of their being dyed or pitched over, with some black and pitchy matter, for the better keeping out the heat and rain, or because of their frequent transportation ; whether by one or all of these reasons it was that they became so black, it's small matter.

Solomons Curtains were undoubtedly most costly, rich, and comely, as being such as were befitting the State and Grandeur of that King.

The Suns looking upon her, is as much as to say scorching and Sun-burning her ; for the Suns heat in these Countries was almost intolerable in the mid-day, especially in Summer ; as we see in *Jonah*, Chap. 4. *v.* 8. and *Gen.* 31. 40. And we see that by the heat of the Sun, persecution is held forth, *Mat.* 13. 6, 21. So that the meaning runs thus ; It's no wonder that I seem black to you, for I have endured the scorching Sun-shine of Persecution.

This Persecution of hers she amplifies more fully, by telling what manner of persecution she endured, which was twofold ; 1. *Tongue Persecution*, expressed in saying, that her *Mothers Children were angry* with her. 2. *Actual Persecution*, in making her do servile things, expressed by *keeping of the Vineyards* ; which in those Countries was one of the most slavish services that one could perform.

By keeping here, is not understood any Office or Station that she was put in, but only the act of keeping, for so doth the Hebrew word import. And therefore it should be better translated, if we should render it, *they made me to keep the Vineyards.*

By

By *Mothers Children* here, or as the Hebrew hath it, *Mothers Sons*, are undetstood those who were indeed Members of the outward Church, but had no love to Godliness; and are therefore distinguished from the Daughters of *Jerusalem*.

With allusion to her servile condition, which she terms the keeping of the Vineyards, she makes mention of a Vineyard of her own; by which is understood those special Gifts and Graces, which God gave her as a Talent or Vineyard to trade with, and make improvement of. This she laments, that she hath not kept, through the slavery that she was in, which did so overpower her with cares, sluggishness, and despondency, that she became heartless and careless as to her main Concerns.

VERSE 7.

The Spouse turning from Professors, *to* Christ *himself, seeks his* directing, conducting, *and assisting her, in her* Spiritual walk, *pressing the same from the great need she stood in thereof.*

The Words.

Tell me, O thou whom my Soul loveth, where thou feedest, where thou makest thy Flocks to rest at noon: for why should I be as one that turneth aside by the flocks of thy Companions.

The

The Paraphraſe.

Shew me, Oh ſhew me thy abode,
My kind, my loving, and my only God!
O thou the only Object of my Souls deſire,
Who by thy comelineſs my Soul doſt ſet on fire!
To whom my Thoughts do ſoar and mount above,
Whom I adventure for to love.

O tell me where thy Flocks do feed,
And in what Paſturage thou doſt them lead?
Tell me what ſhade *them covers from the ſcorching heat;*
Tell me how thou from heat and hunger doſt them keep,
When Summers midday-Sun *doth herbs oppreſs,*
And burneth up the tender graſs!

What Paſturage them food doth give,
What rivulet their thirſt doth them relieve?
When as Oppreſſions Sun *is mounted to its* noon,
Which makes the Churches Splendor for to wither ſoon?
In what unknown and unfrequented way,
Lurk they, and yet go not aſtray?

For why, it grieves me for to be
A Vagabond and Wanderer *from thee:*
It grieves me that I ſhould ſtill thus be ignorant,
It grieves me that thy lovely preſence I ſhould want;
And that I ſhould thus wander to and fro,
Not knowing how nor where to go.

It grieves me that I thus ſhould be,
And leaſt another I miſtake for thee:

For

For why, there's many that usurp thy Name *this day,*
Who do pretend thy Flock to feed, and them do slay.
Many false Shepherds *do this day appear,*
Who do thy Cloaths and Garments wear.

Oh then my dear and lovely One,
For whom my troubled Soul doth pant and groan!
Come, and from Shepherds false *my paths and soul secure,*
Lest greedy Wolves me meet, and do my Soul devour:
Sure in my Death no pleasure thou canst take;
Why then dost thou not safe me make.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Epithet which here the Spouse gives to Christ, is very pathetick, and intimates her disrelishing of all things, if once compared with him. The *Hebrew* expresses it, in the Preterite thus, *O thou whom my Soul hath loved*; but is not to be restricted to that alone, as if she did not love him now: The force of the words then are thus to be taken, *O thou, whom I not only at present do love, but whom all along I have loved.*

Feeding here spoken of, is to be understood *actively* for his feeding of others, and not *passively* for his feeding himself, and delighting himself, as in some other places of this Song it is taken.

The *Hebrew* word, which we translate *where*, when we say, *where thou feedest*, &c. may either be so interpreted, or otherwise by the word *how*, as if we should render it, *how thou feedest*, &c. And I think the conjunction of both these acceptations not improper, for both come under the same expression of her admiration. As if she should say,

Oh

Oh my Beloved, shew me I intreat thee, what is that mysterious way that thou takest in securing thy own People in the times of sinning and suffering ; *how dost thou perform this, or where?*

The *Hebrew* word, עֹטִיָּה, which we in our Translation render, *to turn aside*, most properly signifies *to be vailed*, or covered, as Women are when in a mourning posture: But because a vailed person is not in a fit condition for travelling, hence it's like we have it thus rendred, as one that turneth aside, as being ignorant of the way. Hence it is likewise, that some interpreters render it thus, *as one that lamenteth or weepeth* : for to be vailed is to he in a weeping posture. However it be understood, the sence is the same, *viz. That the Bride was* (at least to her sense) *in a state of desertion.*

The *Companions* here spoken of, may be taken either for Christs sent Ministers, or false Teachers, who set up themselves besides Christ. In the last sence I take the meaning in this place to be, because the Bride here seeketh so earnestly for Christs Flock, *opposing thus Christ to these Companions, and his flock to their flocks :* And this I think the words do so clearly import, that without contortion they cannot otherwise be understood. So that, though the particle עַל may be understood in divers sences ; yet since particles of dubious signification, must still be adapted, in their interpretation, to the scope of the words: Therefore in this place it cannot, I think, be better rendred than our Version doth, when they say *by*; *by the flocks of thy Companions, or beside them.*

The

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 8.

Christ *in answer to the* Brides Petition, *gives her a* direction *for her* Duty, *shewing her how to walk.*

The Words,

If thou know not (O thou faireſt among Women,) go thy way forth by the footſteps of the Flock, and feed thy Kids beſide the Shepherds Tents.

The Paraphraſe.

If ignorant thou of thy Duty *be,*
If thou the rules *I gave thee canſt not ſee;*
If that ſometimes a miſty day
Do take the ſight of me away;
Or if Infirmity
Remove me from thine eye;
If doubts, *or* fears, *or* griefs, *or* cares *do make*
Thy thoughts, at any time thy way miſtake,
If that Temptation *remove*
From thee the ſight of things above,
And make thee doubt the way,
Leſt that thou go aſtray:

Yet be not thou discouraged, nor scarr,
Thou who of Women *art the* Fairest far,
Who dost in Beauty leave behind
All others far of humane kind;
Who art beyond compare,
Than mortals all more fair:
Whom I as Fair and Beauteous esteem,
(Though to thy self and others black thou seem,)
If thou desirest for to know
The way wherein thou shouldest go;
A heedful ear then reach,
And I the same shall teach.
Mark thou the way where former Saints *have trode,*
It is a narrow and a beaten road:
There thou the footsteps *shalt behold*
Of all who of my Law took hold,
Though now but few there be
To bear thee Company.
Saints holy practice and Example weigh,
Place them as High-way marks *before thine eye.*
No new *way I do thee prescribe,*
But wills thee by the old abide,
The good old way, where all
Do walk, on me who call.
And for thy more security abide
Th' approven Shepherds Tents *beside,*
After my Servants *do thou go,*
Who me do serve, and me do know;
They shall thee shew the way
How me thou shouldst obey.
Those who aright expound my Sacred **Word,**
And comfort and direction afford;
Whoever do that rule *observe,*
And unto errer never swerve;

Who

Who th' image bear of me,
Let such thy Pastors *be.*
Under their Ministry *see that thou live,*
(Expect not that I Miracles *should give.)*
See that thou under them take heed,
Thy weak and tender Kids *to feed.*
It is the means whereby
Thou must thy self supply;
From thence thou must supply thy self with food,
From thence thou learn must what's ill, what's good:
Thy tender Graces *thence by thee*
Both warm'd and watered must be,
Untill they come at length
Unto their perfect strength.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse did style her self *black*; but lo here Christ calleth her, the *fairest among Women.* When Believers appear deformed in their own eyes, then are they beautiful in his eyes. The Believer before had been looking upon his infirmity and sinfulness: but here Christ looks on him, with respect to the imputation of Christs Righteousness, to the stamp of Holiness put by the Spirit on him, and to the acceptation which he hath in his eyes. This Epithet that he gives the Spouse, may be oppositly rendred, *O thou most fair Woman*; for this is the same *Hebraism* that we took notice of in the first Verse, where it is said the *Song of Songs*, which is all one to say The most excellent Song.

He gives her two Directions here, the first is, *To go forth by the footsteps of the flock*; that is, to observe how the old Worthies walked, and to fol-

low them. The second is, *To feed her Kids beside the Shepherds Tents*; that is, to have respect to the publick Ordinances, and to hold near them, that so she may be directed how to walk by those to whom God hath committed the trust of dispensig the Word, and hath made Shepherds of the Flock. She had been seeking to be delivered from false Shepherds; and here he directs her to the true Shepherds, whom she may know from the false by these two marks: 1. That they walked, and fed their Flock in the same manner that the ancient Worthies did; and 2. That they were of a spiritual Frame and Conversation, which is intimate by *Tents* here; for Tents are a token of an itinerary condition; and such are the Saints, and all true Shepherds, reckoning themselves but Strangers and Pilgrims in the Earth.

By *Kids* here, some understand *young unexperienced Professors*; but I rather take it to signifie the *Spouse's Graces and Vertues*: For this sence doth best agree with the scope of the Song, as I take it up; at least it is most agreeable to my *Exposition* thereof; for all along I take the *Spouse* to signifie a *Believer*, and not the *Church*; I mean directly and principally. For by way of allusion, the Exercises of a private Christian bear so great a resemblance to those of the Church, that what is spoke of one literally, may be understood of the other mystically.

The Supposition here which Christ makes, *If thou know not*, &c. is not an intimation of any upbraiding of her, but tendeth only to insinuate the direction the more.

VER-

VERSE 9, 10, 11.

Christ commendeth *the Spouse, by comparing her to the stately and richly adorned* Chariot-Horses *of* Pharaoh.

The Words,

I have compared thee, O my Love, to a company of Horses in Pharaoh's Chariots.

Thy Cheeks are comely with rows of Jewels, thy Neck with Chains of Gold.

We will make the borders of Gold, with studs of Silver.

The Paraphrase.

V. 9.

But oh my lovely one,
Though thou for weakness and infirmity do groan;
Though unto Kids thy Graces I did now compare;
Yet now I do (O rare!)
Advance thy Graces to another hight
Than Kids or Goats did e're appear to sight.

I have compared thee
To th' best and choicest Horses that in Egypt *be,*
Ev'n to the strong and stately Horses, which do draw
Him who gives Egypt's *Law:*
For why thy Graces are for worth renown'd,
And for to draw my Chariot worthy found.

V. 10.

Thou like these Horses art,
Strong, healthful, fair, and well adorned in each part,
With rows of Jewels, costlier than they by far,
Thy Cheeks adorned are:
Chains of the finest and the purest Gold
Do thy more fair and statelier Neck infold.

V. 11.

And that thou yet than they
More stately may appear; with Gold we'll thee imbay:
Lo we (for we all three are much concern'd in thee,)
Shall thus thee make to be.
Thy very outmost Ornaments shall be
Decked with Gold and Siver variously.

For we about the same
Of the purest and the choicest Gold shall Borders frame:
And on the field it self or ground-work we shall raise,
In rare and stately ways,
Embossed studds of many figures rare
Of Silver, which appear shall rarely there.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse had been regretting her many spots and sinfulness; and therefore the Lord adds here a Commendation of her, telling her, That she was neither so black, nor weak and unbeautiful as she her self thought.

In the Ninth Verſe he ſets out her ſtatelineſs, ſtrength and courage, by a ſimilitude taken from Horſes. He had in the former Verſe compared her Graces to Kids: And ſo here, by a ſudden change of ſpeech, he compares them to Horſes: And as Horſes are ſtrong and beautiful Creatures, as they are deſcribed *Job* 39. 19, 20, *&c.* ſo a Company of them are far more ſtately; eſpecially Horſes, which were the beſt in the World; and if any in *Egypt* had good Horſes, certainly *Pharaoh* the King had ſuch in his Chariots. So that this Compariſon is moſt auguſt and ample.

But further, there is an Amplification of this Commendation in Verſe 10. For in theſe Eaſtern Countreys it was their Cuſtom to adorn their Horſes in a rich and ſumptuous manner; and undoubtedly *Pharaoh*'s Horſes were ſo adorned, with rows of Jewels about their Cheeks, and Chains of Gold about their Necks: ſince we find, *Judg.*8.26. that the *Midianites* had Chains of Gold about their Camels Necks.

But yet to compleat the Commendation the more, he ſhews her, Ver. 11. *by way of Promiſe*, That he will yet further add to her Comlineſs and Ornaments; and that he would ſo adorn her, that there ſhould not be a ſimilitude in *Pharaoh*'s Horſe-Furniture, of theſe Ornaments, which ſhe ſhould have added to her. Yet I do not think that here there is intimation made of particular Ornaments; but only of the beautifying and adorning of all her Ornaments. As if he ſhould ſay, And yet further to compleat thy ſtatelineſs, I will cauſe all thy Ornaments to be curiouſly over-layd with the fineſt of Embroydery; intimating in particular that kind of

Embroydery which was then in greatest esteem, which was, to make the Borders of Gold, and then upon the Field or Ground-work within that Border (what the Field hath been made of is not mentioned) to indent or raise up in Embossed, or such like Workmanship, studs of Silver, or prominent pieces of various figures and shapes. This is the meaning of these words, so far as we can reach. And sure the connexion and cohesion of them with the other two Verses, clearly shews that they are a part of the Allusion and Comparison of the Bride's graces to *Pharaoh*'s Horses; and therefore I wonder how judicious *Durham*, and others, should have passed this without Observation, thinking that some particular Ornament is here understood, since the words make mention of nothing but some curious Embroydery or adorning of these Ornaments of hers, mentioning Borders *of the same*, and Studs to be raised *on the same*.

And it is here to be observed, that the Original word which is here translated *Borders*, is the same with the word in the foregoing Verse, which is translated *Rows*. Why the Translators did translate the same words diversly (though indeed the words seem to be synonymous) I know not; but I think I may raise this probable Supposition therefrom, that these Borders were of raised work, as well as the Studs; seeing that rows of Jewels (as the former Verse hath it) must needs be prominent, and so its like are the Borders or Rows of Gold here spoken of.

The

The *BRIDE.*

VERSE 12.

The Bride shews how comfortable and beneficial Christ's Fellowship *was to her.*

The Words,

While the King sitteth at his Table, my Spikenard sendeth forth the smell thereof.

The Paraphrase,

Whilst as my King, my Prince and Sovereign Lord,
Sits at his Table with rare Dainties stor'd;
Whilst as he sends from thence
To me a portion of his Drink and Meat;
Whilst I do sit near him when he doth eat;
When he doth me dispence
The favours of his lovely smiles and speech:
He sensibly my very Soul doth reach.
My sweet-smell'd Spicknard then
By his sweet Sun-like influences rare
Breathed upon, perfumeth all the Air,
And thither tends again.
For why he never comes to be my Guest,
Except he bring with him to me a Feast:
For while he feasts on me,
And on my Graces (rather his) doth feed,
With his rich store he doth supply my need,
And proves my Food to me.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

The King's sitting at the Table here, is the Believers enjoying Communion with God.

And the Spikenards sending forth a smell then, is to shew, that at that time the Graces of a Believer cast the most pleasant perfuming smell.

Spikenard is a sweet-smelling Herb, which (as Naturalists write) the more it is pressed or warmed, the more copiously and sweetly doth it smell. So that we may hence find the meaning of the expression of the Bride's, that by the Lord's presence, her Graces were, as it were, pressed or heated, *i.e.* quickned and drawn forth.

VERSE 13 and 14.

She illustrates *the comfort of Christ's company by* two Comparisons.

The Words,

A bundle of Myrh is my Beloved unto me; he shall lye all night between my breasts.

My Beloved is unto me a cluster of Camphir in the Vinyards of En-gedi.

The

The Parapraſe,

V. 13.

For why he is to me by far
Sweeter than all the ſweeteſt Spices are:
Unto ſweet Myrh ſhall he
(Since ſweeter ſmell
I do not know
To grow in any place)
Compared be by me;
And with me dwell,
And with me go,
And always me embrace.
With me through all my Life's-night he ſhall ſtay,
And in my Boſom him I'll lay.

V. 14.

What ſhall I more with him compare?
He's like a cluſter of ſweet Camphir rare,
Or of the Cyprus-tree;
Whoſe ſubtil fume
Doth give a ſmell,
And odoriferous ſcent,
Delectable to me:
And I preſume
It doth excell,
And is not quickly ſpent;
Chiefly that which doth at En-gedi *grow,*
Where Nature doth her ſtrength beſtow.

ANNO.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse compares Christ to *Myrrh and Camphir*, or (as others translate it) *Cyprus*: For as these are sweet-smelling Spices or Herbs, so the perfume of Christ is admirably delectable.

This delectableness of Christ enamours her so, that she thinks she cannot be without it; and therefore most pathetically she shews the warmness of her affections to him, saying, That *he should lye all night between her breasts.* By *Night* is meant, *the time of her abode here*; which being a separation from the glorious and beatifical sight of God above, is rightly termed Night; for here we do but as it were dream of God and Truth, and are overshadowed with the darkness of Ignorance, Sin, Mortality, and Corporeity.

Engedi was a City in the Wilderness of *Judah*, *Josh.* 15. 62. situate near the Lake of *Asphaltes*, or the *Dead-Sea*, renowned for the Gardens of Balm, Cyprus, Vines, and other such fruitful Trees and Shrubs; and it seems did still retain somewhat of the fertility and pleasantness that these Parts were renowned for before *Sodoms* overthrow, that Countrey being then as the Garden of God for pleasure.

The

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 15.

Christ commendeth the Spouse's Beauty, *and the sincerity and affectionateness of her Faith and Knowledge.*

The Words,

Behold, thou art fair, my Love; behold thou art fair: thou hast Doves eyes.

The Paraphrase.

How comely and how fair art thou, my Love!
Behold how beauteous and how fair thou art,
My gentle Dove!
Behold how fair and lovely in each part!
Thy very Looks do thy Affection prove.

Like the chaste Doves thy Eyes appear,
Simplicity and Chastity they shew;
Each Look, each Tear,
Shews me that thou art chaste, sincere and true,
That strong Affection thou to me dost bear.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

By *Eyes* here, undoubtedly we are to understand the Believers Understanding, and enlightned Knowledge; For as *Faith* in Scripture is called, a *looking unto Christ*; so the Eyes, being the Organs of Sight: Therefore certainly the saving Knowledge of a Christian is here held forth. And by *Doves Eyes*, is understood the sincerity, chastity, and affectionateness of her Knowledge: For such is the nature of Doves, as all Naturalists shew.

In the general, we have in this Verse a very affectionate Commendation of the *Bride*.

The Bride.

VERSE 16 and 17.

The Spouse retorts, *and turns over Christ's Commendation of her, on himself*; *adding a Commendation of* fellowship with him, *under the similitude of* a Bed, House, and Galleries.

The Words,

Behold thou art fair, my Beloved; yea pleasant: also our Bed is green.

The Beams of our House are Cedar, and our Rafters of Fir.

The

The Paraphrase.

What is my beauty! what my comliness!
If ought I have, it's sure but the impress
Of thy Seal set on me.
What e're I have, it unto thee I owe,
For thou the same didst upon me bestow,
I all receiv'd from thee.

My Well-beloved, thou art only fair,
In fairness none with thee can once compare;
Yea, thou art pleasant all:
Refreshful rests, and sweet contents there be
To be enjoy'd in thy sweet company,
Without one drop of Gall.

Our sweet solacing Bed is fresh and green,
Our sweet solacing Fellowship I mean:
The Beams which do sustain
Our well compacted House, are of the Cedar strong:
Our Gall'ries are of Cypress lasting long,
Where I shall ay remain.

What can be sweeter than thy Company?
What stronger than thy Promises to me?
What more delightful walk,
Than in the Gall'ries of thy Word and Way
To meditate, and read, and all the day
With thee to walk and talk.

What can be more delightful than to be
Perpetually in thy sweet company
And ay to see thy face?
With thee to lye, and dwell, and go; and have
One Bed, House, Gall'ries us for to receive,
In every time and place?

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse being commended so amply, hastens (as it were) to retort the same on Christ, as judging it more properly to belong to him.

After her Commendation of himself, she falls out in Commendation of the sweetness and happiness of his Company and Fellowship; which she doth in allusion to three of the greatest Comforts of our natural Life; *viz.* a *Bed*, an *House*, and a *Gallery* or *Walking-place*: shewing whereof they were compounded, at least some principal thing relating to their Commendation. Our Bed (saith she) is *green*. Now the Green colour is that which most delights the Eye of Man; as we find in the Summer-time, how pleasant a Prospect, and grateful is the green Fields, Forrests and Orchards. Next she commends the *Beams* of the House, thereby holding forth the strength of the same; for the Beams are the great strength of the Building. These Beams, she says, are of *Cedar*, which is accounted the most strong and lasting of all Trees. Then she comes to commend the *Galleries*. Our Translators indeed translate the Original word otherwise, calling it *Rafters*; but certain I am, the Original signifie more natively *Galleries*, as it is to be read on the Margent: Or as the *Latine* translate it, *Ambulacrum nostrum*, Our Gallery, Walking-Chamber or Room; compare *ch.* 7. *v.* 5. This Gallery is said to be of *Cypress*, or (as our Version hath it) of *Fir*: The matter is small, though I think the former more agreeable. Now it is to be taken notice, that

both

both the Cedar or Cypress, or Fir, are Trees which are perpetually green. So that herein is there a proportion kept to what she said of their Bed, that it was green.

As to the spiritual sence and meaning of the Spouse by these Expressions, I have fully expressed the same in the Paraphrase, and therefore shall add no more here.

CHAP. II.

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 1.

Christ acknowledgeth himself to be incomparably lovely, giving a Character of himself for that end under the similitude of the Rose *and* Lilly.

The Words,

I am the Rose of Sharon, and the Lilly of the Valleys.

The Paraphrase.

That I am beauteous, comely, lovely, fair,
With whom created Beauty can't compare,
That there are in me all Perfections rare,
I will not, ought not to deny.
The Rose of Sharon, *which doth so excell*
All other Roses in its beauty, smell,
Whose sweetness none sufficiently can tell,
Surpass and far excell do I.

The Lilly *which doth* in the Valleys *grow,*
(The fertile Valleys where to grow I know
Many a smiling Flower in comely row,)
Though lovely, is excell'd by me.
I am the heav'nly Sharon's lovely Rose,
I am the beauteous Lilly *among those*
Who like choice Flowers, do themselves repose
In Heaven, *and there ingrafted be.*

ANNOTATIONS.

Christ compareth himself to the Rose and Lilly, because of their exceeding sweetness of smell.

Sharon hath been a most pleasant Countrey certainly; for therein did the King's Herds and Flocks feed, 1 *Chron.* 27. 29. In which we find likewise mention made of the Valleys. So that it seems there have been some delectable Valleys in the Countrey of *Sharon*, which by a κατ' ἐξοχὴν, are called, *The Valleys*: Or it may be the Hill-Countrey is called *Sharon*, and the Low-Countrey the Valleys. However certainly both *Sharon* and its Valleys have been exceed-

exceeding pleasant and fruitful places, since all *Solomon's* Cattle were kept there. And I am apt to think, that *Sharon* and the *Valleys* have been contiguos Countrys, since we find them mentioned as distinct in the fore-cited place; yea different Overseers were set over the Flocks and Herds in these places; which argues their being distinct, though contiguous places. *Sharon* is mentioned likewise 1 *Chron.* 5. 16. as being situate in the Countrey of the *Amorites*, over *Jordan*, in the Tribe of *Gad*: From which place it appears that *Sharon* hath been a City, since mention is there made of the Suburbs thereof; and it's like the Countrey round about *Sharon* hath participate of its Name likewise.

VERSE 2.

Christ commends the Bride likewise, under the Comparison of the Lilly among the Thorns; *preferring her so to others.*

The Words,

As the Lilly among Thorns, so is my Love among the Daughters.

The Paraphrase.

Yet ne're the less, my lovely One,
Though I shall not appropriate to thee
The Rose or Lillies name, appropriate to me:
Yet thou the Daughters dost each one
Surpass as far, as Lillies do exceed
The useless pricking Thorns *which every where do breed.*

ANNOTATIONS.

It is here to be obſerved, that Chriſt ſpeaks in this Compariſon of the Spouſe in another dialect and manner than he had done in the compariſon of himſelf in the former Verſe: For there he ſays, *I am the Lilly*, &c. But here he ſays of the Spouſe, She is *as* the Lilly, intimating its like, that the Spouſe's beauty is only a reſemblance of his. Upon this *Obſerve* runs the Paraphraſe.

By *Daughters* here, are not meant true Believers, but worldly Perſons. For none elſe can be truly called Thorns, for offenſiveneſs and uſeleſneſs. And this appears from the ſimple deſignation of *Daughters* here, to diſtinguiſh them from thoſe that are termed *Daughters of Jeruſalem.*

The Bride.

VERSE 3.

The Bride (paſſing over his Commendation of her) falls out in commending of him.

The Words,

As the Apple-tree among the Trees of the Wood, ſo is my Beloved among the Sons.

The

The Paraphraſe.

What e're I be, ſure thou as far
Exceeds all Men who in the Earth do live,
As doth the Apple-Tree *thoſe which* no Fruit do give;
As it thoſe Trees which barren *are*
Excelleth, which in multitudes do ſtand,
And ſhady Woods compoſe, which ever are at hand.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouſe takes the Commendation, as it were, out of Chriſt's Mouth, and turns it over on him. The Apple-Tree is a fruitful and uſeful Tree, in regard of the Fruit it bears.

By *Sons* here, are meant the Children of the World, which are as wild barren Trees, without Fruit or Comfort.

Ibid.

As a Proof of the Truth of the Commendation ſhe gave him, ſhe produceth her own Experience.

The Words,

—— I ſat down under his ſhadow with great delight, and his Fruit was ſweet to my taſte.

The Paraphrase.

This by Experience I say,
As well I may:
For when through weight of sin, and trouble sore,
I was so vex'd, as scarce I could be more;
Scorch'd with Oppression's *scorching heat,*
I turned unto him my feet,
Invited by his shadow *sweet.*

With great delight I under lay
His shade *all day,*
And he preserv'd me from the scorching heat,
And from sin, care and grief did sweetly keep;
And tasting his most pleasant Fruit,
Which doth unto all Pallates *suit,*
My self I happy did repute.

His Fruit my drooping Sp'rits did raise
Unto his praise;
His Shadow cool, and pleasant Fruit, did make
Me of contents unspeakable partake.
There, there I wished to remain,
The thought of coming thence was pain,
Yet left I that with further gain.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse produceth her own Experience to prove Christ's sweetness: For, says she, *I sate under his shadow with great delight, and found his Fruit sweet to my taste.* As if she had said, I encountred with many difficulties, which scorched me as the heat of

the Sun at Noon, from which I could find no ſhelter nor refreſhment from the Creatures; but I reſolved to make uſe of Chriſt by Faith, in reference to them, (even as Men do, by interpoſing a Tree betwixt them and the heat, that they may have a ſhadow,) and I found refreſhment and eaſe by the benefits and priviledges that flow from Chriſt, and are purchaſed by him, and are enjoyed by virtue of an intereſt in him. So that it is clear, that Chriſt is here compared to an Apple-Tree; that his Merits, Satisfaction and Redemption, is the Shadow of this Apple-Tree; that the ſitting under this Shadow, is the applying of his Redemption and Satisfaction, by Faith, to the Soul, for comfort againſt all troubles; and that the Fruits of this Apple-Tree, which are ſo ſweet to a Believer's taſte, are the benefits and comforts which flow from Chriſt's fulneſs for the Believer's comfort and aſſiſtance.

It may poſſibly ſeem ſtrange, that in the laſt Verſe of the Paraphraſe, I ſay, that though it was comfortable and beneficial to be ſitting under Chriſt's ſhadow, yet that the coming thence was more uſeful and pleaſant, (for ſo much I there intimate;) but if we conſider what follows in the Fourth Verſe, it will not ſeem ſtrange. For I only hereby expreſs the meaning and ſcope of the following Verſe, thereby to ſhew, that though ſhe was comforted in applying Chriſt's Merits to her, and thereby had ſome taſtes of his Love in this Verſe; yet in the following ſhe gives a further manifeſtation of his Love, far ſurpaſſing the former.

VERSE 4.

The Spouse sets down a further advance in that Experience of his sweetness, shewing how she was fealted *and* satiated, *beyond expression,* with his presence ; *and the manifestation of his love.*

The Words,

He brought me to the Banqueting-house, and his Banner over me was love.

The Paraphrase.

For why he brought me to the House of Wine,
The House of Feasts Divine,
And made me dine :
And left the scorching heat should do me harm,
A Banner he display'd with his own Arm ;
Love, *Love indeed*
Displayed was, *instead*
Of other Banners *round about my Head.*

As in a Triumph he did me convoy,
(Lest ought should me annoy)
With Love and Joy :
And in the House of Banqueting *I'm plac'd,*
And with his Love and gracious Favour grac'd ;
He, he me brought ;
For why I can do nought
To make my self so happy, not one thought.

Oh

Oh what a Banquet and Love-Feast have I!
His Grace abundantly
Doth me supply:
I feast on's fulness which doth overflow,
And over me like to a Torrent go.
Yea his sweet shade
So likewise o're me spread,
And his sweet Fruit doth hang about my Head.

ANNOTATIONS.

It hath been the Custom of Princes and Great Men in all Ages, to have Rooms for dining in; and it hath been the custom of many, for the greater state, to have several of these; some for more solemn Times, and some for more ordinary Occasions. Unto this Custom is there an allusion here, when mention is made of a *Banqueting-house*: Which was the most sumptuous place of all undoubtedly; for a *Banquet* is the most solemn time and manner of entertaining of Friends. So that the meaning of this Verse in general, is, That she was brought to greater nearness with him than before, and had a greater and more glorious intimation of his presence.

As for what follows, *That his Banner over her was Love*, thereby is denoted the gloriousness and the state wherein she was whilst she was there. By *Banner* here, we must not understand a *warlike Banner*, for that were incongruous to a feasting posture; but the thing which is hereby to be understood, is a *Canopy* or *Pale*; which in these Eastern Countreys, and generally all hot places, Women of Quality had carried above their Head to save them from the excess

exceſs of heat; which things are uſed in many places to this day, as in *Italy* and *France*, in the time either of Heat or Rain. Now inſtead of being out of a Houſe, (as ſhe was in the former Verſe) ſhe is now in a Houſe, and a Banqueting-Houſe; and inſtead of being under the ſhadow of a Tree, ſhe is under the ſhadow of a Banner. Chriſt who manifeſted himſelf before ſweetly, doth now overflow all bounds in his careſſing and entertaining her. If any ſay, That ſeeing ſhe is now in the Banqueting-houſe, there ſeems no need of a Banner to keep out the heat. I anſwer, That it is a ſignification of State to have a Banner carried above her, although neceſſity ſhould not require: But moreover we muſt know, that the heat of Summer is not only intolerable without, but even within alſo oft-times; and therefore it is probable that in theſe Countreys they had theſe Banners or Pales made of ſuch things, as by their cool influence, and refreſhing ſmell, might mitigate the heat. And ſure, whatever theſe Banners were, to which there is here an alluſion; yet the Spouſe's Banner was ſuch, for it was the out-letting and ſenſible manifeſtation of the fatherly love of God in Chriſt.

VERSE 5.

She ſhews to what an height *her experience of his ſweetneſs and fulneſs came, in that ſhe is forced to cry out under the ſenſe of it, as being ſome way overcome thereby, and unable to bear it.*

The

The Words,

Stay me with Flaggons, comfort me with Apples, for I am sick of love.

The Paraphrase.

Oh, Oh, comfort me,
Strengthen, support me,
For I am sick, sick, sick of Love,
My Soul for extasie can scarce my Spirits move:
Love *hath them burnt up from above.*

Yet is this sickness
My health and quickness,
I love to be burnt with this fire;
Sick thus to be is my Soul's great and chief desire.
Yet left I herein do expire,

For strengthning I cry,
For almost I die:
With Flaggons *of this matchless Wine*
Stay me; and with these Apples choicest and divine
Me comfort, who with Love do pine.

For though these do so
Make me sick I know;
Yet those must be the means to make
My Soul and Sp'rits of strengthning vigour to partake,
And make me strong, who now am weak.

For there's Vertue here
The drooping heart to chear;
Then let them not this Vertue want;
And then this very sickness under which I pant,
Health ev'n then will to me grant.

But

But if this Vertue be
Absent now from me,
Who am a Vessel but of Clay,
Such Spritful Liquor will me rent or waste away:
Come then, renew me, don't delay.

ANNOTATIONS.

Sometimes the Lord doth so manifest himself to some of his Servants, as they are not able to bear it; and how can it be otherwise, when Glory and Infirmity, Immortality and Mortality, Perfection and Imperfection do meet together: Yea some of the Saints have been forced to utter, at some times, such words as are here set down, and as I have hinted at in the *Paraphrase*, crying out, *Lord hold thy hand, I am but a clayey and earthen Vessel, and can hold no more.* This is a Mystery to the generality, yea even to many who are really godly, and have some glances sometimes of his Face: For why, every one is not admitted to this length of access, yea but very few, and these but once or twice, it's like, in their life.

It is strange, that when she hath been made sick, by being so much in the Banqueting-house, and with tasting the Fruit of the Apple-Tree, that yet she cries for them as her cure, even when she is overcharged with them; but as there are great depths in Christianity, so in this is there one of the greatest mysteries of a Christian's life; which none can know, but they who have been under the Bride's sickness. And therefore I dare not adventure upon diving too far in this depth: For as I shall not pretend to be so far advanced as to know this case, so if I should attempt

tempt to do it, few ſhould underſtand me. Wherefore let that which I have ſaid in the *Paraphraſe*, ſuffice for this.

VERSE 6.

She ſhews her Beloved's tender care *of her in that condition, in upholding and comforting her.*

The Words,

His left-hand is under my head, and his right-hand doth embrace me.

The Paraphraſe,

Oh how I feel the anſwer of my Soul's deſire!
I am the Buſh that's burnt, yet not conſum'd with fire.
Lo when I faint and ſwoon,
And ready am to drown
With ſp'ritual Joy which overflows the brim,
Lo how I'm ſtrengthned then by him.

Lo with what care and love he doth me now ſuſtain!
Lo how he by me lyes! His Left-hand *doth remain*
Under my pained Head ;
A Pillow *ſweet indeed!*
While as his Right-hand *doth* embrace *my Cheek :*
How ſweet is it thus to be ſick!

Sick

Sick do I say? Let me say so no more again,
This time the title of true Health may only claim:
For why my lovely One
Is Marrow to my Bone.
His Love-embraces Health and Life impart
To Head and Heart, and every part.

ANNOTATIONS.

Here is the answer of the Bride's desire. She sought to be stayed with Flaggons, and comforted with Apples: And here Christ doth it; for his *Left-hand*, that is to say, *his strengthning and supporting Grace*, is that same which under the notion of *Flaggons of Wine* she prayed for. For in Wine there is a strengthning vertue and quality, which therefore answers his supporting Grace. And the *Love-embraces* of his *Right-hand* are these *comforting Apples* for which she prayed, which are therefore nothing else but his comforting Grace.

VERSE 7.

She expresseth her fear, *lest* any change *should happen in her condition, through the disturbance that might by others be given to her spiritual frame in enjoying Christ, pathetically expressing her care to prevent it.*

The

The Words,

I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, by the Roes and by the Hindes of the field, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love, till he please.

The Paraphrase,

Hold, hold your peace, make here no noise,
Keep in your voice,
Ye, ye, who Zions Daughters *be,*
Or Friends to me.
Oh do not hinder me his presence to enjoy,
Do not, oh do not him or me annoy,
Or frustrate thus my joy.

I charge you by the Roes *and* Hindes,
Whom th'very Winds
Oft-times do make allarms for to take,
And soon awake:
By them I charge you, that you do in quiet keep
Your selves, and all things else, while he doth sleep;
Keep all in quiet deep.

For much, much it concerneth me
With him to be;
I have good reason to take heed,
Lest ought do breed
Disturbance unto him, and chase him so away.
Let him then sleep *till he refuse to stay,*
And won't admit delay.

For

For if it be his will to go,
Who can say no?
We must, when thus he doth us leave,
Obedience give:
For tho' we needs must grieve, when he doth go away;
Yet must we yield, when he won't hear of stay.
Be silent then, I pray.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Spouse here directs her discourse to the Daughters of *Jerusalem*, that is, the Members of the Visible Church, intreating them not to disturb her heavenly frame, and thereby be the occasion of the removal of her Beloved. I have been so full in the Explication of the meaning of the words, in the *Paraphrase*, that I shall here add no more.

VERSE 8.

The Spouse falling, *as it were*, asleep, *Christ stealeth away from her*, awaking her by his voice *as he goes away*; *at which she starting up, sees him afar off, yet in a way of advancing nearer.*

The Words,

The voice of my Beloved! behold he cometh leaping upon the mountains, skipping upon the hills.

The

The Paraphrase,

The voice of my Beloved! ——What!
Is't possible! ——Yea, yea, it's that!
I thought he still did in my Bosom lye:
How from me did he flie!
I thought I did him still embrace;
But lo, he's left me in a trace,
And hides from me his Face.
His Face alas, doth not appear!
Yet sure it was his voice that I did hear.

Behold, behold I see him now!
O what a gesture, what a shew!
Behold, he leapeth *o're the* Mountains *high,*
Which seem to touch the Skie.
Behold, how doth he skip upon,
And over-runs *the* Hills *alone,*
Those rocky Hills each one!
Behold he swiftly draweth near!
Yet nearer! —nearer yet! —he'll strait be here!

So much is said in the Summary or Contents of this Verse, and in the Paraphrase it self, that I need not insist any more thereon, for opening up thereof.

VERSE 9.

She compares him, for his swift advancing, *to a Roe, or young Hart.*

The Words.

My Beloved is like a Roe, or a young Hart. ———

The Paraphraſe,

Like to the ſwift and nimble Roe,
Lo how he skippeth too and fro!
Like to a young ſwift-footed Hart, *lo he*
Doth leap, or rather flie.
Lo, lo, a Hill ſcarce ſeems a leap,
Tho' ne're ſo high, tho' ne're ſo ſteep,
Unto his nimble Feet!
Behold he leaps! behold he runs!
Behold with what a ſtately pace he comes!

This being a part of the former words, I have nothing to obſerve on them, except that I judge they ought to have been joyned with the foregoing Verſe, and not with this.

Ibid.

The Spouſe thinking he was coming to her, ſees him turn aſide *and* hide himſelf; *yet ſhe gets ſome* glimpſes *or glances of him.*

The Words,

——— Behold he ſtandeth behind our wall, he looketh forth at the windows, ſhewing himſelf through the lattice.

The

The Paraphrase.

He's come, he's come! ——Alas he turns aside!
Behind our Wall *lo he himself doth hide!*
Long hid I hope he won't abide!
Lo now his stately Head I see!
Forth at the Windows, *lo he now doth look to me.*

Lo, now he inward draws himself apace!
Yet through the Lattice *still he shews his Face!*
Still something I see of its grace!
But whatsoe're of him I see,
Yet sure he me beholds and vieweth perfectly!

ANNOTATIONS.

It is to be supposed that the Sponse was in expectation of Christ's coming again: For, if we consider the connexion of these Verses, it will be clear, that she was so. For in the fore-going words, she sheweth that she had still a sight of him, though at a distance; and that the posture wherein she then saw him, was an advancing and approaching posture, and not a departing posture, is clear from what follows; for he came to the very House it self, that is, her Soul; whereas before she had seen afar off, as it were upon the tops of remote Mountains.

Now when he approaches the House, her Expectation is in a manner compleated; but the sudden alteration of his Carriage, as is to be supposed, hinders her from uttering the same: But it will not, I suppose, be thought incongruous for me to have supplied that, which I do in two words only.

Now there are three passages of his Carriage here represented, as I take them up. 1. When he approaches her, and she is even thinking that he would flee about her Neck, and get her in his Arms; he, on a sudden, *turns back* and hides himself from her sight, behind the Wall. 2. He goes, unperceived by her, *into the House* it self, and getting up into the Windows, he looketh out thereat, shewing his Face, Head, and Shoulders. 3. He turneth inward, and shutting the *Lattice* or Grates, he *peeps* out thereat; whereby her sight of him is not so clear as before. Now these Lattices or Grates, were a kind of thing made of small Rods or Wire, which in old time served instead of Glass to let in the light, but were afterwards used for the safeguard of the same. They have been by Great Men likewise used for Ornament only; and it's like this hath been the Use that *Solomon* and others in these times used them for.

What is *presupposed* in the following Verses; shewing what is there tacitly included, viz. *her carriage during his absence.*

Whilst he is absent thus, what should I do?
I'll call to mind what he spake me unto:
I know not fitter for to do.
I will re-mind what he did say
To me, whenas he silent stole from me away.

The Spouse being under desertion, calls to mind the parting words of Christ, which yield her much comfort now in her trouble of Mind. I think it needs

needs not seem strange then that I bring in what is necessarily presupposed in the following words, and tend to give some light to the occasion of her altering her manner of Speech in the Verses that immediately follow: The summ whereof is a loving and instructing *Farewell* for a time, shewing her the reason why he left her, *viz.* because that she had now attained a great measure of Knowledge and Experience, and therefore he must expect to live by Faith, even under absence; and that she ought to work out her Salvation with all diligence, and not be discouraged.

VERSE 10, 11, 12, 13.

The Spouse calleth to mind the parting words of her Beloved, *comforting her self in the remembrance of the same; which contain* an Instruction to her, *both how she ought* to judge of his deserting her, *and how she ought to behave her self under her Desertion.*

The Words,

My Beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up my Love, my fair One, and come away.

For lo, the Winter is past, the Rain is over, and gone.

The Flowers appear on the Earth, the time of the ſinging of Birds is come, and the voice of the Turtle is heard in our land.

The Fig-tree putteth forth her green Figs, and the Vine, with the tender Grape, give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my Love, my fair One, and come away.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 10.

Up, up, he ſaid, (if I remember right,)
Why doſt thou ſleep away the Light?
Riſe up my Love, *my fair and beauteous One,*
It's now high time that we were gone.
Thou muſt not always here expect to lye,
And ay enjoy my company;
Hugg'd in my Boſom always for to be,
Thou muſt not ay expect from me.
Things for to do I have of great concern,
Which thou and others can't diſcern;
And thou haſt an allotted Work by me,
Which muſt performed be by thee:
Come then and let thy Buſineſs be done;
Awake, ariſe, and come away now ſoon.

V. 11.

Whilſt under Exerciſe *of Spirit thou lay,*
I haſted not to go away.
Whilſt that hard Winter on thy Soul did lye,
Whilſt I with Tempeſts *did thee try:*

I then did think it fitting for to stay,
Lest possibly thou then should stray.
For why thou wast but in the forming then,
And absence couldst not well sustain.
But now, lo, lo, the Winter's *over-past,*
Thou needst not now be more agast:
The Rain *is over now, the* Hail *and* Snow;
The boist'rous Winds *no more do blow.*

V. 12.

The smiling Flowers *lift up their painted Heads*
Out of their sweet and fragrant Beds.
The Fields *do now their vernant Mantle wear,*
The tuneful Birds *salute the Ear.*
Hark, how the joyful Birds *together sing,*
And welcom both the Day *and* Spring!
Hark, the chaste Turtles *mournful Voice also,*
Which Springs *approach doth likewise show.*

V. 13.

Green Figs *appear already on the Tree,*
And shew the Summer *near to be.*
The Blossoms of the Vine *do sweetly smell,*
And shew us that the Grapes *excell.*
All, all thy Graces *budded are, and bring*
Undoubted Tokens of the Spring.
O then my Love, why dost thou linger so!
Arise, my fairest One, and go.
Arise, arise, and come with me away,
Why dost thou always thus delay!

This *Paraphrase* being (as I suppose) sufficiently full, in opening the spiritual meaning of this portion of Scripture; and having likewise previously

thereto ſpoken ſomething for opening up its meaning, I ſhall therefore here ceaſe from adding any thing further, which were but needleſs labour.

VERSE 14.

The Second Part *of Chriſt's departing words to the* Spouſe, *(which ſhe calls to mind for her own comfort,) containing* an Inſtruction how to walk.

The Words,

O my Dove! that art in the clefts of the Rocks, in the ſecret places of the Stairs; let me ſee thy countenance, let me hear thy voice; for ſweet is thy voice, and thy countenance is comely.

The Paraphraſe,

Come then my Love,
Come then my Dove,
And hither move;
Why art thou fled away,
And in the clefts of Rocks *doſt ſtay?*
Why there doſt thou abide,
Or ſecret in the Stairs *thee hide?*

Do thou appear
Without all fear,
Thy Voice let's hear:
For why thy Voice is ſweet,
All Harmony therein doth meet:
Thy Countenance is fair,
And comely *above all compare.*

ANNOTATIONS.

It's abundantly manifeſt from the Hebrew, that theſe are the *Bridgroom*'s words to the *Bride*: For the Original Verbs have their Genders, as well as the Nouns.

It's clear from theſe words, that Chriſt hath been ſome way provoked ſilently to depart from the *Spouſe*; and theſe words do tacitly include *her Offence*, though in a loving manner they be expreſſed. So that, if we narrowly ſcan them, we ſhall find their meaning to be this: "O my Dove, why doſt "thou now prove untoward, ſo as to run to the "Rocks and Stairs to hide thee from me, turning "thus ſecure, and betaking thee to low and mean "ſhifts! Caſt off that unſuitable Carriage, and "ſhew thy Countenance with an holy boldneſs to "me, and cauſe thy Voice to be heard, praying in "Faith, and with confidence; for thy Countenance "is comely, and thy Voice moſt ſweet. So that, as it is ſaid of *Ephraim*, Hoſ. 7. 11. *Ephraim is a ſilly Dove without heart, that goes to Egypt*, &c. ſo here the *Bride* is compared to a *Dove* hiding it ſelf, out of ſecurity and careleſneſs, taking poor ſhifts for her eaſe, like a frighted Dove, that miſtakes its own Window, and flies to other hiding places.

It

It may be said, seeing these words were a part of what Christ spake to her when he left her, How could he say, that she took low und poor shifts and deserted him, since immediately before she had been triumphing in his being with her, manifesting her carefulness, lest ought should disturb him, or cause him to go away? I answer, That it's too too common for the Saints of God, when God manifests himself unto them, to fall in love with the *sweetness of his Manifestations*, more than with *Himself*; and to hug and embrace his *Love-Tokens*, more than his *Love*: Which cannot but be offensive to him; for it is an argument of a *mercenary Love*, to love the *Gifts* more than the *Giver*. And it's probable she hath fallen into this Errour, (as who is without Errour,) and so hath occasioned his departure. And it's probable that may be hinted at in this Verse; when she is said to be in the clefts of the Rocks, and in the holes of the Stairs, intimating (it's like) thereby, *that she turned her face* from him, and *doted* upon *the strong-holds, and hiding-places, and comforts*, which he had given her, putting them in his stead; which indeed are but poor silly shifts, and therefore doth he exhort her from doing so, desiring her to bottom herself on him, shewing him her Countenance, and making him hear her Voice: To encourage her to do which, he tells her, That in his esteem her Voice is sweet, and her Countenance comely.

VERSE

VERSE 15.

The Last Part *of Christ's departing, and* Farewell-Sermon *or* Words (*which the Bride for her own comfort rehearseth*) *contain* an Exhortation to Mortification.

The Words,

Take us the Foxes, the little Foxes that spoil the Vines; for our Vines have tender Grapes.

The Paraphrase.

Oh, oh, my Love, a thousand Beasts I see
To come and prey on thee:
The subtle Foxes *cunningly creep in;*
Lusts *I do mean, and* Sin:
These thee annoy,
And strive thy Graces to destroy.

These Foxes, *tho' not yet come to their strength,*
As they will do at length,
If not look'd to by thy care and my love;
Yet oh how they do move!
Most subtilly
They pass through holes unseen by thee.

Come

Come let us joyntly catch thoſe Beaſts of prey,
Which in our Garden *ſtay.*
It's ſure this is thy proper work to do;
Yet can't, except that thou
Be helpt by me,
And taught this bleſſed Art to ſee.

All things I ſee for expedition call:
The Foxes are but ſmall;
So that it's fitter they ſhould now be ſlain,
Than when they ſtrength do gain:
For if they be
Untaken, what will come of thee?

Likewiſe thy Garden doth as yet but ſprout;
The Trees the ſame throughout
Do only bloſſom yet, as thou may'ſt ſee:
So that if thou don't free
The Orchard now
From theſe Beaſts which it ruin do:

If thou don't now thy weakneſs thus reſpect,
What can'ſt thou then expect?
The Harveſt ſure will both be bad and thin,
And choak'd by Luſts and Sin:
Go then in haſte,
And ſlay theſe Beaſts which thee do waſte.

ANNOTATIONS.

I have been the fuller in Paraphraſing theſe words, both becauſe of their uſefulneſs, and becauſe the right underſtanding of them tends to the more clear up-taking of the former Verſes. For, as in the

the 10, 11, 12, and 13 Verses, he had exhorted her to do her work, and by Faith to lay hold on him, even under desertion, seeing her Graces were now budded, and the joyful sound of the *Gospel* had reach'd her Heart, *the terrors of the Law* (under which she was exercised, and which was compared to a strong Winter) being now removed; so in the former Verse, and in this, he sheweth her wherein the work, in which she ought to be employed, did consist. In the former Verse he dehorts her from security, faint-heartedness, and relying and hugging more his Love-Tokens than Himself, (as in the fore-going *Annotations* thereon we shewed,) giving her two Directions, viz. *To be familiar and bold with him*, and to be oft in the *exercise of Prayer*, encouraging her to these Duties from the esteem he had of them, and her using them. And in this Verse he shews her wherein mainly her work did consist, *viz.* in *mortifying Lusts* and Sins, called Foxes, speaking in the Plural Number to her, thereby comprehending himself with her, as concerned in this work; so that by this manner of Expression he tacitly promiseth his assistance, and encourageth her to the work, by shewing her the advantage of doing it quickly, whilst the Foxes were young. All which I have taken notice of in the *Paraphrase*; and as to what I add, as to the budding of her Graces, it is brought in, not unsuitably, I think, to imbellish the same; the words likewise giving ground for the same, when it speaks of the tenderness of the Grapes.

VERSE

VERSE 16.

The Spouse (after her repeating of Christ's last words) comforts and strengthens her self *under absence*, by the assurance of her interest in him; *shewing likewise, that though Christ be at present* away from her, *yet that he is* present in the Church, *and with others of the Saints.*

The Words,

My Beloved is mine, and I am his: he feedeth among the Lillies.

The Paraphrase.

My Lord is absent, and from me away,
His coming he doth long delay;
What then!
He'll come when he thinks fit agen.

Away distrustful Thoughts! for why I know
My God casts me not off; no, no!
He will
All my desires at last fulfill.

For why I know that my Beloved is
Mine, mine; and I again am his:
Here, here,
Is that which may remove my fear.

And

And though at present him I do not see,
Yet know I where he sure will be:
Lo! lo!
Amongst the Lillies he doth go.

There he doth feed, and doth himself solace,
In viewing of Believers Grace:
There he
Great pleasure taketh for to be.

Amongst the Saints, those lovely Lillies fair
He stays, and in their Graces rare
He doth
Delight, even in their Faith, Hope, Love.

These fruitful Graces give a pleasant smell,
Which doth the Lillies scent excell;
On which
He feedeth and delighteh much.

I need not insist in giving any Explication of the meaning of these words, since the *Paraphrase* is so full and plain. The only difficulty in them is, why Christ is said to feed *on* Believers, or *among* them: For though it be easie to conceive how he feeds his People, and how they feed on him; yet it sounds very harshly to say, that he feeds on them, or among them. To which I answer, That it is a figurative Expression, signifying his solacing, and (as it were) refreshing himself on them. It is a common way of speaking, to say, Such a Man feeds his Eyes with the sight of such an Object which is pleasing to him: And such another Expression is this.

VERSE

VERSE 17.

She petitioneth *nevertheleſs, that he would* pardon her Sin, *and not be hindred from coming to her becauſe of her infirmities that ſtand in the way, but that he would over-leap all theſe.*

The Words,

Turn my Beloved, and be thou like a Roe, or a young Hart upon the Mountains of Bether.———

The Paraphraſe.

Yet oh, my beſt Beloved God and Lord,
May I preſent
A Suit, I hope, according to thy Word:
Wouldſt thou Beloved me prevent
With gracious viſits as thou ſeeſt need,
And thoſe with ſpeed:

As Roes and Harts on Bether-Hills do run
With greateſt ſpeed,
Both when they ſport, and when they Hunters ſhun,
Run thou as faſt unto my need:
O turn my beſt Beloved unto me!
Oh ſwiftly flee!

I

I do confess that Bethers *I erect*;
Mountains there be
Of Sins both by commission *and* neglect,
Which my own self casts up in me:
Yet oh my Lord, it is thy work to be
Surety *for me.*

Thou must be pleas'd to pardon that great summ,
And it remove;
Thou must all those Difficulties *o're-run*;
Thou must them over-leap by Love:
For why there's none who in this Earth do stay,
But sin each day.

Oh then let it be a delight to thee,
For to forgive
My multiplied Sins, and me to free
Therefrom, and so to make me live:
Do this, Oh Lord, all time I stay on Earth,
Ev'n to my death.

ANNOTATIONS.

Some may wonder why I place the last part of the Verse first: But I am in some sort constrained to do so; for though in the *Hebrew* Language they suit best to be thus disposed, yet in *ours* it is not so, especially when we are about to open them up; for I cannot otherwise take them (when I consider this Scripture complexly) than to be *a Petition of the Spouse's for nearness*, the *first part* of the Verse (which we place *last*) *comprehending the term thereof.* So that the words, as I understand them, run thus:

" O my Beloved, why dost thou absent thy self from " me so long! Oh turn again with as great speed " over all the impediments which my sins do make " in thy way, as the Roe or young Hart do, when " sporting, or when pursued, upon the Mountains " of *Bether*: And do not this with a start and rare- " ly, but come and remain with me until the sha- " dows of sin and earthly things vanish and flee " away, and till that blessed and final day come " when thou shalt be revealed from Heaven in thy " glory, for thy Peoples full comfort.

Undoubtedly *Bether* hath been some tract of Hills in *Canaan*, though no mention of them be made elsewhere in Scripture, that I know of; except it it be the same with that tract of Land on the other side of *Jordan*, mentioned 2 *Sam.* 2. 29. and is called *Bithron*, and is derived from the same Root that *Bether* is; for both of them signifie to divide or separate: So that the Hills of *Bether*, according to its meaning, is all one as to say, the Mountains of *Separation*; and upon that account it hath a great respect undoubtedly to Sins, which separate us from God, and so I have Paraphras'd it. *Hierom* would have *Bether* the same with *Bethel* so often mentioned in Scripture, but there is no ground to think so. Others more probably think that *Bithron* or *Bether* is a tract of Land on the other side of *Jordan*, lying betwixt the Tribe of *Gad*, and the half Tribe of *Manasseh*; which is probable, when these two Scriptures, *Josh.* 13. 26. and 13. 30. are compared with 2 *Chron.* 2. 29. In which places mention is made of *Mahanaim* as a Town in the *Borders of these two Tribes*, but reckoned to *Gad*, *Josh.* 21. 38. So that that place, 2 *Chron.* 2. 29. may be thus rendred:

" And

"And *Abner* and his Men walked all that night "through the Plain, and passed over *Jordan*, and "went thorough all the Borders (for so the He- "brew word *Bithron* signifies) and they came to "*Mahanaim*.

Ibid.

She shews the term *untill which she is desirous of his abode, even the* blessed day *which shall put a period to all the sin and misery of the Saints, and wherein they shall begin uninterruptedly to enjoy him.*

The Words,

Until the day break, and the shadows flee away.——

The Paraphrase,

Until the day do break, *that* glorious day,
For which I do await;
Which will the Shadows *chase away*,
Unriddling the Book of Fate.

That day which will all Bether-Hills *remove*,
And purifie my Heart;
Mounting my Soul all Sin above,
Which glory will to me impart.

That day which will my happiness compleat,
And make me see thy Face;
And have thy company so sweet,
Without ought it for to deface.

I need not add any thing here to what is said but just now upon the other part of the Verse. Only note, that though I have transposed the two parts of the words, yet I have left a Mark or Signification of the order whereinto they are disposed in our Translation, by putting a *Line* before the former part, and one behind this part, to shew that this precedes the former in our Version.

CHAP. III.

The Bride continueth her Discourse.

VERSE 1.

The Bride sheweth, that having long expected Christ's coming, and being frustrate of her expectation, she *at last* became lazy in Duties *though she did not wholly abandon them.*

The Words,

BY night on my bed I sought him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but found him not.

Th

The Paraphrase.

It was a sad and heavy night,
Since of my Master I did lose the sight :
How gradually came it on !
At first there was (tho' dim) some Starry light,
But oh how quickly was it gon !

Whilst any twinkling did remain
Of light, I sought and strove him to regain :
But when dark night once on me came,
To seek him then seem'd to me wondrous pain,
Such lazines did me unframe.

As weary I did lay me down
(But lazines did never Champion Crown)
Upon my Bed. *Sad word!* my Bed :
For why the Prince I wanted of renown !
To this sad state I thus was led.

Yet there alone I could not lye,
But sought (Fool that I was !) his company ;
His company which I do love :
But slight endeavours never scale the skie,
And thus with me it then did prove.

For all my Prayers then and Pains
To him lukewarmnes who disdains,
Did make him grieve or pity me :
Such Worship could afford no solid Gains ;
This I was taught by him to see.

VERSE 2.

She telleth, that she stirred up *her self to a* diligent seeking of Christ; *but that, though she used all means possible, yet she found him not.*

The Words,

I will rise now and go about the City in the streets, and in the broad-ways I will seek him whom my soul loveth: I sought him, but I found him not.

The Paraphrase.

Up, up I'll rise, then did I say,
I'll never find my Love, whilst here I stay:
Through all the City, *and each* Street
I'll go and search, this I'll no more delay,
I possibly may so him meet.

There if I find him not, I'll try
If in the publick-ways *I can him spye.*
All Gospel-means *I will essay;*
Duties *both* private *and more* publick *I*
Will use, if so him find I may.

Swayed by love, I then did rise,
And both in private and in publick ways
I sought him up and down each where:
I sought, I sought, but still I miss'd my prize,
I found him neither here nor there.

VERSE

VERSE 3.

She hath her Case and Duty discovered *to her* by the Ministers of the Gospel ; *upon which she discovers her Case to them, and is encouraged (as is to be thought) by them.*

The Words,

The Watchmen that go about the City, found me : to whom I said, Saw ye him whom my soul loveth ?

The Paraphrase.

The Church's Watchmen *who her keep,*
My sad Soul in this doleful case did meet :
They by their searching Doctrine *did*
Discover both my case, and what was meet
To do ; but still my Lord was hid.

Unto themselves I went at last,
Shewing my case, and how I was agast
Because my Love I could not see :
Who me exhorted hope not off to cast,
For he would come at length to me.

ANNOTATIONS.

In these three last Verses is held out the *Bride's* sad exercise under the want of Christ, and in seek-

ing after him. And therein we have her *Caſe*, her *Carriage*, and her *Unſucceſsfulneſs*. She had been active before in ſeeking after Chriſt; but here in the firſt Verſe ſhe ſhews how ſhe fell from her diligence to ſloth and lazineſs. Yet ſhe ſtirreth up her ſelf to diligence, and at length in the uſe of all appointed means, ſhe gets her Caſe opened up by the Miniſters. After which, as we ſhall hear, ſhe gets an happy Out-gate.

The *Paraphraſe* being ſufficiently clear, I ſhall not here add any thing more; only I think it not unfit to obſerve her manner of ſeeking her Beloved. In which theſe things are to be ſeen. 1. That ſhe reſolves both upon doing it, and the manner of doing it diſtinctly, before ſhe attempt any thing: We muſt both do that which is lawful, and in a lawful way; and that with deliberation, to know what Duties are moſt like to prove effectual. 2. That her reſolution is preſently to put her Duty in practice, and not to delay it, as too many do. 3. That her reſolution is full, reſolving to leave no lawful means uneſcaped to find him. After all which, ſhe falleth diligently about that which ſhe had reſolved.

The Original word בלילות, which we render, *by Night*, is properly, *in the Nights*, in the Plural Number; whereby is intimated the length or the duration thereof. There is likewiſe to be obſerved an Emphaſis in the Original, as we ſhould expreſs it, in the *very Nights*; whereby the extream tediouſneſs of them is to be noted.

VERSE

VERSE 4.

She setteth forwards *(notwithstanding her discouragements)* in the seeking of Christ *unweariedly*; *and at last she finds him.*

The Words,

It was but a little that I passed from them, but I found him whom my soul loveth: I held him and would not let him go, ——

The Paraphrase,

Encourag'd by their consolations sweet,
I was resolved to repeat
My former Duties, though they had been,
Or at the least did seem
Fruitless and useless both,
So that I tempted was them for to loath.

This did I do, and scarce I did begin,
When lo, my best Belov'd stept in:
Which when I saw, I streight so happy seem'd,
That I did think I dream'd:
But soon I did awake,
And did him, as it were, my Captive make.

I held him *with the* hands *of* Faith *and* Love,
And suffer'd him not to remove:
With Prayer *and* Supplication *I did*
His parting thus forbid;
And thus him held so fast,
That he to stay consented at the last.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Bride was almost hopeless, but yet, in Hope believing against Hope, she at last resolves to be doing her Duty, and commit the Event to God; when lo on a sudden he comes to her.

When she once finds him, she takes hold of him faster than before, and will not let him go. In this, her Carriage is almost the same with *Jacob*'s, *Gen.* 32. 28. But what was it that made *Jacob* prevail with the Angel? It was not his corporal act of strugling, although thereby he demonstrated to what length his Affections carried him. What it was *Hosea* shews us, *chap.* 12. 2, 3. *He wept and made supplication*, &c. Thus it is likewise with the Believer's holding her Beloved here; it was by humble and ardent Prayer, with a lively exercise of Faith on his Promises, together with ardence of Love: And thus have I rendred it.

Ibid.

She brings him into her Mother's House, *viz.* the Church of God, *and labours to have others acquainted with him, enjoying still his company her self.*

The

The Words,

——Until I had brought him into my Mother's House, and into the Chambers of her that conceived me.

The Paraphrase.

Then him I brought
Into my Mother's House, *where I*
Recieved my Nativity.
Thus him I caught,
And brought him to the Chambers *there*
Where all might see his Face so fair.
Each Word, *each* Thought,
Each Action *then with him was fill'd,*
All other things with me were still'd.

My care was then
That others should enamour'd be
By him (as are all who him see)
And so remain.
For who so doth him once but view,
Is metamorphosed of new.
Oh what a pain
Is't to the Saints, to see Men die
For thirst, and have this well so nigh!

Thus having got
The presence of my love again,
With me I say for to remain;
Oh what a Lot!

Oh

Oh what a happy Lot have I,
Who now enjoy his company!
This well I wot,
I am the happiest now alive,
If ought don't me of him deprive.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Believer having found Christ, is at work, how others may see him likewise.

By *Mother* in this place, as elsewhere in Scripture, is meant the Church of God, which is every Believers Mother, *Hos.* 2. 2. And by *Mother's House*, is meant the Church Visible. And likewise by *Mother's Chambers*, are to be understood particular Congregations, Societies or Families. The Church is said to have *conceived* the Spouse, in so far as she was the Instrument in Christ's hand of converting her to God.

VERSE 5.

She expresseth her fear, *lest any thing should happen in her condition, or in the condition of the Church, through the disturbance that might by others be given to her spiritual frame, or the heavenly frame of the Church, whereby Christ might be provoked to depart from the Church and her; pathetically expressing her care to prevent it.*

The

The Words,

I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jeruſalem, by the Roes and by the Hinds of the field, that ye ſtir not up nor awake my Love till he pleaſe.

The Paraphraſe.

Hold, hold your peace, make here no noiſe,
Keep in your voice,
Ye, ye, who Zions Daughters *be,*
Or Friends to me.
The Church and me, oh hinder not him to enjoy,
Do not, oh do not him or us annoy,
Or fruſtrate this our joy!

I charge you by the Roes *and* Hindes,
Whom th' very Winds
Oft-times do make allarms for to take,
And ſoon awake.
By them I charge you, that you do in ſilence keep
Your ſelves, and all things elſe, while he doth ſleep;
Keep all in quiet deep.

For much, much it concerneth me
And her to be
With him; we ought for to take heed,
Leſt ought do breed
Diſturbance unto him, and chaſe him ſo away:
Let him then ſleep till he refuſe to ſtay,
And chuſe not to delay.

For

For if it be his will to go,
Who can ſay no?
We muſt, when thus he doth us leave,
Obedience give.
For though we needs muſt grieve when he doth go away,
Yet muſt we yield when he won't hear of ſtay:
Be ſilent then I pray.

This Verſe being the ſame with the 7th. Verſe of the Second Chapter, I need ſay nothing here. Yet, though the words are the ſame, we may note this difference in the ſcope and meaning, That, *there* they look to her particular enjoyment of Chriſt only; but *here* they look both to her enjoyment of him, and the Churches enjoying of him likewiſe; for now ſhe had brought him into her Mother's Houſe. To illuſtrate which difference, I have made ſome little alteration in the *Paraphraſe* here from what it was, that ſo it might anſwer to the ſcope of this Scripture.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

VERSE 6.

The viſible Profeſſors of Religion, being ſeriouſly charged by the Spouſe, are put in ſome piece of warmneſs and admiration more than ordinary, (as ordinarily Chriſt's return to a Church and Ordinances, after a palpable decay, hath ſome ſtir,

stir, and affectionate motions generally accompanying the same,) and in this condition they break forth with an amazement of the change *that was in the* condition of the Spouse.

The Words,

Who is this that cometh out of the Wilderness like pillars of Smoak, perfumed with Myrrh and Frankincense, with all Powders of the Merchant?

The Paraphrase,

What Object is that which salutes our Eye?
Who's this that draweth nigh,
Out of the Wilderness
Of great affliction and sore distress?
Lo, lo,
One comes with greatest pomp and show!

Sure no such Fruit that Wilderness can yield,
It is a barren Field:
Nothing there's there that's green;
There Winters face is always to be seen:
Grief, grief,
As Master there doth rule in chief.

Whence then is it that She, who did appear
O'rewhelm'd with grief and fear;
Who by affliction great
Did consolation refuse to take?
Whence, whence
Is't that she comes so far from thence?

Behold

Behold what joyful Praiſes up do fly
From her, and touch the skie!
Like to the Smoak, *which doth*
From ſacred Incenſe *iſſue, and above*
Mounts, mounts,
Till it the Clouds and Skie ſurmounts!

Juſt ſo her praiſeful Prayers flew away
In this her Sun-ſhine day:
Like Pillars lo, of Smoak
From Incenſe, they aſcend, and God invoke:
See, ſee
How through the calmed Air they flie!

Behold how ſweet, her coſtly Garments ſmell,
Her Garments that excell:
Frankincenſe *and* ſweet Myrrh
Salute our Noſe, when we come near to her.
Each, each
Sweet-ſcented Powder doth her Cloaths enrich.

ANNOTATIONS.

The *Daughters of Jeruſalem* are the Members of the Viſible Church. The *Wilderneſs* is the deſolate, barren and diſconſolate-like caſe of the Spouſe, during her deſertion. Her coming out of the Wilderneſs, is her being delivered from her anxieties, griefs and fears, as to her ſpiritual concerns. The Perfumes, are the Graces of the Spirit in her, which being now quickned by Chriſt's preſence, caſt a moſt pleaſant ſmell.

The Bride.

What is preſuppoſed in *Verſe* 7. viz. *the Bride's care* to remove the Daughters of *Jeruſalem* from contemplating her change, and to fix the ſame on her Beloved.

Why do ye gaze and wonder ſo, O ye
Who Zion's *Daughters be?*
Why do ye wonder thus at me?
Remove your Eyes, remove
Your Eyes off me, and fix your Love
On this which it may move.
Here, here's an Object worthy of your Soul's deſire,
Which will your Soul's affection all require,
This, this you juſtly may admire.

VERSE 7.

The Spouſe propoſes Chriſt to the conſideration of the Profeſſors of Religion, ſhewing them the delectableneſs of his company.

The Words,

Behold his Bed, which is Solomons:——

The Paraphraſe.

Behold the true and matchleſs Solomon !
His Bed it is alone
Which raviſheth the Saints each one !
I mean his Company,
It's that which ſo hath changed me,
And made me as you ſee.
From thence it is that now my Cloaths ſo ſweetly ſmell,
From thence I have theſe ſcents which do excell,
Becauſe with him I ſtay and dwell.

Ibid.

She ſheweth, that there is a ſtrong Guard *about all thoſe who enjoy communion with God.*

The Words,

——Three ſcore valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Iſrael.

The Paraphraſe.

Lo, round about his Bed there do await
A Guard of ſixty Men both valiant and ſtrong,
Who as an Iron or a Brazen Gate,
Do watch leſt ought our ſweeteſt Fellowſhip ſhould wrong.
True Iſraelites *they are,*
Who in the New Jeruſalem *do ſtay,*
And thence are ſent ſo far
To guard the Saints, while here, leſt they do ſtray.

VERSE 8.

She sheweth in what manner *and for* what reason *that Guard is set about the Saints, when they are enjoying his presence.*

The Words,

They all hold swords, being expert in war: every man hath his sword upon his thigh, because of fear in the night.

The Paraphrase.

Expert they are in all the feats of War, [Thigh,
Their Swords *unsheath'd they have, and* hold *upon their*
Lest ought our sweet and quiet rest should mar,
Or us affright, whilst in the Night of Life *we lye.*
Thus Angels down are sent
Us for to guard, (for he hath no such need,)
And then about our Tent
Do watch, lest ought should our disturbance breed.

VERSE 9 and 10.

She giveth them a Description of the Gospel, *or Covenant of Grace, under the notion of a* Chariot.

The Words,

King Solomon made himself a Chariot of the wood of Lebanon.

He made the pillars thereof of Silver, the bottom thereof of Gold, the covering of it of Purple, the midst thereof being paved with Love, for the Daughters of Jerusalem.

The Paraphrase,

Yea that's not all, lo he himself hath made
Of the long lasting Cedar, which shall never fade;
That sacred Wood which on Mount Libanus *did grow*
A Chariot, which hath a most glorious show.
Of Silver carv'd most curiously
Its Pillars all composed be;
And of the purest Gold,
Most comely to behold,
Its bottom rare
Is formed there.

The Covering he did make of Purple fine,
Which cover doth and hide this Chariot divine;
This Gospel-Chariot, wherein he in state doth ride,
And wherein he his chosen Ones doth hide,
Lest Winds or Heats should them annoy,
Lest Sin or Wrath should them destroy:
From Sin and Satan he
Herein their Soul doth free,
And thus doth them
From Hell regain.

But

But oh there's something yet more fine therein,
Wherewith it paved is, and all adorn'd within:
Its Cushions, Quilts and Curtains all composed are
Of that which doth all Silks exceed by far.
For why it's pav'd and overspread
With Love; it is Lov's very Bed:
His Love most wonderfull
Is there unto the full
Pour'd out for you,
I say for you.

VERSE 11.

The Bride, having exhorted the Daughters of Jerusalem *to consider the sweetness of his* Bed *or his* Fellowship, *and the gloriousness of his Gospel, she at last invites them to go forth out of themselves, and take* a view of Christ *himself, holding forth his glory, whenas married to a Believer by his Conversion.*

The Words,

Go forth, O ye Daughters of Zion, and behold King Solomon with the Crown wherewith his Mother crowned him in the day of his espousals, and in the day of the gladness of his heart.

The Paraphrase.

Why then, O Zions Daughters, *do ye so*
Upon me gaze:
Here, here's an Object which may you amaze!
Go forth *then from me, go:*
Go forth, *and view the King,*
Our Solomon *I mean:*
Rouze you from out your nat'ral *state,*
And then a sight of Solomon *you'll get.*

By Faith behold him with the Crown, *which he*
On's Head doth wear,
Wherewith he doth so glorious appear;
Go forth and thus him see.
Behold his Throne and Crown;
Behold his Robe and Gown,
Wherewith the Church did him invest,
When thus she her Subjection expres't.

This, this was that which did his Head adorn,
And which him grac'd,
When's Mother her Affection on him plac'd.
Instead of Crown of Thorn,
This was to him a Crown,
A Throne, a Robe, a Gown:
This was indeed his Marriage-day,
On which joy all his faculties did sway.

What wonders strange are here! lo, she's his Mother
Whose Womb within
He is, will be, and oft hath formed been,
And yet he is her Brother:

A

A Subject *she's to him,*
Who by her Crown'd hath been.
Yet more! she is his Wife *and Spouse,*
Whom with much grief and joy he did espouse.

ANNOTATIONS.

Christ is here set forth under the designation of *Solomon*, in these last Verses of this Chapter. And he is described, 1. From his *Bed*, v. 7, 8. whereby is set forth the excellent happiness and quietness that Believers have in enjoying him. 2. From his *Chariot*, a most stately piece of work, by which is signified that excellent mean and way whereby he brings the People to rest, to wit, the Covenant of Redemption revealed and preached, *v.* 9, 10. 3. From his own glory, when married and espoused to Believers; in which step she sits, with a desire that all may behold him.

This Metaphorick part of Scripture, though I have endeavoured to open up and make plain in the *Paraphrase*, yet because of its darkness, I shall here shortly touch at, and give my sentiment of the meaning of these metaphorick Expressions. 1. *Solomon* here, as I have said, is no other than Christ, who is typified by him through all this Song. 2. Christ's Bed is the enjoyment of his company. 3. The Guard about it, is the Guard of Angels, who encamp about the Saints, *Psal.* 34. 8. 4. Their being described as valiant Men in a military posture, is to shew their might and readiness to assist the Saints. 5. Their being called *Israelites*, is to shew that they are Inhabitants of the true *Canaan*, the *Land of Promise*,

miſe, and that they are our Fellow-Servants. 6. The Chariot ſpoken of, is the Covenant of Redemption. 7. It is ſaid to be made of the Wood of *Lebanon*, to ſhew its firmneſs and unchangeableneſs; for Cedar Wood doth ſcarce ever rot or conſume. 8. Its being ſo curiouſly made, as to have its Pillars of Silver, its Bottom of Gold, its Covering of Purple, its Pavement of Love for the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, is, in general, to ſhew the excellency, richneſs, durableneſs, artificialneſs, and admirableneſs of this rare frame, which may therefore be juſtly called the chief of the ways of God. 9. Chriſt's Mother is the Church. 10. The Churches Crowning him, is her ſubjecting her ſelf to him. 11. And ſo the Crown wherewith ſhe Crowns him, is her Obedience to his Command, and her walking worthy of him, whereby ſhe brings Honour and Glory to him, which is all one as putting a Crown on his Head. 12. This Crown is eminently put on Chriſt's Head in the day of his Eſpouſals; now Chriſt's eſpouſal with the Church cannot be yet ſaid to be fully come, which will not be till the laſt day, *Rev.* 21. 2. therefore the day of his Eſpouſals muſt be underſtood of particular Believers, who are eſpouſed to him, 2 *Cor.* 11. 2. by their conſenting to accept him for their Husband.

CHAP.

CHAP. IV.

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The Bridegroom *gives an ample Commendation of the Bride, describing particularly many of her Parts, Qualifications, or Graces,* viz. *v.* 1. *her* Eyes, *i. e. her Wisdom or Knowledge; and her* Hair, *i. e. her* Profession: *v.* 2. *her* Teeth, *i. e. her Zeal: v.* 3. *her* Lips *and* Speech, *i. e. her Words and Discourse; and her* Temples, *i. e. her Modesty: v.* 4. *her* Neck, *i. e. her Magnanimity: v.* 5. *her* Breasts, *i. e. her growth in Grace, and usefulness for the good of others.*

The Words,

BEhold thou art fair, my Love, behold thou art fair, thou hast Doves Eyes within thy Locks: thy Hair is as a flock of Goats that appear from Mount Gilead.

Thy Teeth are like a flock of Sheep that are

are even ſhorn, which came up from the waſhing, whereof every one bear Twins, and none is barren among them.

Thy Lips are like a thread of Scarlet, and thy Speech is comely : thy Temples are like a piece of Pomegranate within thy Locks.

Thy Neck is like the Tower of David builded for an Armory, whereon there hang a thouſand Bucklers, all Shields of mighty Men.

Thy two Breaſts are like two young Roes that are Twins, which feed among the Lillies.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 1.

Oh, oh my lovely One, thou'rt fair, thou'rt fair,
Thou'rt fair and comely above all compare.
There is no part nor faculty in thee
Wherein there's blemiſh or deformity.

Ibid.

Thy humble piercing Underſtanding's *ſuch,*
As none can be enamour'd of too much.
Thy Wiſdom and thy Knowledge is moſt bright,
Irradiate with pure and divine light :
It's like the modeſt Turtles *fervent Eyes,*
The Looks thereof to me are ſilent cryes :
And though ſo fervent, yet ſo modeſt thou,
That ſcarce thou thinks that I am ſeen by you.
Thou hides *thy Knowledge and thy Wiſdom ſo,*
As if thou ſought that none the ſame might know.

Yet

Yet through the Locks of ſelf-denial, *ſee!*
I do eſpye thy Eyes to flame on me.

Ibid.

Yet ne'retheleſs thy ſelf thou doſt adorn
With a Profeſſion *worthy to be worn,*
With a Profeſſion not oſtentative,
Yet which doth a moſt pleaſant Proſpect give.
Thy grave compoſed Carriage doth ſhew
That thy Profeſſion is not falſe but true.
Like to a Flock of Goats, *which do appear*
From fruitful Gilead, *and unto us here*
Below moſt ſtately ſeem, ev'n ſo doſt thou
As from a Mountain caſt a lovely Shew.
Thy grave majeſtick Looks *do ſeem to ſhow,*
That thou haſt quite forſaken Earth below:
And what thou thus profeſſeſt for to be,
Is not in ſhew, but in reality.
Lo, climbing up the Rocks, *thou doſt aſcend*
From Earth, and doſt unto the Heaven tend.

V. 2.

And though ſo humble and ſo grave thou be,
Yet lo, what Zeal *and Ardency I ſee!*
Thou art not ſoft nor ſimple; no, not ſo,
When need requires, thou haſt ſharp Teeth *to ſhow:*
Yet this thy Zeal thou doſt ſo moderate
With cautious Prudence, and juſt Care, as that
Thou doſt obſerve the Circumſtances all,
Which each Occurrence happen and befall.
Thy zealous Actions moderated ſo,
Seem like a Flock of Sheep (*not Wolves*) *which go*

Snow-white *from out the* washing, *and which be*
Shorn, *and cut so well and equally,*
That there's nought on them of deformity;
And fruitful *so, that barren there is none,*
But each thereof Twins beareth in its womb.
Thy Zeal thus comely and thus fruitful is,
That what thou does, the scope doth never miss.

V. 3.

Sweet are thy Words, *and comely thy* Discourse,
Flowing from Grace and Prudence as their source.
Little thou talks, but much thy words contain
Of Substance therein; much they do retain
Of sweetness: fair and lovely they appear,
And are sweet Musick *in the well-tun'd Ear.*
Unto thy Lips *a* scarlet colour *they*
So deep impart, as never will decay:
So that whate're thou says, doth all proceed
Unbroke, like one continued scarlet Thread.

Ibid.

Thy Modesty *and Shame-fac'dness is such,*
That be thou but commended, thou dost blush;
Or if ought that's unseemly thou dost hear,
Thy tender heart it pierceth like a spear.
If ought thou do which seem to thee a Sin,
(Though oft-times but apparent) then begin
There doth a modest blushing strait, which swells
Thus thy chaste Heart, and on thy Temples dwells;
Dying with red thy Modesty so white,
Where Spangles red and white the sight delight;
And like a piece of Pomgranate *doth seem,*
Whose Juyce *Straw-berry-red, whose* Seed *like Cream*

Appear

Appear to sight. Yet when thou blushest thus,
By th' Locks *of self-denial thou from us*
The same dost strive to hide, lest thou should be
Viewed by others who do look on thee.

V. 4.

Yet though so modest, yet thou dost not droop,
Nor suffers thy couragious Neck *to stoop;*
But with a val'rous magnanimity,
Art Proof against whatev'r difficulty.
Thy Faith-built Courage, *like th' Armory*
Built by King David, *is, wherein there be*
A thousand Bucklers, Shields of Men of Might,
Such, such thy val'rous Faith *is in my sight:*
It doth contain a Shield *against each Dart,*
Which Satan, Sin or Death throw at thy Heart.
Of each Temptation it can break the Sting,
And for each Grief a Remedy doth bring.
Thus is thy Faith, *that useful Grace of thine,*
Which proves a Tower *stately and divine.*

V. 5.

A great Proficient in Love's School *thou art,*
With Graces stor'd and treasur'd in thy heart,
Which yet thou dost most liberally impart.
Thy Breasts *in this are like two pleasant Roes,*
Twins of an equal size and height, which go
And feed among the Lillies, *where they stay*
Till fat and fair they thence be brought away.
Thus thou amongst my Truths, *these Flow'rs of mine,*
Dost feed, and suck that Nourishment divine;
In Grace encreasing still, until thou be
So stor'd therewith, that thou abundantly

Canst

Canst others feed, and yet thy self not want.
For thee to be a Mother *God doth grant;*
And she doth furnish so, that thou canst feed
With Milk those Babes who thereof stand in need.

I judge there is no need of noting any thing here on these words for clearing up their meaning, since both in the Contents prefixed to them, and in the Paraphrase, I have laboured to be perspicuous and clear.

VERSE 6.

Christ subjoyns to his Commendation of the Spouse, an Instruction *where he is to be sought and found by her, viz. in the* Church of God; *which is compared to a* Hill of Myrrh and Frankincense, *because of the sweet Perfumes of the Ordinances, Prayers and Praises which are there.*

The Words,

——— I will get me to the Mountain of Myyrh, and to the Hill of Frankincense.

The Paraphrase,

But for thy further comfort, lo I do
Promise to thee,
That I will go the Hill of Myrrh *unto;*
Go thither, and thou me shalt see.
Lo, to the Hill of Myrrh and Frankincense
I haste me hence.

Unto

Unto the Church, to Zion-Hill *I go,*
Where I will stay;
Upon that Mountain I'll walk to and fro,
And will thee hear, when thou dost pray:
There thou at hand me always mayest find,
If thou prove kind.

For it delights me much, when I do hear
The praying voice
Of those who me aright sincerely fear,
Or when I hear their praiseful noise;
Sweeter than all Frankincense it doth smell,
And Myrrh excell.

Thou'lt find me always on this Hill of Myrrh,
The Church I mean:
For all the sweetest Spices are on her,
There I'll be always to be seen;
Sure thou'lt me always find (if in right frame)
Upon the same.

Ibid.

He sheweth the term *of his* abode there, *even the blessed day which shall compleat the Churches glory, and wherein the Saints shall uninterruptedly enjoy him.*

The Words,

Untill the day break, and the shadows flee way. ——

The Paraphraſe.

Until the day do break, *that glorious day*,
For which thou doſt await ;
Which ſhall the Shadows chaſe away,
Unriddling the Book of Fate.

That day which will all Bether-Hills *remove*,
And purifie thy Heart ;
Mounting thy Soul all ſin above,
Which Glory will to thee impart.

That day which will thy happineſs compleat,
And make thee ſee my face,
And have my company ſo ſweet,
Without ought it for to deface.

ANNOTATIONS.

This Verſe being diſpoſed after the ſame manner that the 17th. Verſe of the Second Chapter was, I have tranſpoſed it as I did that, (for the ſame reaſon,) yet leaving a Mark or Signification, by a Line, of the order whereinto it is diſpoſed in our Tranſlation. And indeed this Verſe is in a manner an Anſwer to that Verſe. And as for theſe words of the Verſe which I have ſet down laſt, they are the ſame with theſe of the fore-cited Verſe. Wherefore alſo my *Paraphraſe* of them is the ſame, only I adapt them (as their ſcope requireth, and as they muſt of neceſſity be) to their meaning and ſenſe.

VERSE

VERSE 7.

Christ adds here a general Commendation *of the Spouse, to the Commendation before set down, shewing how fair and unspotted she is.*

The Words,

Thou art all fair, my Love, there is no spot in thee.

The Paraphrase.

Oh, oh my lovely One, *thou'rt fair, thou'rt fair,*
Thou'rt fair and comely above all compare;
There is no part nor faculty in thee,
Wherein there's blemish or deformity.
Thou'rt fair all over, not the least small spot
Is seen on thee; there is not any jot
Of blemish on thy Beauty; thy fair Face
Shineth with glorious and majestick Grace:
For why thy Sin is pardoned in me;
My Blood hath wash'd and purified thee:
So that, cloath'd with my Robe, there doth remain
No Token any more of Scarr or Stain.

ANNOTATIONS.

This ample Commendation of the Spouse, that she is all fair and without spot, is not to be taken in a *Popish* sence, as if she were so perfect as to be to-

tally without Sin; nor in an *Antinomian* ſence, as if her Sins were not Sins in her, or did pollute her; but in an *Orthodox* ſence, that her Sins were not imputed to her, but pardoned in Chriſt; ſo that her Sins being imputed to her Surety, and his Righteouſneſs being imputed to her, ſhe was reckoned without ſpot in God's Account: This I have hinted at in the *Paraphraſe*. And in this reſpect all true Believers may juſtly be reckoned without ſpot. But that the Spouſe had her own failings, is manifeſt *Chap.* 1. 6. & 3. 1. and 5. 2, 3. yet ſhe had no ſuch failings as to blemiſh or ſtain her Profeſſion.

VERSE 8.

Chriſt invites *the Bride to conſider, with a diſcerning heavenly Eye, what are the* Excellencies, *Pleaſures and Satisfactions in the Earth,* wherein the Men of this World delight; *telling her, That upon a ſerious conſideration ſhe ſhall find no ſatisfaction therein, all theſe things being full of Fears, Vexations and Miſeries.*

The Words,

Come with me from Lebanon (my Spouſe) with me from Lebanon: Look from the top of Amana, from the top of Shenir, and Hermon, from the Lions Dens; from the Mountains of the Leopards.

The

The Paraphrase.

Come, come with me from Lebanon,
With me, with me, I say,
Come, come with me from Lebanon,
Don't, don't delay.
Thou viewed hast already Lebanon,
And all the stately Cedars thereupon;
That goodly range of Hills which Moses *wish'd to see,*
Is seen and fully view'd by thee.

Come let us go to Amana,
That large and stately Hill;
And from its high and lofty top
Let's look at will.
Let's go to Shenir, *and to* Hermon Mount,
Which seem the very Clouds for to surmount:
Let's go and take a view of all Earth's beauties rare;
Let's view all that's esteemed fair.

In all these things which most delight
Thy Senses *while as here,*
Will you alas ought see or find
Devoid of fear?
What are these pleasant places but a Nest,
Which Lions *and* Leopards *infest?*
And what is all the Earth but a meer Lion's Den,
Lions, though in the shape of Men?

Come then and let us look above,
My Spouse, my lovely One,
Above all that on Earth we see;
Let's hence be gone.

Let's look above unto the Heaven bright,
That is a comely and more pleasant sight :
Let all thy Thoughts upon that lovely place be cast,
Where thou wilt come to stay at last.

ANNOTATIONS.

Lebanon was a place of old famous for its beauty and stateliness, insomuch that we find a curiosity in the Holy Man *Moses* to see it, *Deut.* 3.25.

As for *Amana*, we read not of it, except it be that which is mentioned 2 *King.* 5. 12. called *Abana*, but on the Margent *Amana* : It's like that River there spoken of, flowed from it, and is designed therefrom. It signifies in the Hebrew *firmness.*

Shenir and *Hermon* were the same Hill, or at least contiguous Hills, or rather two *tops* or parts of one Hill, *Deut.* 3. 9. beyond *Jordan*, pleasant and fertile, and from which they might see the Land of *Canaan* afar off. It is called, *Psal.* 29. 6. *Sirion.* It is likewise called *Sion*, *Deut.* 4. 48. It was situate at the *South* or *South-East* end of *Canaan*, and is therefore taken for the *South*, and so called, *Psal.* 89. 12. The *Chaldee* Paraphrase calls it, *the Mountain of Snow*, because it seems it was so high, that Snow lay always thereon.

The *Lions Dens*, and *Mountains of the Leopards* here mentioned, do not design any new place, but only shew that *Lions and Leopards* frequented these Hills, at least some of them, notwithstanding all their beauty : For Mountains are the common Receptacle of such Beasts, and are therefore called *Mountains of Prey.* There is an Expression that confirms this, *Hab.* 2. 17. where mention is made of *the violence of Lebanon, and the spoil of Beasts.*

VERSE

VERSE 9.

Chriſt ſheweth how he is taken, and as it were, raviſhed *with the* Spouſe's Beauty *and Graces.*

The Words,

Thou haſt raviſhed my Heart, my Siſter, my Spouſe: thou haſt raviſhed my heart with one of thine eyes, with one chain of thy neck.

The Paraphraſe.

Thou raviſh'd *haſt my Heart, Oh thou*
Who my dear Siſter art,
And who art my dear Spouſe alſo,
Thou raviſh'd haſt my Heart.

Each ſquint look that thou giveſt me
My Heart doth ſeize;
Thou haſt me robbed of my Heart,
With each one of thine Eyes.

Each Chain *which doth thy* Neck *adorn,*
Each ſev'ral Grace of thine,
Doth captivate my Soul and Heart,
And glew the ſame to thine.

VERSE 10.

Chriſt amplifieth *further the Spouſe's Beauty.*

The Words,

How fair is thy Love, my Siſter, my Spouſe! ——

The Paraphraſe,

How fair, *how fair's* thy Love,
My Spouſe, *my Siſter fair!*
Fair above all compare;
How doth it all my Bowels move!

There is no ſpot therein,
But undefil'd and pure,
And chaſte it doth endure,
Unblemiſh'd by ugly ſin.

Ibid.

Chriſt explains and illuſtrates, *by a Compariſon of Wine, how her Love ſurpaſſeth the moſt excellent of earthly things.*

The Words,

—— How much better is thy Love than Wine! ——

The

The Paraphraſe,

Thy Love, *thy Love's moſt ſweet,*
All ſweetneſs there doth meet:
It's better *far than Wine,*
Though ne're ſo rare and fine.
All things on Earth that be,
All things that I do ſee,
Do halt thy Love behind,
And empty prove as Wind,
When once compar'd they be
With thy true Love by me.

Ibid.

Chriſt adds another Compariſon *of Oyntments, wherewith to illuſtrate her Love yet further.*

The Words,

——And the ſmell of thine Oynments than all Spices!

The Paraphraſe.

Oh what an odoriferous ſcent
Unto the ſmelling *ſence is ſent,*
When thou thy Graces me doſt ſhew,
When thou preſenteſt to my view
Thy coſtly Ointments *which excell!*
Oh what a choice perfuming ſmell
Doth iſſue thence and flow to me!
Oh what Perfections in thee be!
What pleaſant ſavours thence proceed,
Which far all other ſcents exceed!

There occurrs no difficulty in theſe two Verſes to me, and therefore I ſhall ſeek for none. The two laſt parts of Verſe 10. are almoſt the ſame as to the Expreſſions, with theſe Commendations, which were given of Chriſt's Love and Name, by the *Spouſe*, *Ver.* 2 and 3 of *Chap.* 1. And therefore congruouſly thereto I have Paraphraſed them, only adapting the *Paraphraſe* to the ſcope here, which makes it be different from what it was in that other place.

VERSE 11.

Chriſt falls again upon the Commendation *of the Spouſe, and firſt he commends her* Diſcourſe *and* Words.

The Words,

Thy Lips, Oh my Spouſe, drop as the Honey-comb.

The Paraphraſe.

Thy Lips, *my* Spouſe, ſweet Honey *drop*,
Sweet Honey from the Comb,
Sweet Honey thence doth come,
This is the rich and fruitful Crop

Which from thy Speeches all doth flow;
The words which come from thee,
Moſt ſweet and pleaſant be,
Sugaring all things where-e're they go.

Ibid.

Ibid.

He commends *the Spouse's* Thoughts, *which are the fountain or source of her Speech.*

The Words,

——— Honey and Milk are under thy Tongue, ———

The Paraphrase.

Likewise thy Thoughts, *the source of all thy Speech,*
Thy Tongue *its words which teach,*
Most sweet and pleasant be,
Though none the same doth know but I and Thee.

They secret do below thy Tongue abide;
Yet Milk excell they far,
And sweet as Honey are,
Though thou their richness and their worth dost hide.

Thus they within themselves do comprehend
The strength and quintessence
Of both the Flowers *and* Grass,
Sweet for the present, sweeter in the end.

Ibid.

He commends the Spouse's Actions *likewise, as most lovely.*

The

The Words,

—— And the ſmell of thy Garments is like the ſmell of Lebanon.

The Paraphraſe.

And as thy Words *to Men are ſweet,*
As being ſeen;
And as thy Thoughts *have been*
Moſt ſweet to me, and moſt compleat:

So are thy Actions *which excell,*
And thee do cloath:
All other ſcents I loath,
When once I do their odour ſmell.

Though Lebanon *o'regrown with Flowers,*
Caſts a ſweet ſcent;
Yet is't but low and faint,
When once it is compar'd with yours.

ANNOTATIONS.

When I conſider the gradation that is in this Verſe, and the ſignificancy of the Expreſſions therein, I cannot take them up in another way than I have rendred them in the *Paraphraſe*: viz. That there is here a *Commendation* held forth *of a Believer's Words, Thoughts and Actions.*

Lebanon was not only famous for its *Cedars*, but likewiſe for its Fertility and Pleaſantneſs. Yea, it's reported that it abounded both with the choiceſt Flowers

Flowers and Spices; from which it seems it gets its Name, for it's derived from the Hebrew word לְבוֹנָה, which signifies *Frankincense*, which it seems hath grown there plentifully of old: So that undoubtedly *Lebanon* hath cast a most pleasant smell.

VERSE 12.

Christ goeth on in commending the Spouse yet further, by various Comparisons; *and first, to an* inclosed Garden *she is assimilated.*

The Words,

A Garden inclosed is my Sister, my Spouse:——

The Paraphrase.

Thou art a Garden *of most pleasant Flowers*
With curious Walks, and shady Bowers;
A Garden where doth grow,
In decent row,
In Plots, some high, some low,
All the sweet-scented Spices rare,
A Garden with the which none can compare.

My Sister and my Spouse, thou art to me
This Garden fair, which none do see:
For with Inclosures *thou*
Inclos'd art now;
Henceforth none shall thee view:
Beasts shall not enter and destroy
Thy Plants, nor Tempests henceforth thee annoy.

Ibid.

Ibid.

He compares her to a Spring *that is* ſhut up, *and a* Fountain *that is* ſealed.

The Words,

—— A Spring ſhut up, a Fountain ſealed.

The Paraphraſe.

A Spring *thou art,*
But not for common uſe;
But ſealed up by Art
From all abuſe.

A Fountain thou
Art, ſeal'd with my own Seal,
That none may thee review,
Or from thee ſteal.

VERSE 13 & 14.

He compares her Graces *to choice and excellent* Plants *and* Spices, *growing together in an* Orchard *of Pleaſure.*

The

The Words,

Thy Plants are an Orchard of Pomgranates, with pleaſant Fruits, Camphir with Spikenard.

Spikenard and Saffron, Calamus and Cinamon, with all Trees of Frankincenſe, Myrrh and Aloes, with all the chief Spices.

The Paraphraſe,

For in thy Orchard *all theſe* Spices *grow,*
Which th' World any where can ſhow;
The Pomgranates *are there,*
With Fruits moſt fair,
With Spices choice and rare.
Of Spices there is there no want;
Camphir *is there, of* Spikenard *there's no ſcant.*

Calamus, Spikenard, Saffron, Cinamon,
And ſweet Frankincenſe-Trees *each one*
Of whatſoever kind,
We there may find,
Whenas we are inclin'd:
Sweet Myrrh *and* Aloes *are there*
Likewiſe, and all the Spices which are rare.

VERSE 15.

He compares her, in the laſt place, to a Fountain of Gardens, *and a* Spring-Well *flowing in ſtreams from* Lebanon.

The

The Words,

A Fountain of Gardens, a Well of living Waters, and ſtreams from Lebanon.

The Paraphraſe.

And thou'rt a Spring
Which in the Garden *flows,*
Whereby the Flowers grows,
And Plants do ſpring.

Thou art a Well
Of Waters which do live,
And life to Plants do give,
And do excell.

Which down do flow
From Lebanon, *not thee,*
But from a Mountain, ev'n me,
To thee below.

ANNOTATIONS.

In theſe laſt Verſes Chriſt gives many *Compariſons*, whereby the Bride's *Excellency* and *Duty* is held forth; which we have endeavoured to hint at in the *Paraphraſe*, and therefore we ſhall not inſiſt much on them here.

In the 12th. Verſe ſhe is called, 1. A *Garden incloſed*; a *Garden*, to denote her being ſet a-part from common uſe, for God's ſervice; an *incloſed Garden*, to

to shew both God's care over her, and her own watchfulness over her Spirit. 2. She is a *Spring shut up*: a *Spring*, to denote her purity and usefulness; for Springs were of great use, especially in those hot Countries: a Spring *shut up*, to shew her purity and uncorruptedness; for in these Parts Springs were shut up, *Gen.* 29. 8. both to hinder the Waters being corrupted by the Sun, and to keep Beasts from defiling them. 3. She is a *Fountain sealed*; for the same reason, but with a *speciality* of being *sealed*. A Fountain is a Spring walled about artificially.

In the 13th. and 14th. Verses there is an enumeration of divers Spices, to shew the diversity and excellency of the Bride's Graces. I shall not enquire, whether or not the Holy Ghost intends here to hold forth the Effects and Properties of divers Graces, though I am apt to incline to the Affirmative, seeing *Solomon* the Pen-man was so well vers'd in the knowledge of Plants, as of all things else, and so it's like did not without due Animadversion mention any of them here. But howsoever it be, we must hold on the general. They are *pleasant*, *physical*, *savoury and delectable Fruits*; and so are the Graces of the Spirit, both to him who hath them, to others with whom he converseth, and to Christ in respect of his acceptation of them. This is the scope wherein we rest.

But we must here take notice of the alteration of the word here, from what it was in the former Verse. In the former Verse the Hebrew word is גַּן, which we render a *Garden*; and in this Verse it is פַּרְדֵּס, which we render an *Orchard*; but according to its common Interpretation, and the sound of the word, we may say *Parradise*. Some make this difference betwixt the first word and the second,

ſecond, that the firſt was a Garden of one ſort of Trees only, and the ſecond of divers Sorts and Kinds. But that I think not probable, ſince in this ſame place, *viz.* Ver. 13. it ſeems to be intimate, that the Garden or Orchard here ſpoken of, and to which the Spouſe is compared, is of one ſort of Trees only, to wit, *Pomegranates*: For though other Spices here be mentioned, yet it's probable that theſe were only here and there intermix'd therewith, for the greater pleaſure; and neither are any of theſe Spices properly to be eſteemed *Trees*, but rather *Shrubs* or *Plants*; and we ſee that the words run thus, *An Orchard of Pomgranates with pleaſant Fruit*, &c. not, An Orchard of Pomgranates, and other pleaſant Fruits, *&c.* ſo that *Pomgranates* have been the *chief conſtituent* here. Wherefore I rather think the diſtinction of theſe two kind of Gardens or Orchards, differenced by theſe two Names, to lye in this, That the *firſt* hath contained principally theſe Trees, Flowers, Herbs, *&c.* which are of more common and univerſal Uſe; and that this *latter* hath contained, and been ſtored with theſe Trees, Flowers, Herbs, Spices and Plants, which are more rare and ſtrong. So that the *firſt* hath been a Garden for *Uſe* principally, and *this* for *Pleaſure*. So that this laſt is not unproperly called a Paradiſe, according to the Hebrew, or a Garden of Pleaſure.

We may note likewiſe, that the Hebrew doth not run thus, (as our Verſion hath it,) *With pleaſant Fruits*; but thus, *With the Fruits of precious things*: Whereby is denoted the rarity and precioufneſs of theſe Spices which were in theſe Paradiſes, or Gardens of Pleaſure, of which undoubtedly *Solomon* had moſt richly ſtored ones.

In

In the 15th. Verse there are *two similitudes* of the Spouse; not *three*, as Mr. *Durham* and *others* think; for in the Hebrew the words run thus, *A Fountain of Gardens, a Well of Waters living, and flowing from Lebanon*, or streaming from *Lebanon*. So that Streams here are not to be taken as a *Substantive*, but an *Adjective*. And as to the Hebrew word בְּאֵר, which we translate a *Well*, it signifies properly a *Water-Pit* or *Cistern*, or a *Receptacle* for Water. So that it's plain, that an *allusion* is here made to some *Aqueduct* of Water, made by *Solomon*, whereby Water hath been brought from *Lebanon* through some Conduit, for watering some of his *Gardens*, and hath therefore been received by some convenient *Receptacle* made for that end.

The Bride.

VERSE 16.

The Bride's taking the opportunity of Christ's nearness to her, maketh use of Christ's Commendation of her, as an argument for pressing him to grant two Suits to her: The first whereof is, that the Spirit of God *may be given her, for* quickning *and* comforting *her according as her need requires.*

The Words,

Awake, O North-wind, and come thou South; blow upon my Garden, that the Spices thereof may flow out: ——

The Paraphrase,

O comforting and health-restoring Spirit,
Send forth thy influence on me;
According to my need, not merit,
Let me thy Vertue see.

I do confess that I a Garden *have,*
Wherein sweet Flowers and Spices grow;
But oh it proves but as a Grave,
When on't thou dost not blow.

Sometimes alas, I sluggish *am and dead,*
And other times I troubled *prove;*
In these two Cases I have need
Of quickning, *and of* love.

For why sometimes my Spices *are o'regrown*
With poysonous and useless Weeds;
Whilst other times they scorch'd are grown,
Wanting moisture *which them feeds.*

Come then and take those ugly Weeds *away,*
Them stifle with thy pruning cold:
Lusts mortifie which in me stay,
And which of me take hold.

Come, and with fruitful moisture *me supply,*
Guard me against the scorching heat:
In my Afflictions comfort me,
As thou dost see it meet.

Like

Like to the North and the South-Wind be thou,
As I have need, upon me blow:
When griev'd or sluggish, me renew,
That my scent out may flow.

Ibid.

The Bride's second suit or asking, viz. *That* Christ *may graciously be pleased to* come *and* abide *with her, and take pleasure in her Graces.*

The Words,

——Let my Beloved come into his Garden, and eat his pleasant Fruits.

The Paraphrase.

That thus my Garden being drest,
My best-belov'd may come at will,
And eat his fill
Of what Fruit he thinks best.

For why this Garden doth belong
Of right and property to him;
And he therein
Will walk the Flowers among.

O let him come into his Garden *then,*
And of his pleasant Fruits thus eat,
As he thinks meet:
Oh let him not refrain.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Original word עורי, which we render *Awake*, signifies properly *to watch*, which is more emphatick; as if she had said, O North-Wind (*i.e.* O quickning Spirit) watch for my quickning, watch over my dulness and sluggishness, for I am apt oft to fall therein.

The word likewise which we render *blow upon*, may more properly be rendred *blow thorow*; as if she had said, Leave no corner of my Garden unnoted, no Spice or Flower thereof neglected, but blow thorough all my Garden.

Christ's eating of his pleasant Fruits, is his solacing himself upon the Graces of the Saints, as we have observed elsewhere.

CHAP.

CHAP. V.

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 1.

Christ answereth the Spouse, and sheweth her, that he hath, according to her desire, come *to her, and* entred *into her Garden, (which was her last suit to him,) and eaten likewise therein.*

The Words,

I am come into my Garden, my Sister, my Spouse; I have gathered my Myrrh with my Spice, I have eaten my Honey-comb with my Honey, I have drunk my Wine with my Milk. : ———

The Paraphrase.

My Sister *dear, as thou desired hast,*
Into my Garden *lo I have already come;*
And will continue as I have begun,
On thy most sweet and savry Graces for to feast.

My Myrrh with my sweet Spice I gathered have,
My Honey-comb with my sweet Honey I have eat,
My Wine I have drunk with my Milk most sweet,
From every one of which great pleasure I receive.

Thy Graces, of whatever sort they be,
Do (when together put) a Feast most sav'ry make,
Both those more sharp and sweet, more strong and weak;
All which I hold as mine, *though they spring up in thee.*

Ibid.

He invites her, and all true Believers with her, to come, and not only taste, but eat and drink, *and that abundantly of his fulness; and so to feast themselves on the soul-refreshing* Benefits *and Blessings of his Purchase, by their acting Faith on him, and thus enjoying Fellowship with him, and comforting themselves in the Priviledges, Promises and Mercies allowed to them.*

The Words,

——Eat, O Friends, drink; yea, drink abundantly, O Beloved.

The Paraphrase.

Wherefore thy Graces being mine,
And I, I being Steward of this Store,
And Author likewise of these Fruits divine;
Therefore
I thee invite, and all Saints else to dine:

Both

Both for to dine and sup at will.
Come then, O Friends, *come all, and* eat *with me*;
Come drink, yea drink abundantly *your fill:*
See, see
What plenteous fulness doth from me distill.

ANNOTATIONS.

The Hebrew word וְשִׁכְרוּ, which we translate *abundantly*, signifies *to be drunk*; so that the words run thus, *Drink, yea drink and fill your selves drunk.* But we need not wonder at this; for it is not Wine or Strong-Drink we are here commanded to be drunk with, but the Holy Ghost, and the Graces of the Spirit. And indeed this Invitation or Command is the same with that of the Apostles, *Be not drunk with Wine, wherein there is excess, but be ye filled with the Spirit*, Eph. 5. 18. So that if our Joy run in a right Channel, there cannot be excess in it, if it were to be drunken with it; *so as to forget our poverty, and to remember our misery no more.*

But we must note here, That it is only *Friends* and Beloved Ones that Christ admits to feast with him; others may at some times get Morsels and *Crumbs* cast from his Table, but it is only select Ones that are admitted to *feast* there.

The Bride.

VERSE 2.

The Spouse sheweth what Case she was in, *when Christ is inviting her to come and Feast with him; a very strange Case indeed, made up as it were of seeming Paradoxes and contraries; for she distinguisheth* her self *from her* Heart, *and the* sleeping *of the one from the* waking *of the other: However, by* her sleeping *she signifies a ceasing from spiritual Duties, or a suspension of the acting of spiritual Life, by the arising of some inward Corruption that dulls and binds up the spiritual Senses, as natural sleep binds up the bodily Senses: And by* waking *is understood some liveliness and sensibleness, or at least Life, in opposition to that dullness.*

The Words,

I sleep, but my Heart waketh; it is the Voice of my Beloved who knocketh ——

The

The Paraphrase,

What's this I hear! — Is this my Bridegroom's *Voice?*
No, No, it is some other Noise.
Sleep on, sleep on, it's but some dream.
Nay, nay, not so! I cannot so esteem!

It's true, it's true indeed, I do but sleeep!
Would God I could but for it weep!
Yet ne'retheless my Heart's awake:
Grace hinders it of sleep for to partake.

For though indeed sin hath far, far, avail'd,
And laziness o're me prevail'd;
Yet hath the Spirits influence
Kept me from being overcome from thence.

Ibid.

She sheweth what Christ said *to her, while in that Case, and how he expostulated with her to let him in.*

The Words,

——— saying, Open to me, my Sister, my Love, my Dove, my undefiled: For my Head is filled with Dew, and my Locks with the drops of the Night.

The

The Paraphraſe.

Sure, ſure, it's he that knocketh ſo,
For ſure his Voice I know.
His words I hear:
Open to me, *he ſaith*, Siſter dear;
My Love, my Dove, my undefiled, *here*
Why mak'ſt thou me ſo long to ſtay,
Come, come away!
Come, come, my lovely one;
Why mak'ſt thou me me thus to wait on?
Why ſufferſt thou me thus to knock?
Why thus doſt thou me lock
From out of thee?
Why with delays affront'ſt thou me?
I'm wounded by this carriage, which I ſee:
This, *this*, doth fill my Head with Dew,
And I, of new,
My Locks *all* filled *have*
With Rain, *which I do now receive.*

VERSE 3.

The Bride's Anſwer *to her Beloved's Call; wherein ſhe ſheweth* much lazineſs *and lukewarmneſs; although* ſome deſire *be intimated likewiſe to embrace his Call.*

The

The Words,

I have put off my Coat, how shall I put it on? I have washed my Feet, how shall I defile them?

The Paraphrase,

This do I hear. But Oh what shall I do!
How grievous is it me unto!
My Coat is off; How shall I put it on *again?*
Yet will I rise. —— *But Oh what pain*
Is it to rise!
Laziness me doth so comprize!

How grievous is it for to rise from Bed,
Whereon I sweetly now am laid!
My Feet are wash'd, how shall I them defile!
Yet will I rise. —— *Oh stay a while!*
How shall I rise,
Laziness me doth so comprize!

VERSE 4.

She sheweth what way Christ took, *to* rouze *her out of her* lazy Condition, *viz. by an* effectual dealing with her Heart; *at which her Bowels are moved, both with grief at her own laziness, and with desire of enjoying his Company, whom she had so unlovingly, unmannerly and unthankfully requited.*

The

The Words,

My Beloved put in his Hand by the hole of the Door, and my Bowels were moved for him.

The Paraphrase.

While thus in Bed I lingring lay,
Having my Door still lock'd and shut,
No longer my belov'd would stay,
But in himself his Hand he put:

In at the hole he put his Hand,
And with his Key *unlockt the same.*
His Key did strait my Heart command,
And all my ease did soon unframe.

Grief then did give a sudden smart
To me, because of lazines:
Sorrow did seize upon my Heart:
Shame did my very Soul distres.

My Bowels moved were *within,*
That him without I thus should keep;
That I should treat so ill with him:
Tears then besprinkled all my Cheek.

VERSE

VERSE 5.

She sheweth what Effects the touching of her Heart, by the Spirits effectual working, had upon her; the first *whereof is, that* she obeys his Call, *and riseth to open her door to him.*

The Words,

I rose to open to my Beloved, ——

The Paraphrase.

Up, *up*, I rose, *to open unto him,*
In haste, in haste; to him I say:
For though the Lock *by him unlock'd had been,*
Yet still the Bolt *within did stay.*

That he, it's true, could opened have, if he
The same had pleased for to do;
But he did not think fit that that should be;
But did the same leave me unto.

Ibid.

She sheweth another effect that followed on Christ's touching her Heart; that no sooner did he lay hold on the same to open it to him, but he found some sweet outpowring of the influences of the Spirit *upon her undertaking: Christ giving*

giving her thus some ground of hope, that though he was gone away, yet it was not for ever, nor in wrath.

The Words.

——— And my Hands dropped with Myrrhe, and my Fingers with sweet smelling Myrrhe, upon the handles of the Lock.

The Paraphrase.

Up then I rose,
And no more lingering, no more time did lose;
And on the bolt my hands I put,
To open my hard Heart, which had so long been shut.

Whence strait arose
A smell surpassing the most pleasant Rose:
Sweet-smelling Myrrhe my Hands did fill,
And from my Fingers, *as they touch'd* the Lock, *distill.*

My Graces then
Unto their former vigour came again;
And that sweet balmy Myrrhe my Heart
Did heal, and made its lazy rust for to depart.

VERSE

VERSE 6.

The Bride sheweth that she effectually at last succeeded in opening her Heart to Christ: *but is sadly disappointed, when she finds that he was withdrawn and gone.*

The Words.

I opened to my Beloved, but my Beloved had withdrawn himself, ——

The Paraphrase.

My Heart then patent did I lay,
And open make *by* Faith *and* Love;
That my beloved enter might and stay,
And not from thence remove.

But my Beloved, *ah alas!*
Withdrawn had himself *from me*;
And had remov'd his Presence from that place,
That him I could not see.

Ibid.

She sheweth, that when she missed her Beloved, how with grief *she* reflected *on her* bygone lazines *and evil Carriage towards Christ.*

The

The Words.

—— My Soul failed when he ſpake ——

The Paraphraſe.

Oh then my Soul did fail,
When I reflected on my Carriage paſt,
My Heart did faint and was agaſt;
But Oh Repentance ſcarce could then prevail.

When I did think upon
My keeping him ſo long without my door;
My Soul did grieve and weep therefore,
And ſadly did its lazineſs bemoan.

Ibid.

She ſheweth, that ſhe uſed *all* Means *and Duties, and yet found not Chriſt.*

The Words.

—— I ſought him, but I could not find him: ——

The Paraphraſe.

Yet leſt deſpair ſhould me o'rethrow,
From Hope *I comfort ſought to find*
Unto my weary mind;
From place to place reſolving for to go
Till I of my Belov'd ſhould know.

From

From Duty *unto* Duty *I did run:*
I Ordinances *did frequent;*
My time I therein ſpent.
But Oh alas! my Duties he did ſhun:
And I in vain that race did run.

Ibid.

She ſheweth, how ſhe did fall about the Duty of Prayer; *but ſtill ineffectually.*

The Words.

——— I called him, but he gave me no Anſwer.

The Paraphraſe.

Then I my ſelf betook to private Prayer,
And therein with him wreſtle did;
Thinking to find him there:
But Oh alas! from me his Face he hid.

I weep'd and wail'd, and upon him did call:
But I had him diſpleaſed ſo,
That he would not at all
Me hear, *but without* Anſwer *let me go.*

VERSE 7.

She sheweth how she betook her self to the publick Ministers *of the Church, and how sad a disappointment she got from them; when instead of assisting her and comforting her in her distress, they did harshly deal with her, esteeming her but a* Hypocrite.

The Words,

The Watchmen that went about the City found me, they smote me, they wounded me, the Keepers of the walls took away my Veil from me.

The Paraphrase.

At last unto the Ministers *I went,*
Those Watchmen, *who God's City watch,*
Unto them utt'ring my complaint,
Hopeful of comfort, and of some dispatch.

I told them how my laziness had been
The cause of all my sad distress,
How it had separate between
My Love and me, which did me sore oppress.

But

But lo, whilst comfort I from them expect,
Nothing but grief I from them got:
For they not only me neglect,
But did imbitter *and make sad my lot.*

Unto the bottom they did search my Wound,
Not for to cure, but hurt the same;
As I unto my sorrow found,
For it ne're to my very Vitals came.

By their rude Hands *I cruelly did smart;*
For having once found out my sore,
They smote me, *and* did wound *my Heart,*
Imbittering my life still more and more.

Yea, these same *Keepers* of the *Walls* did take
My very Veil away from me;
Striving infamous me to make,
And a meer formal Hypocrite *to be.*

Professions veil, *I say, (which I do wear*
In token of Subjection
Which I unto my Husband bear,)
They judged that I only did put on,

To hide my Sin and my Hypocrisie,
And therefore took the same away;
Thus blemishing my Piety:
At which my Soul did quite almost decay.

Nothing occurrs to me which might give more light to the sence and meaning of this Case of the Bride, which is set down in this place, except I should go particularly thorough each Expression thereof; which

being but tedious to do, after the pains I have taken to make the meaning clear in the *Paraphraſe*, I forbear here to add any thing further.

VERSE 8.

The Spouſe, though diſappointed by the Watchmen, *yet giveth not over, but, in this place, betakes her ſelf to the uſe of* mutual Fellowſhip *with thoſe which ſhe thinks to be Saints, that ſhe may have their help for the recovery of Chriſt's preſence.*

The Words,

I charge you, O Daughters of Jeruſalem, if ye find my Beloved, that ye tell him that I am ſick of love.

The Paraphraſe.

O Zions Daughters, *who have ſeen*
Our glorious King,
(For he amongſt you there doth ſtay,)
I pray
That ye endeavour would him for to ſee
On my account;
And my ſad caſe to him recount,
And how I long for his ſweet company:

How

How I still tossed am and griev'd,
And unrelievd:
He access doth to me deny,
Yet I
Am sick of love, *and pained at the heart,*
With hope delay'd,
Though every mean I have essay'd,
His absence thus most sadly makes me smart.

The Spouse in this place is sick of love, after another manner than she was in *Chap.* 2. *Ver.* 4. for there she was sick, because over-power'd with love, because of the longing she hath for the same, as being under Desertion, and without any sensible Manifestation thereof. So that by *Love* here, is meant, the Love of Desire; but in the former place, the love of Complacence.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

VERSE 9.

The Professors of Religion answer the Bride's Charge, by way of Question, *desiring her to shew* wherein the Excellency of Christ, *above all created Enjoyments,* doth consist.

The Words,

What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, O thou fairest among Women? What is thy Beloved more than another Beloved, that thou dost so charge us?

The Paraphraſe.

O faireſt among Women, *beauteous One,*
Fair, though with grief oppreſt ;
What makes thee thus ſo ſadly for to groan ?
Wherefore art thou ſo much diſtreſs'd ?

What, what is thy Beloved more than ours,
That us thou chargeſt ſo ?
Hath he more Riches, Grandeur, or more Power,
Than others, on thee to beſtow ?

What is his Beauty, what his Comlineſs,
That thee enamours thus ?
If it be ſingular, pray then expreſs,
And evidence the ſame to us.

ANNOTATIONS.

Sometimes God will make thoſe that truly ſeek him, the more lovely to others, the more that *corrupt Miniſters* ſeek to defame them : So we ſee, that the Watchmens wounding her, marrs not the Daughters Eſtimation of her. And indeed the Bride here is like the wounded Perſon, *Luke* 10. 31, &c. whom the *Samaritan* ſuccoured, when both the *Prieſt* and *Levite* had paſſed by him.

It may ſeem ſtrange, that thoſe who profeſs Religion, and the Knowledge of Chriſt, ſhould be brought in here as ignorant of Chriſt's Excellency, and therefore queſtioning the Bride about it. But I Anſwer, 1. That there are many who are born and bred in the Church, who believe and profeſs the Chriſtian Reli-

Religion, not becauſe they know the truth of it, but becauſe it being the generally received, profeſſed, and authorized Religion, they have never queſtioned it; and theſe cannot but be very ignorant of the truth thereof, and it's like the Daughters of *Jeruſalem*, who here ſpeak, are ſuch. Neither doth it contradict this, that in the former Verſe the Spouſe did ſpeak to them, as thoſe who were intimately acquainted with the ways of God, when ſhe intreats to intercede with Chriſt for her: For (beſides that the Spouſe there ſpeaks only hypothetically, ſaying, If you find him,) we know that we muſt charitably judge of thoſe, whom we have no certainty to be real Chriſtians; and ſo doth the Spouſe there. Or, 2. Poſſibly the Daughters of *Jeruſalem* only ſpeak thus, that they may learn more of Chriſt from her, by provoking her to deſcant upon his Excellency, whom they knew to be much acquainted and experienced in the ways of God.

The Bride.

VERSE 10,11,12,13,14,15,16.

The Spouſe, in Anſwer to the Queſtion of the Daughters of Jeruſalem, *falls out in* commending and Deſcribing her Beloved, *in a ſweet, pithy, deep and pathetick manner, ſhewing that Chriſt is, without all compare, the only Object of Delight: This ſhe doth, both in the* general, *pre-*

ferring him to all others, Ver. 10. *and in* special, *descending to several particulars*, *commending his* Head, i. e. *his Divinity*; *and his* Locks, i. e. *his Eternity*, Ver. 11. *commending his* Eyes, i.e. *Omniscience*, Ver. 12. *commending his* Cheeks, i. e. *his Holiness*; *and his* Lips, i. e. *his Truth and Word*, Ver. 13. *commending his* Hands, i. e. *Omnipotence*; *and his* Belly *or* Bowels, i. e. *his Loving-kindness or Mercy*, Ver. 14. *commending his* Legs, i. e. *his Providence*; *and his* Countenance, i. e. *his Majesty*, Ver. 15. *and lastly*, *commending his* Mouth, i. e. *his Company*, Ver. 16. *After which she gives again a* general Commendation *of him.* Ibid. *Concluding with an* Exclamation *to the Daughters of* Jerusalem *to consider what she had said in* Ver. 16. *likewise.*

The Words,

My Beloved is white and ruddy, the chiefest among ten thousand.

His Head is as the most fine Gold, his Locks are bushy, and black as a Raven.

His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves by the Rivers of Waters, washed with Milk, and fitly set.

His Cheeks are as a bed of Spices, as sweet Flowers; his Lips like Lillies, dropping sweet-smelling Myrrh.

His

His Hands are as Gold Rings ſet with Beryl; his Belly is as white Ivory overlaid with Saphires.

His Legs are as pillars of Marble, ſet upon ſockets of fine Gold; his Countenance is as Lebanon, excellent as the Cedars.

His Mouth is moſt ſweet; yea, he is altogether lovely. This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend, O Daughters of Jeruſalem.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 10.

He whom I love, and who doth not diſdain
Me, though unworthy, for to love again,
Is beauteous all. *In him there's no ill feature;*
Ten thouſand times more fair than any Creature:
He's white and ruddy, comely to behold;
Through all eternity cannot be told
The thouſand part of his Perfections rare,
He is the Ocean of what's good and fair:
Truth, Goodneſs, Love and Beauty, all do ſpring,
And run, each in his Conduit, from him.

V. 11.

His Head is like a maſs of pureſt Gold,
Gold I do ſay, becauſe I do behold
Nought purer here on Earth. But O mine Eye
Doth dazle, when on his Divinity
I fix the ſame! What Myſteries are here!
What glorious Wonders do to me appear!

A glorious Three-One Eſſence *I conceive,*
Which for to be the Fountain I perceive
Of Being, and its qualities; yet here
Imbodied to concenter doth appear:
The God-head *with* Humanity *doth meet,*
As Head and Body, and makes him compleat:
Thus is compos'd this rare and lovely One,
For whom I now ſo earneſtly do groan.

Ibid.

His Locks are buſhy, *on his Head he wears*
Thouſands of Ages, myriads of Years;
Eternity it ſelf, could it be told,
Than this moſt beauteous One is no more old:
Yet though ſo old and ancient he be,
Yet his unwrinkled Head, could we it ſee,
Hath no white Hairs thereon; he's youthful all,
The hoary Head can never him befall:
For though becauſe of his duration, he
The ancient of days be ſaid to be;
Yet if without a Metaphor we ſpeak,
We muſt confeſs that Day, Month, Year and Week,
Do not agree to him, and therefore he
Can never ancient be ſaid to be:
For why, without Succeſſion he exiſts,
Firſt, Middle, Laſt with us, do all perſiſt
Alike with him. Eternity will ne're
Cauſe him one aged Wrinkle for to wear:
His Head we'll never white and hoary ſee,
But Raven-black *it evermore will be.*

V. 12.

V. 12.

His Eyes transparent are and clear, *like to*
The *meek and fervent* Eyes of Doves, *which do*
Themselves in Rivers bathe, *and Waters clear,*
Or wash'd with Milk, *most lovely do appear:*
So his Omniscience is. All things that were,
Things that shall be, or now already are,
Are patent unto him; nothing doth lye
So hid or latent, but he doth espye;
Yet though so clear, so merciful he is,
That though he many things doth see amiss
In us his Servants, yet he tempers so
His piercing Looks with Love, that he doth know
How of our frailty to construct aright,
Tho' there's no fault that doth escape his sight:
For why his Eyes are fitly set and plac'd,
And with a sweet vivacity are grac'd;
All things he views in Justice, *yet he doth*
View the same things in Mercy *and in* Love.

V. 13.

His sweet and lovely Cheeks, are like unto
A Bed of sweetest Spices, *there which do*
Flourish and grow; or like to pleasant Flowers
Which neither want the Sun, nor moistning Showers:
Such is his Sanctity and Purity divine,
All that is sweet or fair, doth there combine
To make it lovely; all Perfections meet,
To make this rare Perfection compleat.
His Cheeks a Garden are, where nought doth breed
But Flowers and Spices; no unsav'ry Weed

Therein

Therein doth grow. The Wicked are debarr'd
From out the same. Thence filthiness is barr'd.
The Saints alone, who holy are and fair,
As Bees unto these Flowers do repair,
And suck from out the same that Honey which
Doth drop from thence, and there abound so much.

Ibid.

His Lips like Lillies are, from whence doth drop
Sweet-smelling Myrrh, *as if its native crop*
Were there. Thus is his true and purest Word,
Which doth all Soul-refreshing Truths afford:
His Truth and his Veracity is such,
As none can love or wonder at too much:
Here all sweet-scented Balsam-Shrubs do grow;
What're is fit and worthy for to know,
Is here set down at large; here we may see
The lineaments of true Divinity:
Each Truth in beauty th' Lilly doth excell,
And sweetest Myrrh in its most pleasant smell:
Myrrh drops from every Twig, and every Leaf,
A Cure is here both for the blind and deaf,
The wounded and the maim'd, the lame and halt,
Sure Remedies are here for every fault:
Here grows the Balm of Gilead, *and hence*
We Remedies may have without expence.

V. 14.

His Hands are like to Gold Rings, wherein are
Beryl and Stones of value, *which by far*
In Vertue our astonishment exceed,
Such is his Power, wherein we Wonders read.

In

In his Almightiness, All-potency,
What Acts, what Feats, what Wonders do we see!
All which do his Omnipotence adorn,
As Stones of value, which are therein worn.
By this great Power of his, as we may see,
Great Wonders for his Church performed be.
Thus though so vast his Power, yet doth it prove
Like to a Marriage-Ring of Love,
Wherewith he doth his Saints espouse and take,
When he of Mercy makes them to partake.

Ibid.

His Belly is like bright Ivory,
Indented all with Saphires *curiously*;
Where brightest white concurrs with purest Blew,
In making a most rare and lovely Shew.
Such are his Bowels, his Compassion,
And Loving-kindness unto every one
Who him do fear. Their pleasant Aspect doth
Their richness emulate. Such is his Love,
His wondrous Love and Mercy unto those,
Who do their trust and hope on him repose.

V. 15.

His Legs as Pillars are of Marble strong,
Which Sockets of fine Gold do stand upon.
His steddy and unerring Providence,
The Methods in the which he doth dispense
And govern every thing, are wise and sure,
Plac'd on a Basis that will ay endure.
Each step he gives is stately, sure and rare,
And like himself admirable and fair.

He walks on Gold, his Feet is of the same,
Of purest Gold composed is the frame
Of his harmonious Providence ; whose Wheels
Are Love and Wisdom, which do never reel,
Break, or fall off, but speedily do run
Much swifter than the Chariot of the Sun.
Thus, as his Head is Gold, so are his Feet ;
Thus all his Parts concenter and do meet,
In shewing his Excellencies so rare,
With whom none can in Comeliness compare.

Ibid.

His Countenance or Stature looketh like
To stately Lebanon, *which doth delight*
The Eye, and giveth a most glorious Show,
Like to the Cedars *which thereon do grow.*
Thus is his glorious Majesty divine,
That bright and glorious sparkling which doth shine
From his Perfections, in one unite,
Thus making all his Attributes compleat.
But if each part of him be wonderfull,
Then oh what shall I think when to the full
His prospect I adventure for to take,
And a resemblance of him for to make !
When unto Lebanon *him I compare,*
Which is o're-grown with Cedars tall and fair,
I infinitely short do fall of him,
And do not to the thousand portion climb
Of his surpassing stately Stature, which
Doth Heaven itself surpass by very much.

V. 16.

His Mouth is sweet ; *it is the very Hive*
Of solid sweetness : Who-e're shall dive

Therein,

Therein, will soon the sweetest Honey loath,
And find Earths pleasures all to be but froth:
All solid sweetness, pleasures all combine,
Uniting in this center so divine;
All joys, myrth, raptures, here in one do meet
In's company and fellowship so sweet:
All other sweets without this are but Gall,
But this alone makes up the want of all.

Ibid.

But oh why do I thus his worth recount
By parts and parcels! He doth so surmount
The tongue and thoughts of Men (yea, Angels all,)
That infinitely we below do fall
Of what is due to him; for we are struck
Quite blind, when to his excellence we look.
His rays do dazle both our thoughts and mind,
And leave our words myriads of miles behind;
Wherefore we must contented be to speak
In general terms, and leave off to seek
And dive too far into this Mine, lest we
Do lose our breath and life, and stifled be:
What therefore shall I say, but that he's fair,
Comely and lovely, without all compare?
If Heaven and Earth can make a rare complexion,
Without one stain, or the least imperfection;
Here, here it is, it in this Prince doth shine,
He's altogether lovely, *all divine:*
He's altogether fair; his beauty's such,
As none can be enamour'd of too much.

Ibid.

This, this is my Beloved, this is he,
Ye Daughters of Jerusalem *who be;*

This,

This is my Friend, who now from me is gone,
For whoſe ſad abſence I ſo ſadly groan:
This, this is he, for whom I did deſire,
That you in my behalf would now enquire:
This, this is he, and have I not, think ye,
Good cauſe to weep, while abſent he's from me?
Is he not worth the ſeeking? Have not I
Good cauſe of ſorrow, when he doth deny
His lovely preſence? Ought I not to pray,
And cry, and wreſtle, while he ſtays away?

ANNOTATIONS.

This *Paraphraſe* being, as I judge, ſufficiently plain, copious and expreſſive of the meaning of this high rapture of the *Bride*, it were needleſs to add any thing here. And for any various reading, I find not any variation in our Tranſlation from the Original ſo momentous, as to make any remarkable difference in the ſence; only we may mark, that the Original word, *ver.* 4. which we render Belly, would be better rendred Bowels, it being the ſame word which is rendred Bowels, *ver.* 4. and elſewhere in Scripture, as *Iſa.* 63. 15. & *Jer.* 31. 20. So that I know no reaſon why it ſhould be altered in this place. We may likewiſe obſerve, that the word פָּז, which we tranſlate *Gold*, *ver.* 11. is a far different word from זָהָב, which properly ſignifies *Gold*; whereas this word in the 11th. *verſe*, ſignifies properly a Maſs of Gold, or Mine of Gold; which is more emphatick, conſidering its myſtick meaning, than meerly to ſay *Gold.*

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

VERSE 1.

The Daughters of Jerusalem, *having heard attentively the Excellencies of Christ set out by the Spouse, they come in again here with a* new Question.

The Words,

Whither is thy Beloved gone? O thou fairest among Women, whither is thy Beloved turned aside? that we may seek him with thee.

The Paraphrase.

Yes, yes, thou hast good cause, if it be thus,
Good cause thou hast; but pray shew unto us,
Where this rare Mirrour of Perfection's gone,
For whose sad absence thou dost justly groan:
Pray whither is he gone? if thou dost know;
For our Beloved he's become also.

O fairest among Women, unto whom
None can in comeliness compare, among
All those Religion who profess, of thee
We do intreat informed for to be,
Where thy fair best beloved stays, and where
He is accustomed for to repair:
This shew to us, and we will bend our mind
And thoughts with thee, to seek, until we find
This matchless One: We'll diligently seek,
And use all means we can, till we him meet:
We'll spare no toyl, no labour, and no pains,
In this our search, since such admired Gains
In finding him, abundantly repays
The toyl and labour of some Weeks or Days:
Wherefore we thee intreat to us impart,
Whither he went when he did last depart.

The Bride.

VERSE 2.

The Bride is not long in answering them, but (as being glad of such an opportunity of edifying them) she shews them, that though he be withdrawn from her, as to his sensible presence; yet is he to be found in the Church, which is his Garden.

The

The Words,

My Beloved is gone down into his Garden, to the Beds of Spices, to feed in the Gardens, and to gather Lillies.

The Paraphrase.

My Best-beloved *is not gone far away,*
But in the Church doth stay:
Unto that pleasant Garden *there of his*
He's gone, and there he is:
And to each sev'ral Congregation,
Those Beds of Spice, *he's gon:*
In them he's gone to stay and feed, and there
To gather Lillies fair.
Into these sev'ral Gardens *he is gone,*
For such they are each one:
Away he's gone to view the Spices *there;*
Thither he doth repair,
Upon Believers sav'ry Grace to feed,
For pleasure, not for need:
Thereon he feeds, and, as it were, doth eat
Of that most pleasant Meat:
There he delights poor Souls for to convert,
And captivate their heart;
Who though they were but poysonous Weeds before,
Yet prove they such no more;
For his sweet touch them Lilly-white doth make,
And all stains from them take:
This is his work, his Elect to invite,
And them to save *and* keep.

VERSE 3.

The Bride *(having satisfied the Daughters Question)* comforts *and strengthens her self,* by the assurance of her interest in Christ; *shewing, that though he be absent as to sence, yet* that he is present in the Church, *and* with others of the Saints.

The Words,

I am my Beloved's, and my Beloved is mine; he feedeth among the Lillies.

The Paraphrase.

My God is absent, and from me away,
His coming he doth long delay:
What then?
He'll come when he thinks fit agen.

Away distrustful Thoughts! for why, I know
My God casts me not off; no! no!
He will
All my desires at last fulfill.

For why, I know that My Beloved is
Mine, *mine, and* I again am his:
Here, here
Is that which may remove all fear.

And though at present him I do not see,
Yet know I where he sure will be;
Lo, lo,
Amongst the Lillies he doth go.

There he doth feed, and doth himself solace,
In viewing of Believers Grace:
There he
Great pleasure taketh for to be.

Amongst the Saints, those lovely Lillies fair,
He stays, and in their Graces rare
He doth
Delight, ev'n in their Faith, Hope, Love.

These fruitful Graces give a pleasing smell,
Which doth the Lillies scent excell:
On which
He feedeth and delighteth much.

This *Verse* is the same in effect with *Chap.2. Ver.16.* and therefore I have not altered the Paraphrase. And the words being sufficiently made perspicuous, (as likewise the words of the preceding *Verse*,) I desist from saying any thing in order thereto.

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 4.

Christ, after the repulse he got at the Spouse's door, had been long silent; but now he breaks in, without any Preface, *and makes up all his former absence and silence, by his singular kindness, when he manifests his love to his Bride; which kindness appears in the warmness and sweetness of his many and various Expressions. And* first, *in this Verse: he commends her by a* threefold Comparison *of her*, viz. *to* Tirzah, Jerusalem, and a banner'd Army.

The Words,

Thou art beautiful, O my Love, as Tirzah, comely as Jerusalem, terrible as an Army with Banners.

The Paraphrase.

Oh, oh my Love! what of thee shall I say?
Thou'rt excellent each way:
For lo in thee
The compend of Perfections all I see.

As

As pleasant Tirzah, *about which the Fields*
Delight and pleasure yields,
Thou'rt beautifull;
Thy very Aspect is of beauty full.

Like to Jerusalem *most comely, fair,*
Most pleasant and most rare;
Comely thou art
Without, within, and in each sev'ral part.

And as thou'rt comely, so thou dost appear
To strike with awe and fear
All who thee see,
And like an Army terrible to be.

Like to a banner'd Army, *which doth stand*
Expecting the Command:
Such is thy shew
To all who ever rightly look on you.

Thou'rt each way beautiful, within, without,
And terrible throughout:
Thy Graces be
Like City and like Army unto me.

ANNOTATIONS.

Tirzah was a City of the Tribe of *Manasseh*, and a most pleasant City. It was the Seat of one of the Kings of *Canaan*, as we see *Josh.*12.24. Afterwards it became the Seat of the Kings of *Israel*, 1 *Reg.*14.17. & 15.33. till *Zimri* burnt the King's Palace there; whereupon *Omri* built *Samaria*. The word in the

Original comes from a Root, which signifies *acceptable*, which seems to import its delectableness.

It's probable that Christ insinuates here three several Qualifications, suitable to these three Comparisons. For it's like that *Tirzah* hath been chiefly commendable, because of its *Situation*, and the pleasure of the Fields about it. And *Jerusalem* hath been chiefly commendable, because of its *internal regularity* and *beauty*, but above all, for the *Ordinances of God's House*, and the Church of God. And we know how orderly, stately, but *terrible* a thing, an *Army with Banners* is. So that I judge, that hereby is set down the *external Beauty*, and *internal Comeliness*, as likewise the *Awful* and *Majestick* (though Humble) *Carriage* of the Spouse.

VERSE 5.

The Bridegroom, for explaining and illustrating of the Bride's lovely terribleness, shews a Proof *thereof, (a very wonderful Instance indeed!) on himself; which was, That she did* overcome him, *or captivate and ravish him with her beauteous commanding Perfections.*

The Words,

Turn away thine Eyes from me, for they have overcome me: ——

The

The Paraphrase.

Turn, turn away thine Eyes from me,
Which sparkle and so ardent be;
Them turn away,
I thee intreat and pray,
For they have wholly me o'recome *to day.*

Herein thou'rt terrible to me;
For always when I thee do see,
I ravish'd prove:
Thy sight me so doth move,
That overcome I'm by thy Faith and Love.

By these most noble Graces, I
Am Captive made, and cannot fly;
Thy Faith and Love,
The two fair Eyes do prove,
Which me so hold that I cannot remove.

From out these Eyes, lo I do see
Thy other Graces now at me
So far to burn,
That I thence can't return:
Thy Eyes oh therefore from me do thou turn!

Ibid. & VERSE 6, 7, 8, 9.

Christ, for the Spouse's further Comfort and Confirmation, falls out in commending her, *as he had done before*; *yea, to shew that (notwithstanding*

ing

ing her foul slip and fall) his Love was the same to her, and not changed from what it was before. He commends her here in the same words that he had done Chap. 1. Ver. 1, 2, 3. *And tho' he doth not repeat here the whole Commendation set down in that place, yet to compense that, he goeth on with a Comparison,* Ver. 8, & 9. *preferring her to all other Believers whatsoever.*

The Words,

—— Thy Hair is as a flock of Goats that appear from Gilead.

Thy Teeth are as a flock of Sheep which go up from the washing, whereof every one beareth Twins, and there is not one barren among them.

As a piece of a Pomgranate are thy Temples within thy Locks.

There are threescore Queens, and fourscore Concubines, and Virgins without number.

My Dove, my Undefiled is but one; she is the only one of her Mother, she is the choice one of her that bare her: ——

The Paraphrase.

V. 5.

My dearest Love, thy self thou dost adorn
With a Profession worthy to be worn:

Wit

With a Profession not ostentative,
Yet which doth a most pleasant Prospect give.
Thy grave composed Carriage doth shew
That thy Profession is not false but true.
Like to a Flock of Goats, *which do appear*
From fruitful Gilead, *and unto us here*
Below most stately seem, ev'n so dost thou,
As from a Mountain, cast a lovely shew.
Thy grave majestick Looks do seem to show,
That thou hast quite forsaken Earth below;
And what thou thus professest for to be,
Is not in shew, but in reality:
Lo, climbing up the Rocks, *thou dost ascend,*
From Earth, and dost unto the Heaven tend.

V. 6.

And though so humble and so grave thou be,
Yet lo, what zeal *and ardency I see!*
Thou art not soft nor simple; no, not so.
When need requires, thou hast sharp Teeth to show;
Yet this thy zeal thou dost so moderate
With cautious prudence, and just care, as that
Thou dost observe the circumstances all,
Which in occasion happen and befall.
Thy zealous Actions moderated so,
Seem like a Flock of Sheep (not Wolves) which go
Snow-white from out the washing, and which be
Shorn and cut so well and equally,
That there's nought on them of deformity;
And fruitful so, that barren there is none,
But each thereof Twins beareth in its Womb:
Thy zeal thus comely and thus fruitful is,
That what thou does, the scope doth never miss.

V. 7.

V. 7.

Thy modestness and shamefac'dness is such,
That be thou but commended, thou dost blush;
Or if ought that's unseemly thou dost hear,
Thy tender heart it pierceth like a Spear.
If ought thou do which seem to thee a sin,
Though oft-times but apparent, then begin
There doth a modest blushing strait, which swells
Thus thy chaste heart, and on thy Temples *dwells;*
Dying with Red thy Modesty so White,
Where Spangles red and white the sight delight;
And like a piece of Pomgranate *doth seem,*
Whose Juyce Strawberry-red, whose Seeds like Cream
Appear to sight; yet when thou blushest thus,
By th' Locks *of Self-denial thou from us*
The same dost strive to hide, lest thou should be
Viewed by others who do look on thee.

V. 8.

Threescore there are of *Queens*; there are Fourscore
Of *Concubines*; there are of *Virgins* more
Than can be numbered. *Many do profess*
My Beauty for to know, some more, some less:
Some are true Saints, who yet in Grace are weak,
And want assurance of their state; and take
The name of Spouse not to them. Others are
More grown than they in Grace, and do not scarr
That holy name of Spouse to take, whom yet
I seldom to my Bed of Love admit.
But some there are, whom I familiarly
Converse oft with, whom I admit to see

My

My Glory and my Majesty divine,
Who with me lye, and walk, and talk, and dine :
These seldom I my company refuse,
But as my Wives and Queens indeed do use.

V. 9.

But oh my Dove, my undefiled One,
Thou, thou unto a matchless height art grown :
Thou'rt singular indeed, thou'rt matchless, fair,
Thou art a None-such, one above compare :
The Church thy Mother hath not one like thee ;
None of her Children can compared be
To thee, my Dove. Thou'rt the choice one of her,
Who thee, and many Children more did bear :
Thy Graces for the most part I do see
Well order'd, and in exercise to be :
Thou art, as 'twere, the Churches only one,
Thou hast in Graces others so outdone.

ANNOTATIONS.

There are some profane Wits, who will needs have this Song an amorous Poem of *Solomon*'s to the praise of *Pharaoh*'s Daughter ; and therefore they say, that there is here so much mention of Love-Phrases, as *Dove*, *Spouse*, and *Love*, &c. and of *Queens*, *Concubines*, and *Virgins*. Let such sport themselves in their own folly, until Destruction overtake them. We rest in the Spiritual meaning ; and I judge that the *Paraphrase* of the 8th. & 9th. Verses doth fully and clearly enough represent the same.

It

It may indeed seem strange that the Bride is commended here, even above all the *Queens*, *i. e.* those who live in Communion with God; for who (may we think) can be preferred to such, whom God is familiar with, as a Man with his Wife. I Answer. *That the Scope of the Scripture is*, (as I take it) *to hold forth, to what a pitch and height of Grace and Vertue a Saint may attain to*; *and therefore the Believer, who is brought in here under the Notion of the Bride, is represented as the chiefest of Saints.* Neither needs that be strange, that one Saint get such an Epithet above all others; since we see that *Job* gets just the same Commendation, *Job* 1. 8. that the Spouse gets here; where the Lord sayeth, *that there was none like him in the Earth.*

VERSE 9.

Christ having commended the Spouse so highly, to make it the more unquestionable, he brings in a double Confirmation *thereof: The* first *is in the following words*; *and it is taken from* that esteem *that others had thereof.*

The Words.

—— The Daughters saw her, and blessed her, yea, the Queens and the Concubines, and they praised her.

The

The Paraphraſe.

The Daughters and the Virgins *did confeſs*
Than this no leſs,
And in their Hearts admiring thee,
In whom ſuch Beauty they did ſee;
They did expreſs
The ſame, and bleſs'd thee *with all happineſs.*

The Queens and Concubines *thee likewiſe ſaw;*
And ſtruck with awe
At thy perfections ſo rare,
And at thy Countenance ſo fair,
(Which Love doth draw
From all,) thee prais'd *above all e're they ſaw.*

VERSE 10.

Chriſt (in the next place) expreſſeth his own eſteem *of her, as another proof of her excellency; which he doth by* four Compariſons *or Similitudes.*

The Words.

Who is ſhe that looketh forth as the Morning, fair as the Moon, clear as the Sun, and terrible as an Army with Banners.

The

The Paraphraſe.

Who, who is ſhe? who, who, that looketh forth?
Wherein we ſee ſuch worth;
Who to us here
Like to the Morning *doth appear:*
For ſtill ſhe doth more beauteous ſhow,
And comely grow.
She fair is as the Moon,
Which doth extinguiſh the Stars glory ſoon.

Yea like the glorious Sun *ſhe doth appear*
Moſt bright, moſt fair and clear.
She brings the day,
And makes the Night to flee away.
She likewiſe hath an awful ſhew
To all who view
Her Graces; which do ſtand
Like to an Army *under right Command.*

Like Morning *light ſhe doth in Grace* increaſe:
Than th' Moon *ſhe's fair no leſs;*
And in the Night
Of trouble *great ſhe ſhineth bright.*
Yea ſhe's like to the Sun *ſo fair,*
Without campare,
In her Proſperitie.
And Army-like *ſhe always ſeems to be.*

VERSE

VERSE 11, & 12.

He giveth the reason of this Esteem of her, which he takes from his own Experience, (respecting therein v. 4, 5.*) shewing how He was allurea, yea,* constrained *to return to her,* thorough the vigorous acting of her Graces *and Virtues.*

The Words,

I went down into the Garden of Nuts, to see the Fruits of the Valley, and to see whether the Vine flourished, and the Pomegranates budded.

Or ever I was aware, my Soul made me like the Chariots of Amminadab.

The Paraphrase,

V. 11.

This I can by most sure experience say,
For when I went from her away,
That night, when I
By her security
Was lock'd and kept from out her Heart,
(For which she since did sadly smart)
Unto my Garden *I*
Did go to spye

How the young tender Nuts *did grow:*
I also went down to the Valley *low,*

To see how all the Fruits did there increase,
Lest ought should their just growth repress;
To look upon
The tender Plants each one;
Whether the Vine was flourishing
And Pomegranates budds *forth did bring.*
The Churches order I
Went thus to spye;
And for to view the Graces rare
Of other Saints, how they increased there.

V. 12.

There scarce I was, when I could not refrain
'Till I should come to thee again.
My Soul did move
Me suddenly with love.
Or e're I was aware, thou didst me so
Ravish, that I behov'd to thee to go:
My bowels all did turn,
When thou didst mourn.
Thy powerful Prayers reach'd mine Ear;
I ravish'd was, when I the same did hear.

When I thee left it was a darksome Night:
But scarce I left thee, when thy light
Appear'd to me
Fair as the Moon to be:
Yea or I know, thou didst like Morning clear
Dart forth thy rays; and quickly didst appear

T

To bring the clear days light,
Than th' Sun more bright.
Yea as an Army thou my Soul
A willing Captive mad'st without controul.

For why my Soul was so enamoured
With thy Grace and Perfections hid;
Thy Faith and Love
Did so my Bowels move;
Thy painful exercising of the same,
And powerful Prayers so upon me came:
That my Soul, e're I knew,
Was fled to you.
My Love to thee me up did lift
As on Aminadab his Chariots *swift.*

I have nothing to add to the Paraphrase, but that I judge the last words of the 12*th.* Verse, do clearly allude to some notable and famous Chariot-driver in those dayes; or else to some Prince, who hath taken pleasure in the swift running of Chariots, and therefore hath had such. However it be, the spiritual meaning is patent.

VERSE 13.

Christ, having declared his esteem of the Bride, and how he was in some manner constrained to return to her; he adds now a pathetick Invitation of her to come to him, *and be familiar with him, that he may delight*

himſelf more nearly and fully, with the ſight of her Perfections: And ſeeing her Modeſty *and ſhamefac'dneſs* did Object, *that there was nothing in her worthy his noticing her*; he anſwers *that, by ſhewing that he would ſee a notable ſight in her,* viz. *her Graces ranked and marſhalled up,* as two Armies or Camps, *both as to their Order and Number.*

The Words,

Return, return, O Shulamite! return, return; that we may look upon thee: What will ye ſee in the Shulamite? As it were the Company of two Armies.

The Paraphraſe

Return, return, O Shulamite, *to me,*
For lo I do return to thee;
Thou who in Salem *City dwells,*
Who Mortals all excells:
Return, return to me,
That I may look with joy on thee;
That I may view thy Graces rare,
And look upon thy Countenance ſo fair.

What will you ſee? what will you ſee in me?
Wherein no Vertues true there be:
Thus thou doſt ſpeak; but ſay not ſo,
For I the contrary know.
Lo, lo, I ſee in thee
Of Vertues a vaſt Company.

Lo

Lo, like two Armies *they appear*
To all who thee do rightly know and near.

The Vertues of immediate Piety
Compose the Army first in thee;
Which doth in decent Order stand,
Still ready at command.
In th' other lo we see
The Vertues of Humanity,
Both these two Armies Love *obey:*
Love those for God, and these for Man doth sway.

Faith *is the* Muster-master, *which aright*
The way them teacheth how to fight.
The royal Standard-bearer, Hope,
All mutinies doth stop.
The Armory, God's Word.
All Weapons doth to them afford.
Thus they do in their Posture *stand,*
And Prayer *them the Word gives of command.*

It will not, I hope, be thought unsuitable, that I have a little improved this Notion, of comparing the Spouses Graces to two Armies, or (as the Hebrew hath it) Camps. By *Shulamite* is undoubtedly understood a *Hierosolumitane*, *i. e.* a Citizen or In-dweller of the mystical *Jerusalem*, which sometimes is called *Salem*.

CHAP. VII.

The Bridegroom Continueth his Discourse.

VERSE 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9.

Christ goeth on in his Commendation of the Bride, descending to the particularizing of many of her Graces *and Vertues*, viz. *Her* Feet, i. e. *her Walk or Carriage*; *and her* Thighs, *i. e. the Habits or Principles of her Carriage and Conversation*, V. 1. *Then her* Navel, *i. e. her spiritual fructifying Quality*; *and her* Belly, i. e. *the Matrix or inward habit of Grace*, V. 2. *Then her* Breasts, i. e. *her growth in Grace, and usefulness for the good of others*, V. 3. *Then her* Neck, i. e. *her Faith, Magnanimity and spiritual Valour*; *her* Eyes, *i. e. her Understanding or Wisdome*; *and her* Nose, i. e. *her Sagacity or Foresight*, V. 4. *Then her* Head, i. e. *her Hope*; *and*

and her Hair, i. e. *her Christian Profession*, V. 5. *After which Commendation of the Bride, he descends to add several* Aggravations of her Comelineſs: *The* firſt *of which is an* abrupt Expreſſion, *crying out, that he was captivated irreſiſtibly by her Graces; in the cloſe of* V. 5. *The* ſecond *is a raviſhed and* tranſported-like Expreſſion, *containing a general Commendation of the Brides Excellency*, V. 6. *The* third *is* an Amplification of the former Commendation, *containing his Reſolution to abide with her, both for his ſatisfaction and her profit*, V. 7, 8, 9.

The Words.

HOw beautiful are thy Feet with Shoes, O Princes Daughter! the Joynts of thy Thighs are like Jewels, the Works of the hands of a cunning Workman.

Thy Navel is like a round Goblet, which wanteth not Liquor: Thy Belly is like an heap of Wheat, ſet about with Lillies.

Thy two Breaſts are like two young Roes that are twins.

Thy Neck is as a Tower of Ivory: thine Eyes like the Fiſh-pools in Heſhbon, by the gate of Bethrabbim: thy Noſe is as the Tower of Lebanon, which looketh towards Damaſcus.

Thine Head upon thee is like Carmel, and the Hair of thine Head like Purple: the King is held in the Galleries.

How fair and how pleaſant art thou, O Love, for Delights.

This thy Stature is like to a Palm-tree, and thy Breaſts to Cluſters of Grapes.

I ſaid, I will go up to the Palm-tree, I will take hold of the Boughs thereof: Now alſo thy Breaſts ſhall be as Cluſters of the Vine, and the ſmell of thy Noſe like Apples.

And the Roof of thy Mouth like the beſt Wine, for my beloved, that goeth down ſweetly, cauſing the Lips of thoſe that are aſleep to ſpeak.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 1.

O Princely Daughter of the higheſt Prince,
Thy Carriage is able to convince
All who thee ſee, of thy high Progeny,
All is divine and princely that's in thee.
How beautiful *and comely* are thy Feet,
With Princely Shoes, *which for them are moſt meet!*
With a moſt grave, but yet majeſtick pace,
Thou walks; thy ſteps adorned are with Grace.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Nor can it poſſibly be elſe ; for why
The habits of thy walk go not aſtray.
No, no, they moſt harmoniouſly are made,
And fitted ſo, that nought thy walk impede.
Thus are thy Thighs, *they'r orderly compos'd,*
And formed ſo that they cannot be loos'd.
They'r like to Bracelets, *or to Chains of Gold,*
Or rows of Jewels, *comely to behold.*
The Work they're of no Novice ; but of one
Who is the greateſt Artiſt *e're was known.*

V. 2.

And as thy Walk is glorious ; ſo thou art
Moſt glorious within the hidden part.
Thy well-ſhap'd Navel, (*who could it behold,*)
Like a round Goblet *is, or Cup of Gold,*
Full of the choiceſt mixture ; where both weak
And ſtronger Liquor do their portion make
O' that mixture, which thy Graces water doth
Flowing in plenty to thee from above.
Thy fructifying quality is ſuch,
As none can think or wonder at too much.

Ibid.

This moiſture *from thy* Navel *doth deſcend,*
And to thy Belly *inwardly doth tend* ;
Thy fruitful Belly, which is like an heap
Of the moſt fine and of the pureſt Wheat,

Such

Such is the Matrix, ſuch the Habits, *where*
Thy Grace doth lye, and whence thy Vertues rare
Proceed and do ſpring forth. Thy moiſture ſo
Thy habits fructifies, that thence doth grow
Many a Lilly and moſt comely Flower.
For when as once the fructifying Shower
Of th' Spirits divine Influences *ſweet,*
With thy inlarg'd Capacity *doth meet;*
That mixture hath ſuch Virtue therein, as
To be the chief, if not the only Cauſe
Of all thy fruitfulneſs. For when from thence
Moiſture deſcends, and Virtue doth diſpenſe
To the prepared coſtly Seed, which doth
Groan (as it were) for that ſhower from above:
Thence doth a Spring appear; the ſeed doth grow,
And ſend forth ſtalks and leaves, which have a ſhow
Like unto ſweet and lovely Lillies *fair.*
Such are thy actual Graces *choice and rare,*
Which from habitual Grace within proceed,
And whoſe ſweet ſcent doth Lillies far exceed.

V. 3.

A great proficient in Loves School thou art,
With Graces ſtor'd and treaſur'd is thy Heart,
Which yet thou doſt as liberally impart.
Thy Breaſts *in this are like two pleaſant Roes,*
Twins of an equal ſize and height, which goe,
And run, and walk together, 'till they prove
Both fat, and fair, and great. Thus thou my Love
In Grace increaſeſt ſtill; until thou be
So ſtor'd therewith, that thou abundantly
Canſt others feed, and yet thy ſelf not want;
For thee to be a Mother *God doth grant,*

And

And thee dost furnish so, that thou can'st feed
With Milk those Babes who thereof stand in need.

V. 4.

Thy Grace is such, that thou dost never droop,
Nor suffer thy couragious Neck *to stoop;*
But with a val'rous magnanimity,
Thou'rt proof against whate're difficulty
Thy Faith-built courage *doth appear to be*
Like to a stately Tower of Ivory;
Which doth contain a Shield against each Dart,
Which Satan, Sin, or Earth, throw at thy heart:
Of each Temptation it can break the sting,
And 'gainst all griefs a remedy doth bring:
Thus is thy Faith, that useful Grace of thine,
Which proves a Tower stately and divine.

Ibid.

Thy humble piercing Understanding's such,
As none can be enamour'd of too much:
Thy Wisdom and thy Knowledge is most bright,
Irradiate with pure and divine light:
Like Heshbons *clear Fish-Pools, they are most fair,*
Which at Bethrabbim-Gate *are formed there:*
Such are thine Eyes, most bright, and mirrour-like,
Which do all those, who thereon look, delight:
Therein I view my Stature and my Face,
So clear and so unstained is thy Grace.

Ibid.

Thy comely well-shap'd Nose *appears to me*
Like to the Tower of Lebanon *to be;*

That

That fortified Tower, which doth ſtand
Upon the very Frontiers of the Land,
And looketh towards ſtrong Damaſcus, *where*
Our Syrian *Foes do chiefly all repair :*
Such is thy quick and ſharp ſagacity,
Which proves a ſtrong Defence and Tow'r to thee.
Thou keeps ſtrong Watch againſt thy cunning Foe,
And ſees each ſtep and motion he doth go :
His Actions, tho' far off, thou doſt foreſee,
And ſmells his Projects, e're they formed be.

V. 5.

Thy ſoar'ing Hope *above the Clouds doth reach,*
And doth it ſelf unto the Heavens ſtretch :
This is the Head *of all thy Graces, which*
Doth ſoar with thee, till Graces Throne it touch :
Like ſtately fruitful Carmel *it doth ſtand,*
And overlooks afar both Sea and Land :
A ſtately Proſpect this doth give to thee,
And makes thee things inviſible to ſee.

Ibid.

This to compleat, thy ſelf thou doſt adorn
With a Profeſſion worthy to be worn ;
With a Profeſſion, not oſtentative,
But which doth a moſt pleaſant Proſpect give :
Thus doth thy Hair as lovely Purple *ſhine,*
With ſuch a Dye, and luſtre ſo divine,
That tho' the ſame thou hid'ſt, yet all may ſee
A divine ſplendour for to be on thee.

Ibid.

Ibid.

Thy lustre is so fair and bright,
And me captivates so ;
And I so much therein delight,
That I can't from thee go.

Thy Graces me so strongly hold,
That I can't get away ;
Nor from thy Arms me unfold,
But needs am forc'd to stay.

The King within the Gal'ries *so*
Is Pris'ner made by thee ;
For when I offer for to go,
Away I cannot flee.

Thy Comeliness like Chains doth bind
My Soul thus fast to thine ;
Thy Love and thy Affection kind
Keep me, without repine.

V. 6.

How fair art thou, my Love, all beauties run
From thee, as Light and Heat do from the Sun:
Perfections all concenter do in thee,
And thither flow, as Waters to the Sea.
What lovely features do in one combine,
Uniting in thy Countenance *divine.*
Thy Parts, by an harmonious symmetry,
As one Perfection do seem to be :
Thou'rt all Delights ; *Perfections all unite*
In making thee harmoniously compleat.

V. 7.

Thus is thy ſtately Stature, which is like
The comely Palm-Tree, *which doth ſo delight*
The Eye by its perpetual vernant Green,
So lovely and ſo pleaſant to be ſeen.

Ibid.

Like to the pleaſant Cluſters *thereof, thou*
Thy lovely pleaſant Breaſts *to me doſt ſhew:*
Thy ſweeteſt Love, and thy Affection
Taſtes ſweet to me, to whom the ſame is known.

V. 8.

And well I do it know; for oft thou haſt
Of that ſweet Juyce of thine me made to taſte;
Which me doth raviſh ſo, that I intend
In taſting of the ſame ſome time to ſpend:
For why within my ſelf I now did ſay,
I will not from this Palm-Tree *go away*
As yet, but will unto the ſame aſcend,
And taſte thoſe Cluſters *which it forth doth ſend;*
I'll take hold of its Boughs, and them will bend,
And ſurely then thy Fruits thou forth wilt ſend.
When I my preſence do impart to thee,
Undoubtedly thy Fruit will multiply;
Thou't ſend forth Cluſters in abundance then,
Whilſt in Embraces *I with thee remain:*
Thy Breaſts ſhall then, like Cluſters of the Vine,
Yield to my taſte a Liquor moſt divine.
The ſavour of thy Noſe *ſhall yield a ſmell,*
Which ſhall the choiceſt Apples *far excell.*

Thy

Thy Mouth its Roof, *or* Palate *sweet, shall be*
Refreshful as the far best Wine to me.
The breathings *and the* longings *of thy Soul,*
And pantings, *which the same do make to roul*
With Waves alternate, flowing unto me,
Shall make thee most delightful for to be.

Ibid.

These breathings do of property pertain
To my Beloved; *for so once and again*
Thou me didst call. Wherefore this Wine so sweet
For th'use of none, but me, thou ought'st to keep:
The breathing of thy divine love and light,
Belong to none but unto me of right.

Ibid.

This Wine doth down the Throat *most sweetly go,*
And therewith a sweet livelineſs doth flow
To all the same who taste. Those who do seem
Unto the World for to sleep or dream,
(*So drunk they are with this far rarest Wine,*)
Do ne'retheleſs of Matters speak divine.
This Wine hath such effect on all who know
The same aright, that it doth to them show
Mysterious Secrets, which them ravish'd make,
And of Idea's *new thus to partake.*
Earth's Rarities, which Men admire and keep,
Doth seem to them of Droſs an ugly heap:
For why, foretastes of Heaven they do get,
That they almost Earth wholly do forget:
This makes them speak in Raptures, *which do seem*
To others but effects of sleep or dreams;
Or else th'effects of Wine, and of Strong-drink,
So madly they do of this Secret think;

It

It is indeed a ſleep, a dream, of Wine
The true effect, but ſuch as is divine,
Not humane; there's no dreg of Earth herein,
It's purify'd from folly and from ſin;
Whatever thoſe think of it, who do want
That taſte themſelves, and ſo are ignorant
Of its effects and qualities divine;
Thus proves it with theſe breathings ſtrong of thine,
My deareſt Love; for though thou be aſleep
Thereby, yet doſt thou Myſteries then ſpeak:
And thus it proves with all whom I admit
To my Embraces; for then they with it
Are ſo o'recome, and ſick with divine love,
That falling into Extaſies, *they move*
Their lovely Lips, and raptur'd ſpeak of great
Myſterious Secrets; for they're then awake
Moſt truly, and at other times but ſleep:
But this a ſecret is for moſt too deep.

ANNOTATIONS.

Although I have endeavoured to be as perſpicuous and full in the *Paraphraſe* as poſſibly I could; yet there being ſome things which require ſome further clearing, I ſhall add a few words here, for illuſtrating one or two darker Expreſſions.

The word בִּטְנֵךְ, *ver.* 3. which we tranſlate the *Belly*, is different from the word *chap.* 5. *ver.* 4, & 14. which ſignifieth *Bowels*, and is a Feminine word, and properly is attributed to Women, and ſignifieth the *Womb* wherein the Child lyeth.

Heſhbon was the City-Royal of *Sihon* King of the *Amorites*, where undoubtedly there have been pleaſant, profitable, and curiouſly framed *Fiſh-Pools*, or

or *Ponds*; unto which the Spouſe's clear Underſtanding is here compared, for her diſcerning of ſpiritual things, and knowing to chooſe the good, and refuſe the evil. *Heſhbon* is derived from a Root, which ſignifies to *excogitate*, as Artificers do, who make any curious piece of Workmanſhip; whence it is that *Tremellius* tranſlates this place thus, *Thy Eyes are like to Fiſh-Pools* artificially made.

Bathrabbim hath been the chief and principal Port or Gate of *Heſhbon*, if we may lay any weight on its Compoſition; for it is compoſed of two words, which are, *the Daughter of a Multitude*, i. e. a place of great confluence, where Multitudes uſe to be.

The Tower of *Lebanon* ſpoken of *ver.* 5. cannot well be underſtood to be that ſpoken of, *chap.* 4. *ver.* 4. which is called the Tower of *David*. For that Tower of *David* appeareth to have been built within *Jeruſalem*, as the following words, where it is called an *Armory*, do ſhew, if we compare them with *Nehem.* 3. 19. where mention is made of the *Armory of Jeruſalem*. But the Tower here is built in *Lebanon*, towards *Damaſcus*. Whether this Tower be the ſame with that which is called *the Houſe of the Forreſt of Lebanon*, 2 *Chron.* 8. 3. wherein he put many Targets and Shields, 2 *Chron.* 9. 13. is hard to determine. But *Lebanon* being on the North of *Judah*, near to *Syria* (where Enemies ſoon broke out againſt *Solomon*) it's not unlike that this Houſe hath been made uſe of as a *frontier Tower*; at leaſt ſome other Tower hath been built there, for preventing of hurt from that hand. *Damaſcus* was the Metropolis of *Syria*, and is called, *Iſa.* 7. 8. the *Head* of *Syria*. Theſe who dwelt there, were amongſt the moſt malicious Enemies of *Iſrael*. And *Reſon* (whom God raiſed up

to be an Enemy to *Solomon*, 1 *King*. 11.24.) did reign in *Damascus*; so that *Solomon* had good reason to be watchful on that hand. Whereby we see in what respect the *Bride*'s Nose is compared to it, *i. e.* the Bride's watchfulness and sagacity.

Carmel was a Mountain upon the Borders of *Phenicia*, and situate upon the Coast of the *Phenician* or *Mediterranean Sea*, called in Scripture the *Great Sea*, with respect to the *Red Sea*. It is mentioned by *Tacitus*, and others, as one of the pleasantest and fruitfullest Mountains in the World. Its pleasure was singular both with respect to the shew it had afar off to the Eye, and with respect to the beautiful and great Prospect which it afforded from its top; for from thence one might have seen over much of *Canaan* and *Phenicia*, and on the other side have viewed the Sea to a great length. Its Fruitfulness was so famous, that its Name turned Appellative for any fruitful place. It is chiefly famous in Scripture, for what *Elias* did there, in gathering together all *Israel*, slaying *Baal*'s Prophets, and purchasing Rain, 1 *King*. 18.

Verse 7, & 8. the *Bride* is compared to the *Palm-tree*. The *Palm-tree* is a most pleasant Tree, of a perpetual greenness or *vernancy*, *without the change of Leaves*, for they do not fall off till the Tree begin to decay; and because of its long duration, and bearing thus some analogy to the so much admired, tho' fabulous, Bird, called the *Phœnix*, it gets the name of φοῖνιξ, in the *Greek*. But the *Latins* denominate it from its shew or appearance; for its Branches being extended from it, as the Fingers are on the Hand, therefore is the Tree called *Palma*; from whence likewise its Fruit, from some similitude they bear

bear to the Fingers, are called *Dactyli*, that is, *Dates*, for Dates are the Fruit that it bears. Many *Naturalists* write of this Tree, that they are divided into *Males* and *Females*, and that neither of them do bear Fruit, except they be within sight of one another; and therefore in *Egypt* they so plant them, that the Wind may pass from the Males to the Females; or otherwise they draw a Cord from the one to the other, tying them thus together, though at a distance: This *Plinius* and other Naturalists tell us. *Cardanus* likewise relates, that in *Numidia*, at a City thereof called *Data*, there were *Palms*, the Females whereof were still unfruitful, producing only the Stones of Dates with a thin lean skin about the same, except when Branches were cut off from the Males, and put among the Branches of the Females, whereby they became exceeding fruitful. Now its very probable that the Spirit of God here, and *Solomon* (to whom Natural Causes and Effects were better known than any then living) hath relation to this Distinction of the *Sexes* in this Tree, when he speaks of Christ's going up to the Palm-Tree, and his taking hold of the Boughs thereof; which seems yet further alluded to, when he says, *Now also thy Breasts shall be like Clusters of the Vine*, &c. As if he had said, As the *Female* Palm-Tree, so is thy Stature; and as Clusters *of Dates* thereon (for what our Translation adds, *of Grapes*, is not in the Original,) so are thy *Breasts*; but as the *Female* Palm-Tree is most fruitful when the *Male* is by it, so is it with thee when I am near thee; wherefore that thou may be the more fruitful, I have resolved to go up unto thee, and take hold of thy Boughs; by which thou wilt undoubtedly encrease wonderfully then, in such sort that thy Breasts will

be as full of Sap and ſweetneſs as are the Cluſters of the Vine; yea, thy very Smell will be as ſweet as the ſmell of Apples, *&c.* Neither needs it it be ſtrange, that in the middle of this Compariſon he ſpeaks of the Vine and Wine ſo much; for there is a Kind of this Palm-Tree which produceth excellent Wine, and is preferred to all other Kinds of them: And it's like *Solomon* here hath reſpect to this Kind. I ſhall deſcribe it in the words of *Thevetus*, and *J. Johnſtonus* out of him, in his *Thaumatagraphia Naturalis*, Claſſ. 5. Cap. 32. *Eſt Palma vinifera in Æthiopiæ promontorio, quæ eſt palmularum genere pulcherrima, ſive proceritatem, ſive perpetuam viridatem ſpectes. Inciduntur duobus à terra pedibus, quo ſuccus inde eliciatur. Hic vaſis terreis pro quotidiano potu excipitur, ut autem diutius conſervetur, modicum ſalis injiciunt; colore & conſiſtentia vinum album Campaniæ refert.* And not only in *Ethiopia*, but in *India* likewiſe, and other Eaſtern Countries, doth that kind of Palm-Trees grow, as *Johnſton* and others ſhew.

I am not ignorant that ſome *late Writers* have laugh'd at this Diſtinction of Sexes in this Tree, as a meer *dotage* of the *Ancients*; and yet they themſelves have given no ſolid or convincing Reaſon to the contrary, that I could yet ſee. It's true, this quality attributed to this Tree, at firſt view may ſeem very ſtrange. But it's true alſo, that many things at firſt ſeem ſtrange and almoſt incredible, that afterwards are found true. And I am perſwaded, that if the ſtrange *qualities* of the *ſenſitive* and *humble Plant*, and other ſuch Plants, were not unqueſtionable now by common experience to uſe in theſe Parts, they ſhould be reckoned by many meer Fables alſo. However I ſhall not aſſert the Truth of this, but

but only represent it at least as probable. One thing I am sure of, that the spiritual use that I have made of this, is beyond Question, *viz.* That Christ's Presence with a Believer, renders him Fruitful.

That word in the 9th. Verse, *For my Beloved*, is a very abrupt Expression, and may either be understood, *Of Christ's Friends*, whom he calls his Beloved; or otherwise it may be taken, *for Christ's speaking of Himself in the name of the Bride*; as if he should say, It's such Wine as thou allows to me only, who am thy Beloved, or (when as thou speaks) *my Beloved.* This last sence I have imbraced in the *Paraphrase*, for this reason, because here all along is spoken of Christ's communicating his Presence to the Believer, and the Believer's communicating his Grace, *i. e.* the Desires, Longings, and out-goings of his Soul to Christ: Now it would not run so currantly, nor can it be understood so fitly, to understand this in the first sence, as if the words ran thus, And the Roof of thy Mouth (*i. e.*) thy Palate, or the Out-goings of thy Soul) should be as the best Wine, for my Friends; for the Out-goings of the Soul are to be appropriated *to*, and terminate *on* none but Christ.

As for the following Expression, (which is somewhat dark,) and other Expressions in the fore-going Commendation of the Bride, I suppose they are perspicuously enough opened up in the *Paraphrase.*

The Bride.

VERSE 10.

The Bride having now got Christ, as it were, in her Arms, she comforts *her self in her* Union *with him, and in the assurance of his love towards her, the expression whereof she felt.*

The Words,

I am my Beloved's, and his desire is towards me.

The Paraphrase.

My Lord's now present, and with me doth stay,
From me he'll not go soon away:
Oh then
He'll stay, and with me here remain!

Distrustful Thoughts are fled! for this I know
That I am his; this he doth show:
He will
Sure my desires all now fulfill.

For why I know that my Beloved is
Mine, mine, and I again am his:
Here, here
Is that which swallows up all fear.

For

For his desire is towards me, *and he*
Dearly and strongly loveth me:
He doth
My Soul captivate with his love.

With Love-embraces fast he doth me hold,
The sweetness whereof can't be told:
Impart
To me he doth his very Heart.

The first part of these words we have *chap.* 2. *ver.* 16. & *chap.* 6. *ver.* 3. at both which times she was under Desertion, and yet she comforted her self in her Union with him, although she wanted sensible Communion. But here she hath both *Union* and *Communion.* So that it is clear, that as the first part of the Verse points at *Union*, so the second at *Communion*, in that Christ's present Expressions of his desire and love was toward her.

VERSE 11, 12, & 13.

The Bride, enjoying Christ's company, is not yet satisfied, but desires more of it; and for that end gives him a kindly and familiar Invitation, *desiring him to go with her into the solitary Fields and Villages, where retired from all company and disturbance she may enjoy his company. The end and intent of this Invitation she shews in the close of the* 12*th.* Verse; *which is, that she may by his*

presence be helped in performing the necessary work of Self-Examination, *and may be induced the more to hate, abhorr, and mortifie Lusts; and that she may the more freely give him her loves*, i.e. *express her delight in him. Whereunto she adds some Motives*, ver. 13. *to induce him thereto.*

The Words,

Come, my Beloved, let us go forth into the Field, let us lodge in the Villages.

Let us get up early to the Vineyards, let us see if the Vine flourish, whether the tender Grape appear, and the Pomgranates bud forth; there will I give thee my loves.

The Mandrakes give a smell, and at our Gates are all manner of pleasant Fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my Beloved.

The Paraphrase.

V. 11.

Come, my Belov'd, *forth let us go,*
And let us lodge together, where
None shall of our Retirement *know,*
Where seldom any do repair.

The hurry of this frequent place
Doth hinder our society;

And

And too oft puts me out of case,
To entertain thy company.

Come let us then go to the Field,
And in the Villages *let's lodge* ;
For these a harmless pleasure yield,
There I the greatest will not grudge.

Come let us thither both repair,
Where none shall our Embraces *see* ;
There I thy Face shall view so fair,
Without ought for to hinder me.

V. 12.

Thence we will early rise and go
Unto the Vineyards *there of mine* ;
Where (thee assisting) I shall know
How flourish *doth the* tender Vine :

Whether the tender Grapes appear,
And how the Pomgranates *bud forth :*
Go with me, and I will go near,
And try what in them there's of worth.

My Graces all, if thou assist,
I'll try, and will examine well :
Then let not darkness me bemist,
Let me thy presence see and feel.

Ibid.

Come then, and I my Loves to thee
Will give, *and manifest the same :*

There

There let me have thy company,
Which will remove all grief and pain.

There I ſhall thy ſweet Neck embrace,
And ſtill with gladneſs great rejoyce;
I'll kiſs thy Cheeks, and view thy Face,
And ſhall be raviſh'd with thy Voice.

My heart will then all Idols hate,
And yield all ſoveraignty
To thee alone, without debate,
For all my love is fix'd on thee.

There all my loves thou ſhalt poſſeſs,
None ſhall thereof have any ſhare:
Then openly I'll there expreſs,
And no reproaches fear or care.

V. 13.

The Mandrakes *give a pleaſant ſmell,*
The Fields ſweet Flowers forth do bring,
Whoſe pleaſant ſcent doth ſo excell;
Theſe Signs are of more than the Spring.

For lo, moreover at our Gates
Fruits lying are, both old and new,
Which for thy coming there await:
The Summer *theſe, yea,* Autum *ſhew.*

Fruits of all kinds are there, which I
Did treaſure up, and hide for thee,
Awaiting for thy company,
Which I have longed for to ſee.

Theſe

These are at hand, for they do lye
In plenty at our very Gates;
Which, whensoe're thou comest by,
Thou at thy pleasure mayest take.

Come then, Oh come with me away
To that retired pleasant part
Which few frequent! Do not delay;
My loves I'll there to thee impart.

ANNOTATIONS.

The *Mandrakes* are sweet-smelling Herbs or Flowers. The Hebrew word is derived from a word which signifies *delightful*, or beloved. Their Root hath some rude Representation of the form of Man's Body; for which reason *Pythagoras* calls it ἀνθρωπομόρφον, but as for those Roots that are carried up and down under the name of *Mandrakes*, they are only the artificial Composure of Cheats to get Money.

The *Believer* is said here to have all manner of pleasant Fruits laid up for Christ, both *new* and *old*; whereby is held forth variety of Graces, and a thriving and prospering of Graces. A true Believer preserves the *old Stock*, and the *new Encrease*; both the Talents, and their Income and Advantage. Thus every wise Christian is that *good Scribe* mentioned *Matth.* 13. 52. *which bringeth forth out of his treasure things new and old.* These two must still go along together; we must not lose or diminish our *old Stock*, else how shall we trade, or reap any advantage: Neither must we lose or *diminish the Encrease* thereof, else to what advantage have we a Stock; we shall in this be like him who hid his Talent in a Napkin.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Bride Continueth her Diſcourſe.

VERSE 1, & 2.

The Bride putteth up an earneſt ſuit *to Chriſt for* further familiarity, *and that he would not carry to her as a Stranger, but as an intimate Friend, yea, as her Brother*; *ſhewing the* Motives *of her Suit*, viz. *That then ſhe ſhould not notice or regard what others ſaid of her*; That *ſhe would then endeavour to make others acquainted with him*; That *then the Ordinances of the Church would prove edifying to her*; *And* that *ſhe would then treat him with all poſſible reſpect, and be loth to offend him.*

The Words,

O That thou wert as my Brother, who ſucked the Breaſts of my Mother: when I ſhould find thee without, I would kiſs

kiſs thee, yet I ſhould not be deſpiſed.

I would lead thee, and bring thee into my Mothers houſe, who would inſtruct me: I would cauſe thee to drink of ſpiced Wine, and of the Juyce of my Pomgranate.

The Paraphraſe.

V 1.

O that thou would'ſt be to me as my Brother,
And not a Stranger to my weary Soul,
But like him who the Breaſts ſuck'd of my Mother;
None ſhould then our ſweet company controul.

I would not then with ſhame be ſo oppreſt,
Nor would it be unſeemly thought in me,
Whenas my love to thee ſhould be expreſt,
And when familiar *I ſhould be with thee.*

I ſhould not then ſo ſeldom ſee thy face,
Nor to a corner ſhould thou be confin'd;
But I ſhould both without, and in each place,
Converſe with thee, whenas I ſhould thee find.

I ſhould unſham'd thee kiſs, *and vent my love,*
And boldly with thee every where converſe;
What e're were ſaid of me, ſhould not me move,
I confidently would my loves *expreſs.*

If thou were thus familiar with me,
None ſhould adventure me for to deſpiſe;
For they in me thy Image *ſo ſhould ſee,*
That they ſhould not as Hypocrite *me prize.*

V. 2.

I should not then ashamed be at all,
But should into my Mother's House thee bring;
And there thy comliness shew unto all,
And there thy Praises evermore should sing.

I should make every one thy worth to know,
None of thy beauty should be ignorant:
I thee would bring, and as in triumph show
To all; none of thee should the knowledge want.

There thou should'st me instruct, and teach aright
Things divine for to know, and to perceive;
Thou should'st irradiate my Mind with light,
And of all Follies me should'st undeceive.

Thou should'st me teach the way wherein to walk,
And how to know thy Laws, and them observe;
How to behave in Deeds, *in* Thoughts, *in* Talk,
And how in life my Graces to preserve.

With all respect and care I should thee treat,
Whate're I had, should all be for thy use;
I should give all observance that is meet,
And not offend thee by fault or abuse.

Thou of the choicest, and the spiced Wine,
And of my Pomgranate *its pleasant Juyce,*
Should be made for to drink; each Grace of mine
Should be by me preserved for thy use.

ANNO-

ANNOTATIONS.

The Suit of the Bride, That Chriſt would be to her as her Brother, doth not, I judge, reſpect principally *Chriſt's Incarnation*, but implies ſomething that might have been by Believers obtained, even then before his Incarnation, and may be yet deſired by theſe who now love him: But that which is chiefly intended in theſe words, is the following forth of the *love-ſtrain of the heart-longing for Chriſt's company*, in the Terms and Expreſſions that are in uſe amongſt Men. It hath been ever thought unſeemly for Virgins, too familiarly to converſe with Men that are Strangers, even though they are ſuited by them; but for Brethren and Siſters to be familiar, hath not been ſubject to miſtakes. Thus the ſcope here, is to preſs, that Chriſt would condeſcend to be ſo homely with her, as with boldneſs and without fear ſhe may converſe with him. O (would ſhe ſay) that thou would be ſo familiar with me, that I might confidently converſe with thee, as a Woman with her Brother; then ſhould I not be ſo lyable to miſtakes as I am.

She adds an Amplification of her Suit. It's not every Brother that I would have thee like, (ſaith ſhe,) but him who ſucked the Breaſts of my Mother. There are ſome Children who are of the ſame Father, yet born of diverſe Mothers, as *Joſeph*, *Simeon*, and *Dinah* were: But there are others who are both of the ſame Father and Mother, as *Joſeph* and *Benjamin*. So that the Spouſe here means a Brother in the neareſt Relation, even as him who lay

lay in the same Womb, and sucked the same Breasts with her.

That which we render, *When I should find thee without*, is in the Hebrew only, *I should find thee without*; the word *when* being supplied: So that the sence is this, That if thou wert as familiar with me as a Brother, then I should have familiarity and fellowship with thee, without as well as within; in every place I should find thee, and converse with thee.

By *spiced Wine* (to which the Bride compares her Graces) is either understood such Wine as naturally is spiced, as to its taste, and *aromatick*; or such Wine as Men purposely mingle with Spices, to make it the more savoury and wholsom, as hath been the Custom in these Times and Countries, *Prov.* 9. 2. This latter I think more probably to be meant here.

VERSE 3.

The Spouse holds out here, That she got a Return and comfortable Answer to her Suit, Christ coming in a familiar way to her, *and grasping her in his Arms, supporting her with his Left, and comforting her with his Right-hand.*

The Words,

His left-hand should be under my head, and his right-hand should embrace me.

The

The Paraphrase.

Lo, now I feel the Answer of my Soul's desire!
My Suit he answereth. Lo, with what divine fire
He doth express his love!
Lo, How his Bowels move!
With sp'ritual joy, which overflows the brim,
I'm ravish'd, whilst I stay with him.

Lo, with what care and love he doth me now sustain!
Lo, how he by me lyes! His Left-hand doth remain
Under my pained Head;
A Pillow sweet indeed!
Whilst as his Right-hand doth embrace my Cheek;
How sweetly thus doth he me keep.

These words are the same in the Original with *Chap.* 2. *Ver.* 6. and therefore I wonder much why our Interpreters should make any variation in their translating them here, from what they did in the former place, by putting in [*should be.*] For sure they agree better both with what goes before, and with what follows after, to render them in the *Present Tense*, rather than in the *Future*, as any may see who considers them. And indeed there is not the least difference here in this Verse, both as to Antecedents and Consequents, from *Chap.* 2. *Ver.* 6. except this, That in *Chap.* 2. she had been like to be overcome with love, before Christ put his Arms about her, in order to uphold her in that Case; whereas here, though Christ was in some sort present, yet he was not so familiarly present as she desired: So that there her Suit was for *Supporting-Grace*,

but here it is for *Comforting-Grace*, and Familiarity; there she was overcome with the sense and present enjoyment of familiarity with Christ, but here she is overcome with the desire of familiarity with him. And it is remarkable, that she gets the same Answer in both Cases, *viz.* an admittance to fellowship and familiarity with himself; which brings with it both *Support* and *Comfort*, for these two go always together.

VERSE 4.

She expresseth her fear, *lest any change should happen in her condition, through the disturbance that might by others be given to her spiritual frame in enjoying Christ, pathetically expressing her care to prevent it.*

The Words.

I charge you, O ye Daughters of Jerusalem, that ye stir not up, nor awake my Love until he please.

The Paraphrase.

Hold, hold your peace, make here no noise,
Keep in your voice,
Ye, ye who Zions Daughters *be,*
Or Friends to me:
Oh do not hinder me his presence to enjoy,
Do not, oh do not him or me annoy,
Or frustrate thus my joy!

For

For much, much it concerneth me
With him to be;
I have good reason to take heed,
Lest ought do breed
Disturbance unto him, and chase him so away:
Let him then rest till he refuse to stay,
And won't admit delay.

For if it be his will to go,
Who can say no?
We must, when thus he doth us leave,
Obedience give:
For though we needs must grieve when he doth go away
Yet must we yield, when he won't hear of stay:
Be silent then, I pray.

The words of this Verse are the same with *Chap.* 2. *Ver.* 7. & *Chap.* 3. 5. only there is this small difference, that in this Verse, that Expression, by the *Roes and Hind* (which was formerly used) is here left out; not because this charge is less weighty, but it shews a haste and abruptness in her speaking, which makes her omit that, the more speedily to express her Charge; yea, it's probable, that the Spouse observed some proneness and readiness in them whom she chargeth to disturb her spiritual frame.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

VERSE 5.

The Profeſſors of Religion *put a ſtop to the Brides proceeding in her Diſcourſe, in giving an Anſwer to her Charge; wherein they commend her from her* Heavenly-mindedneſs, *and the Converſe and familiarity that ſhe had with Chriſt, whereby ſhe ſlighted the Earth and all earthly things; and ſhewing that ſhe was aſcending up from the Wilderneſs of manifold Afflictions, having Chriſt for her ſupport on whom ſhe leaned.*

The Words,

(Who is this that cometh up from the Wilderneſs, leaning on her Beloved.) ———

The Paraphraſe,

What Object is that which ſalutes our Eye?
Who's this that draweth nigh?
Out of the Wilderneſs
Of great Affliction, and of ſore diſtreſs?
Lo, lo,
One comes *with greateſt pomp and ſhow!*

Sure

Sure no such Fruit that Wilderness can yield,
It is a barren Field.
Nothing there's there that's green:
There Winters Face is always to be seen.
Grief, grief,
As Master there doth rule in chief.
Lo, on her best Belov'd she now doth lean
In triumph as a Queen;
By a recumbency
On him, by Faith, she doth appear to be
Fair, fair:
Her grace is now without compare.

ANNOTATIONS.

The first part of these words are the same with the beginning of the *6th.* Verse of Chap. 3. but the second part are different from the Expression in that other place.

The Wilderness here spoken of, (as also in the forementioned place) may either be understood of this World, which is at best but a Wilderness; or of the troubles and anxieties wherein the Spouse was: The last Exposition I express in the Paraphrase, not excluding the former, for it's only in this Life that the Saints are afflicted.

These words are included in a *Parenthesis*, because they come only in obliquely, and are a stop in the Discourse of the Spouse; who only looks upon them as an interruption of her Speech, and therefore doth give them no Answer, but goes on in her Discourse, as is clear in the following Words.

The Bride.

Ibid.

The Bride (without noticing what the Daughters ſpoke) goes forward in her Diſcourſe to the Bridegroom; repreſenting to him the Conſideration of one of the ſolemn Times *of her Communion with him, as an Argument to importune him to remain with her.*

The Words,

——— I raiſed thee up under the Apple-tree: ———

The Paraphraſe.

My lovely one, while as thou underlay
The Apple-tree *all day;*
And there didſt ſleep, and there didſt ſtay:
Whilſt, overſhadow'd with loves pleaſant ſhade,
Thou lay on Graces bed,
Having its Covering o're thee ſpread:
In that moſt acceptable time I came,
Burning with loves chaſt flame,
(Thy ſight it was which gave the ſame:)

In that moſt happy time, I came, and found
Thee ſleeping on loves ground,

At

At which my Bowels did resound.
Then did I by my Prayers thee awake,
And by Faith hold did take
Of thee, still pleading mercies sake.
I thus awak'd thee, who so long didst stay
From me, far, far away:
And thus my night was turn'd to day.

Ibid.

She represents to him likewise the time of her Conversion; *that not only at that solemn time she found him, but even at the first acquaintance she had with him*; when Christ, *by means of the Ordinances of the Church*, was formed in her, and brought forth.

The Words,

——— There thy Mother brought thee forth, there she brought thee forth that bare thee.

The Paraphrase.

Yea, I not only by experience know
This to be so,
But ev'n the Church *it self doth teach the same;*
For she did work in me that frame.

She, she, it was, who did demonstrate where
Thou didst repair.

She, she it was, who there did bring thee forth,
Shewing to me thy matchless worth.

She by her Doctrine pure *did me reform,*
And so did form
Thee in me, 'till thou wast brought to the birth,
Which caused in me greater mirth.

Thus did she prove a Mother for to be
Then unto thee;
By causing me to feel Child-bearing pain,
And in my Soul thee forming then:

And thus I at that time did prove the Womb,
Whence thou didst come
Forth to thy Church, thy Mother Church; *where thou*
Art oft conceiv'd *and* born of new.

ANNOTATIONS.

The sense of these and the former Words is very intricate and obscure; yet have I endeavoured to make the same as plain as possibly I could: The meaning whereof, is briefly (so far as I take it up) this; *O my best Beloved, with Joy I remember, that solemn time of Love, when I met thee under the Apple-tree, where I awaked thee, when thou didst seem to sleep; and sweetly enjoyed thy Company: Yea, I remember likewise that joyful time of Love, when thou blessedst the means of the Gospel to me, that I was Converted to thee, and the Church thy Mother brought thee forth in me, I being at that time, as it were, the Womb, wherein thou wast conceived.* I think it more than probable, that that solemn

lemn time which the Bride doth ſo commemorate here, was that bleſſed time mention'd *Chap.* 2. *v.* 3, 4, 5, 6. where the Bride hath the ſolemneſt and greateſt manifeſtation of Chriſt that ever ſhe had; for it encreaſed to that height, that ſhe was even overpowred and ready to ſink under the weight thereof. Neither doth it contradict this, that there Chriſt is compared to *the Apple-tree*, under whoſe ſhadow ſhe ſat; and that here he is ſaid to be *under the Apple-tree:* For it appears in that fore-cited place, that Chriſt was both the Apple-tree under which ſhe lay, and him who was there lying beſide her; for the following words in *v.* 4. tell us, that he brought her out thence to the Banqueting-Houſe. So here likewiſe we muſt underſtand that this Apple-tree is Chriſt himſelf, under which yet nevertheleſs he did lye: For Chriſt is all in all to his People; he is (in divers reſpects) both their Houſe and Cloathing, their God, their Husband, their Brother, their ſtrong Tower and their Armour; ſo that it needs not be ſtrange that he is here both the Apple-tree to overſhadow them; and their Bridegroom ſolacing himſelf with them, under the ſame.

VERSE 6, & 7.

The Spouſe (*having confirmed her ſelf in the commemorating of former Experiences*) preſents an earneſt Suit *and Petition, that ſhe may be loved by God, and that ſhe may have her aſſurance of his love always kept lively; giving two reaſons*

reaſons why ſhe is ſo peremptory in this Suit ; the firſt *whereof is, that her Love is utterly irreſiſtable in its Nature ; upon which account ſhe compares it to* Death, *the* Grave, *and* Coals of Fire : *The* ſecond *is taken from the peremptorineſs of her Love, which will be ſatisfyed with nothing but Love from Chriſt again.*

The Words,

Set me as a Seal upon thine Heart, as a Seal upon thine Arm : For love is ſtrong as Death, Jealouſie is cruel as the Grave ; the Coals thereof are Coals of Fire, which hath a moſt vehement Flame.

Many Waters cannot quench Love, neither can the Floods drown it : if a man would give all the ſubſtance of his houſe for Love, it would utterly be contemned.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 6.

Ingrave me as a Seal upon thine Heart,
From whence I never may depart ;
Me alſo on thine Arm wear :
The impreſs of me let both thy Heart and Arm bear.

Stampt let me be on thy Affection ;
And let thy works and ways each one
Have ſtampt on them Loves ſweet impreſs :
Leſt grief and anguiſh do my very Soul oppreſs.

For

For why, thou knowst the force and ardency
Of th' love I bear to thee,
That it like unto Death *is strong,*
And if not satisfi'd will me consume e're long.

Yea I am jealous when I thee do miss;
Left having done what is amiss,
Thy Anger I thus kindled have:
Thus Jealousie *consumes and rots me as the Grave.*

Far hotter than the Coals of flaming fire,
Whose veh'ment flames do not expire,
Are th' Coals of love and jealousie;
Whose flames intollerable and consumptive be.

V. 7.

The Waters of affliction cannot
Abate the flame of Love *one jot,*
Nor can desertions muddy flood
Drown or put out this choice and everlasting good.

And as Love cannot be o'recome by force,
So can't allurements it enforce:
Whoso, for Love, with all should part,
Would be contemn'd and forc'd without it to depart.

For Love through all impediments doth break,
And makes them prove of no effect;
Until at last its Object fair
It reach unto, and so it self solaceth there.

Although

Although I be not prolix in the Paraphraſe of theſe two Verſes, yet I ſuppoſe I am ſufficiently expreſſive, and therefore ſhall add nothing here: Only we may note, that what we tranſlate *a moſt vehement flame*, is in the *Hebrew* far more emphatick, it being expreſſed there, *the flame of God.* And indeed all true and genuine divine Love is the Flame of God kindled in the Soul.

VERSE 8.

The Spouſe preſents an earneſt Petition for thoſe who are yet Unconverted, *entreating her Beloved to find out ſome way and expedient for bringing in thoſe of the* Elect *who are not yet brought in.*

The Words,

We have a little Siſter, and ſhe hath no Breaſts; what ſhall we do for our Siſter in the day when ſhe ſhall be ſpoken for?

The Paraphraſe

And as I for my ſelf petition'd have;
So ſeek I, that thou would'ſt receive
For others a Petition,
For whoſe Salvation I ſo much do long.

I have a little Sister, *whom I love,*
Whose sad Condition me doth move:
For why she hath no Breasts, *no Grace:*
Nothing but misery in her hath place.

What shall we then do for her, when as you
Shall her by the blest Gospel wooe,
When thou for her, and her unto
Shalt speak, Oh then what for her shall we do?

What shall we do to help the Bargain on,
And work her Heart and Soul upon?
And thus cooperate with thee,
To make her a true Convert for to be?

Those who to thy sheepfold and flock belong,
Although they be not now among
Thy followers yet actually,
Yet them I judge my Sisters virtually.

For them I pray, for they to thee are known,
Although to me they be unknown,
That thou would'st truly them Convert,
And purifie and sanctifie their Heart.

Some judge that these words are a Prayer of the Spouse *for the Conversion of the gentile Church*; of which Judgment indeed I am; *yet so, as not to restrict them to that only.* These words then (as worthy *Durham* speaks) contain a Prayer and Suit for all and every one who are yet unconverted. This is the principal scope of the Words. But since, at that time the Gentiles were uncalled, undoubtedly they must be taken in here. The

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 9.

Chriſt anſwereth the Brides laſt Petition; telling her, that if her Siſter prove a true Believer, *whether more* ſtrong *or* weak, *yet that* he will add to her Grace, *and carry her on to perfection.*

The Words,

If ſhe be a Wall, we will build upon her a Palace of Silver; and if ſhe be a Door, we will incloſe her with Boards of Cedar.

The Paraphraſe.

If ſhe by true and lively Faith on me take hold,
Upon her I will heap my Bleſſings manifold:
And as her Grace *proves vigorous and ſtrong, or weak,*
So of more Gifts or leſs I'le cauſe her to partake.
For if her Grace increaſe in ſtrength like to a Wall,
Then with decorements rich I will her all impale.
Upon her then I'le ſtately ſilver Turrets *rear,*
Both for her Beauty, and to guard her thus from fear.
Yea thus I'le make her like a City rich and ſtrong,
And for to ſtand my other Cities fair among.

But

But if she be but weak, *and prove but as a* Door,
Yet will I ev'n then with Graces her decore.
With Boards of Cedar *strong I will her fortifie;*
And thus her make like a strong Brazen-gate to be.
That patent, thus and open she may no more stand,
But lock'd, and I the Key have only in my hand.
So that whate're she prove, if she but real be,
I to her Grace will add, and the same multiply.

I shall add nothing to what is said; but only to give the reason, why instead of *Palace of Silver*, I have rendered it *Turrets of Silver*. I judge here that allusion is made to the Wall of a fortified City, and to the Gates thereof. Now it is customary upon such Walls to have Turrets raised, which in old time were filled with *Instruments* of War, and from whence they annoyed the Enemy; but it is not so proper to build a *Palace* upon a Wall. And the Original word תִּירָה may as properly be translated a *Castle*, Turret, or Fort, as a Palace: And the following words mentioning *Towers*, confirms this.

The Bride.

VERSE 10.

The Bride accepts of Christs answer for the little Sister, and draweth Comfort to her self from thence, *in that she was Converted and well grown in Grace.*

The

The Words,

I am a Wall, and my Breaſts like Towers: ——— ———

The Paraphraſe.

I am a ſtately Wall *well fortified,*
And on a ſtrong foundation ſtand:
For I am built by thy own hand:
With all munition I am well ſupplied,
By thy own bleſs'd command.

My Breaſts ſtand *up* as Turrets *on this Wall;*
With Graces rich I ſtored be,
With theſe I'm fill'd abundantly:
With all decorements he doth me impale,
And thus adorneth me.

Ibid.

She ſheweth, by her own Experience, the truth of what Chriſt had ſaid; that no ſooner ſhe was Converted, and was a Wall, *and her Grace grown like Towers thereon,* but ſtrait ſhe was accepted of by him.

The Words.

——— Then was I in his Eyes as one that found Favour.

The

The Paraphrase.

When he thus fashioned me, I proved fair;
Me he was pleas'd to love:
My Grace strait did him move;
My Grace is, thorow him, so rare.

I did find Grace and favour in his Eyes,
He did delight in me;
In whom he then did see
His Image, which he so doth prize.

VERSE 11 & 12.

The Bride, having asserted her interest in Christ, proceeds to shew both his care of her, and her duty; comparing her self in both these, to the Church of God; shewing, That as Christ hath let out his Church to the keeping of his Ministers *and Servants, who are to bring in the Rent thereof to his praise; so hath* he given the keeping of her Soul unto her care, *as her proper Vineyard; as likewise unto the care of the Ministers of the Gospel; for which she must be accountable to pay* a Rent to his praise, *as also to give* all just honour and respect unto the Ministers, *who are likewise intrusted with the care thereof.*

The Words,

Solomon had a Vineyard at Baalhammon; he let out the Vineyard unto Keepers; every one for the Fruit thereof, was to bring a thouſand pieces of Silver.

My Vineyard which is mine, is before me: thou (O Solomon) muſt have a thouſand, and thoſe that keep the Fruit thereof, two hundred.

The Paraphraſe.

V. 11.

Our great and myſtick Solomon *did plant*
A Vineyard at Baalhammon, *and did grant*
The keeping thereof unto thoſe.
Who do his Word propoſe.

Amongſt the multitude of Men he plac'd
His Church, *and it with all things fitting grac'd*;
And did his Miniſters ordain
To watch and keep the ſame.

Each whereof for his charge and part ſhould come,
And of a thouſand pieces *pay the ſumm*;
This he ordain'd them to bring in,
As th'Rent due unto him.

For why the Fruit that Miniſters *do reap*
By labouring, for him they ought to keep;
And ſo it payed for to ſee;
For they but Farmers *be.*

V. 12.

V. 12.

And as the Church his Vineyard is, so he
A Vinyard hath allotted unto me,
Which I ordained am to keep,
As it is fit and meet.

This Vineyard I still place before mine Eye,
With watchfulness endeavouring to espie
Whate're therein requireth care,
Which I will never spare.

O my true *Solomon*! as thou must have
A thousand, from those who receive
And gather in thy Churches Fruit,
Ev'n so I here repute.

A thousand thou proportionably must
Receive from me; *for it's but right and just,*
That thou my Vineyards Rent *should'st have,*
For thou to me it gave.
And since thou likewise did'st its care intrust
Unto thy Ministers, it's also just,
Since they its Fruit keep and receive,
That they two hundred have.

I have nothing to add here, the *Paraphrase* being sufficiently full. Only we may note, that *Baalhamnon* here spoken of, signifies *the Lord of a Multitude*: in allusion to which derivation, I mention *the multitude of Men, amongst whom God hath planted his Church.* Whether there was such a place in *Judea* of that name, is not mentioned in Scripture; but if we may believe the *Jewish Targum*, there was a most fruitful place of that name hard by *Jerusalem*, where excellent Vines did grow.

The Bridegroom.

VERSE 13.

Chriſt being to depart and go away (which is tacitly included in the words) uttereth now his Farevell and laſt Salutation *to the Bride*; *wherein* commending *her, from her ſerious and diligent frequenting of the Aſſemblies and Ordinances of the Church, and from the great eſteem and reſpect which all true Chriſtians did bear to her*; *he* cloſeth with a ſerious Intreaty and Invitation *that he may oft hear from her, until he return again.*

The Words,

Thou that dwelleſt in the Gardens, the Companions hearken to thy voice; cauſe me to hear it.

The Paraphraſe.

( )

Thou who in Beauty Mortals all excells,
Who in the Gardens dwells;
Who doſt frequent (whate're befall)
My Ordinances all;

Who

Who in these lovely Gardens *there of mine,*
Dost stay without repine,
Thence sucking nourishment divine.
There every Herb and Flower, each Shrub & Tree
A rent and tribute pays to thee:
For thou like to the Honey-Bee,
O're every Flower dost flee;
Thence sucking Honey sweet,
And Soul-refreshing Meat.

( )

Thou, whom thy Fellow-Christians *admire,*
Rejoycing thy sweet voice to hear;
Yielding to thee the chiefest Seat and Place,
In whom they see such Grace:
For in thee such Perfections there be,
That all who e're thee see,
Are captivated by thy beauty, which
None can admire too much:
Thy lovely Face,
Thy matchless Grace,
Which in thee so doth dwell,
Doth make thee others to excell.

( )

Since I am now to go away,
Thee I intreat and pray,
So long as thou on earth dost stay,
That thou would'st me the Subject *make,*
And for the end *of all thou dost me take:*
Let all thy words *and* talk,
Let all thy deeds *and* walk

Be still concerning me:
See that in every thing thou holy be:
Thy praying *voice,*
Thy praising *noise,*
See that thou upwards cause ascend,
And then my ear to thee I'll bend:
See that thou oft to me do cry,
And on me fix thine eye;
Let thy Faith-winged Prayers pierce the Skie.

( )

For greatly I thy voice desire to hear;
It is sweet Musick in mine ear:
The swift-pac'd Posts of fervent cryes,
The glances of thine ardent Eyes,
May pass to me at will;
So that by these thy Wishes, all thou may'st fulfill.
And since I much desire to hear from thee,
Thou may thus write and send to me,
And thus enjoy my company.
Whatever come, thou hast no cause to fear,
Since always patent is mine ear;
Then oft and frequently, my Sister dear,
Cause me thy voice to hear.

The Bride

VERSE 14.

The Bride, seeing that her Beloved would needs go away, puts up her last Suit and Petition

tion to him ; *which is,* That he would make haste to come again, and *(if it were his will)* take her to himself, *that so she might never any more have cause to fear his deserting her ; for the words are in such general terms, as to take in* both his making haste to manifest himself to her here, and his making haste to manifest himself to her for ever, *without interruption.*

The Words,

Make haste, my Beloved, and be thou like to a Roe, or to a young Hart upon the Mountains of Spices.

The Paraphrase.

( )

O my Beloved ! *if thus thou go away,*
Yet do not stay ;
For Love is still impatient of delay.
O come thou down to me !
Or take me up to thee,
That thy fair Face I so may see.
My lovely One, whom I so much do love,
Why do the Wheels of Time so slowly move ?
O make me hence to flee above !
Like to a swift young Hart, *or nimble* Roe,
So do thou go,
When thou to me returns again,
For ever to remain.

( )

Upon the spicy Mountains,
Which in Heavens vernant Fields do stand,
And overlook that matchless Land;
And whence the Nectar Fountains
In Rivulets do run by thy command;
There do thou run with haste and speed,
As I have need,
And there remove me for to feed,
So soon as ever thou thinks fit;
For I, as 'twere, am in a Pit,
So long as I am here;
I pant with thee, there to appear.

( )

Wherefore make haste me to remove
Unto that matchless Land above,
Which I so ardently do love:
For there for ever I shall joyned be
With the melodious company
Of Saints *and* Angels, *who do raise*
In highest Notes thy highest Praise:
There I shall always see thy Face above;
For Light won't there with Night alternate move:
No Night is there,
But an eternal brightly shining Fire
Irradiates and gilds that sweet unstained Air.

There

( )

There I thee evermore ſhall ſee,
And with Heav'ns Chorus joyn'd in one ſhall be;
Where we
Our joynt united voice will lift on high:
There, there, with holy ſtrife we'll ſound,
And in high Notes we'll raiſe
The mighty Three-One's Praiſe,
Till Heaven do our voice reſound,
Our praiſeful Songs
Shall fly in throngs
The Heavens every-where around:
And in a pleaſant dance
Still higher ſhall advance,
Till every voice in one be drown'd;
As every Stream is looſed in the Sea:
For there all voices will ſo well agree,
That but one voice they'll ſeem to be.
O come my beſt Belov'd then down to me.
Or rather take me up to thee,
That face to face I thee may ſee.

It needs not be ſtrange that I am ſo large in the Paraphraſing theſe two laſt Verſes, conſidering their *emphaticknefs*, and being the *laſt words* of the *Bride-groom and Bride*, when taking their *farewell of one another*: Likewiſe conſidering the nature of *Pindarick Verſe*, (in which I have Paraphraſed them,) which is to follow every hint that comes in its way, whereby it is commonly full of Amplifications and Digreſſions; whence it is, that in the cloſe of the Brides words, I am ſo ample in deſcribing the Joy and Happineſs of

of Heaven. Upon these Considerations I thought it not unsuitable to be somewhat full here; and to close up the whole with a pathetick Longing for, and Description of Heavens Happiness, which is the *utmost period* of the Saints Grief and Fear, and the *Consumption* of all their Prayers, Hopes and Joys. And indeed this is one principal End of Christ's deserting and leaving his People so oft, (as here he does with the Bride,)to make them long after that Countrey, where there shall never be Cloud to obscure, or Night to remove the glorious Light of the Sun of Heaven. It's no wonder then *that the Bride here prays so earnestly to be uncloathed of her earthly Tabernacle, and to be cloathed with her House which is from Heaven.* So that this Book ends much after the same manner that the last Book of the whole Scripture doth, with that which ought to be the constant desire and longing of all the Saints, who love Christ's appearing: For as the *Revelation* (and consequently the whole Scripture) doth end with that desire, Come, Lord Jesus; even so the Bride closeth up all with this short but pithy Expostulation, *Make haste, my Beloved*, &c. *Amen. Even so come Lord Jesus.*

FINIS.

An ADVERTISEMENT.

ALthough I have largely rendred this Song *already, yet becauſe ſome may love more the* Paraphraſe *of the Words, than of the* Meaning, *(which I principally, tho' not only, intended in the preceding Paraphraſe,) therefore I thought it would not be unſuitable or needleſs to ſubjoyn the following Paraphraſe for that end. And although I have ſtill judged, and do yet judge that there can be no more ſweet, ſmooth, and ſoft Expreſſions uſed, than are in the Text it ſelf; and that they run ſo ſweetly and poetically, as there ſeems but little need of a Paraphraſe; yet becauſe they cannot be ſung (at leaſt ſo well) except they be cloathed with a Paraphraſe, therefore have I been induced thereto; eſpecially conſidering the little labour that they coſt me, having compoſed the whole within leſs than the compaſs of one Day. So that this following* Paraphraſe *may be ſung after the ſame manner that the* Pſalms *are, with any of the* common Tunes: *Upon which Conſideration I have tranſlated this Song in this place, in the ſame Verſe in which our Paraphraſe of the* Pſalms *is rendred, giving it likewiſe no other Title or Deſignation. And if in any thing I vary and differ from our* Engliſh Tranſlation *of this* Book, *the comparing of the ſame with the foregoing* Paraphraſe *and* Annotations, *will demonſtrate on what reaſon or grouund I do ſo.*

THE

Song of Songs:

OR,

SONG of SOLOMON,

In Metre.

Which may be sung with any of the Common Tunes.

CHAP. I.

The Title.

1. THE Song of Songs, which is on earth
By far the rarest Song;
Whose Subject, Christ; whose Pen-man is
The wisest *Solomon.*

The Bride.

2 Let him me with the kisses of
His mouth, which is divine,
Kiss and embrace; for why, thy love
Excells the far best Wine.

3 Yea

3 Yea, such is the sweet savour of
Thine Oyntments which excell,
That even like to Oyntment sweet,
Thy Name doth yield a smell.

Hence is't that thou so much art lov'd
By every Virgin pure;
Who so enamour'd are, that they
Thy absence can't endure.
4 Draw me, and cause me walk aright,
Run after thee will we:
The King into his Chambers rare
Hath introduced me.

We'll glad be and rejoyce in thee,
Nought shall from mind remove
Thy Love; we'll mind it more than Wine:
The upright thee do love.
5 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
I'm black, but yet am fair;
Like *Kedars* Sun-scorch'd Tents, and like
To *Solomon*'s Curtains rare.

6 Despise me not, tho' black, and tho'
The Sun look'd on me hath:
My Mother's Children angry were,
And in the heat of wrath,
They made me, as a Slave, to keep
The Vineyards all the day;
But oh alas! my own Vineyard
*Unkept the mean time lay.

7 O thou, thou whom my Soul doth love!
Tell me in what hid Meed
Thou makes thy Flocks at Noon to rest,
And where thou them dost feed.
For why should I be like to one
That turns from thee aside
The Flocks of thy Companions,
A Vagabond beside?

The Bridegroom.

8 O thou most fair of Women all!
If thou that do not know,
Then by the footsteps of the flock
See that with care thou go:
Unto these marks and footsteps see
That thou do take good heed;
And there, beside the Shepherds Tents,
Take care thy Kids to feed.

9 I Have compared thee, my Love,
Unto a company
Of rare and stately Horses, which
In *Pharaoh*'s Chariots be.
10 Thy Cheeks with rows of Jewels are
Most comely to behold:
Thy stately Neck adorned is
With chains of purest Gold.
11 Lo likewise on thy Ornaments,
Of Gold we'll borders frame,
And Silver studs most curiously
We'll raise upon the same.

The Bride.

12 While th' King doth at his Table ſit,
My Spikenard yields its ſmell:
13 My Love to me a bundle is
Of Myrrh that doth excell:

He'll lye all night betwixt my Breaſts,
I will not let him go.
14 A cluſter he's of Camphir, which
Doth at *En-gedi* grow.

The Bridegroom.

15 Behold, thou art all fair, my Love,
Thou art all fair to me:
Thy lovely Eyes do ſeem of Doves
The very Eyes to be.

The Bride.

16 Thou'rt fair, my Love, and pleaſant all;
Green alſo is our Bed:
17 Our Houſe its Beams of Cedar are,
Of Fir our Gall'ries made.

CHAP.

CHAP. II.

The Bridegroom.

1 I Am the ſweet and lovely Roſe,
Which doth in *Sharon* grow;
And the fair Lilly of the Vale,
Which doth ſo pleaſant ſhow.
2 Like to the Lilly which doth ſtand
The Thorns thick among;
So doth my faireſt Love excell
The Daughters every one.

The Bride.

3 As th' Apple-Tree among the Trees
Which in the Foreſt be,
So doth my Well-belov'd ſurpaſs
All Sons on earth that be.
Lo, with delight and pleaſure great,
Below his ſhadow plac'd
I was, and of his Fruit did take,
Which ſweet was to my taſte.

4 Unto the Houſe of banqueting
By him I then was brought;
And over me his Banner ſweet,
Of nought but love was wrought.
5 Stay me with Flaggons, comfort thou
My Soul with Apples ſweet;
For why with love I'm overcome,
And of the ſame am ſick.

6 Lo, his Left-hand's below my Head,
And doth ſupport the ſame ;
While as his Right-hand doth embrace
My Cheek, whence comforts flame.
7 By th' Roes and Hindes o'th' Field, I charge
You, *Zions* Daughters all,
That ye do not awake my Love,
Until himſelf he ſhall.

8 The voice of my Beloved ! lo,
How he doth leaping come
Upon the Mountains ! lo, how he
On th' Hills doth leap and run !
9 Like a young Hart, or Roe, he is ;
Behind our wall lo he
Doth ſtand : forth at the windows through
The lattice him I ſee.

10 My Beſt-beloved ſpake to me,
And unto me did ſay,
Riſe up, my Love, my faireſt One,
Riſe up and come away.
11 For lo the Winter's over-paſt,
The Rain is o're and gone :
12 The Flowers on earth appear, the time
When Birds do ſing, is come.

The mournful Turtle's voice is heard
Already in our Land ;
13 The green and tender Figs do now
Upon the Fig-Tree ſtand.
The Vines ſmell ſweetly, and the Grapes
Which on the ſame doth ſtay :
Ariſe my Love, my faireſt One,
Riſe then and come away.

14 My

14 My Dove, who ſtays in clefts of Rocks,
And in the holes of Stairs,
Make me thy ſweet voice hear, and ſee
Thy countenance ſo fair.
15 Let us the Foxes take, the ſmall
And little Foxes, which
Our Vines, which now have tender Grapes,
Do ſpoil and hurt ſo much.

16 My Beſt-belov'd is mine, and I
Am his likewiſe I know:
Lo, he among the Lillies fair
Doth feed, and there doth go.
17 Turn, my Belov'd, Like Roe or Hart,
On *Bether*-Hills which ſtay;
Until the day do break, and all
The ſhadows flee away.

CHAP. III

The Bride continues her Diſcourſe.

1 BY night him whom I lov'd I ſought,
Whenas in bed confin'd:
Him there I for a while did ſeek,
But him I could not find.
2 I now will riſe (I ſaid) and go
The City round about:
Him whom I love, I in the ſtreets
And broad-ways will ſeek out.

I ſought him, but I found him not:
3 The Watchman found out me
Who it do keep; to whom I ſaid,
My Love oh did you ſee?
4 Scarce was I from them gone, when lo
I found him whom I ſought:
I held, and would not let him go,
Until I him had brought

Into my deareſt Mother's Houſe,
And caus'd him for to ſee
The Rooms and Chambers all of her
Who had conceived me.
5 By th' Roes and Hindes o'th' Field, I charge
You, *Zions* Daughters all,
That ye do not awake my Love,
Until himſelf he ſhall.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

6 Who's this that from the Wilderneſs
Like ſmoaky pillars comes;
Perfum'd with Myrrh, Frankincenſe, and
The Merchant's choice Perfumes?

The Bride.

7 Behold, behold his Bed, which is
The Bed of *Solomon*:
Round which Watch ſixty valiant Men
Of *Iſrael* each one.

8 They all hold Swords, expert they are
In all the feats of fight:

Each

Each Man his Sword hath on his Thigh,
Againſt the fear of night.
9 King *Solomon*, for his own uſe,
A Chariot did frame
Of the choice Wood of *Lebaron*.
10 The pillars of the ſame

Of Silver were; the bottom Gold;
With Purple deck'd above
It was; for *Zions* Daughters it
Within was pav'd with love.
12 Go forth, O *Zions* Daughters, and
Behold King *Solomon*,
With the rich Crown which he doth wear
His Royal Head upon;

Wherewith his Mother him did Crown
On his Eſpouſals day;
And on the day when gladneſs great
His heart did wholly ſway.

CHAP. IV.

The Bridegroom.

1 BEhold thou art all fair, my Love,
Thou art all fair to me;
Thy lovely Eyes within thy Locks,
Doves Eyes do ſeem to be.

Thy Hair is as a flock of Goats
Seen from *Mount Gilead.*
2 Thy Teeth are as a flock of Sheep
Shorn and comely made,

Which from the washing came, of which
Each Twins bears in its Womb;
Which all so fruitful are, that none
Is barren them among.
3 Thy Lips like scarlet Threads are, and
Speech sweet; thy Temples are
Like to a piece of Pomgranate
Within thy Locks so fair.

4 Thy Neck is like to *David*'s Tower,
Built for an Armory,
Where hang a thousand Bucklers, Shields
Of mighty Men which be.
5 Thy two Breasts are like two young Roes
That Twins are, and which feed
Among the lovely Lillies fair,
In a delightful Meed.

6 I'll go, and on the Hills of Myrrh
And of Frankincense stay;
Until the day do break, and all
The shadows flee away.
7 Thou art all fair, my dearest Love,
Thou art all fair to me;
No spot nor imperfection
Is seen to blemish thee.

8 Come, Spouse, with me from *Lebanon*,
From *Lebanon* with me;

From off the top of *Amana*
Look downwards with thine Eye:
From *Shenir* and from *Hermons* top,
From Lions Caves and Dens;
From off the Mountains, on the which
The Leopards remain.

2 My Spouse and Sister, thou hast quite
Of my Heart robbed me,
With one Eye-glance, with one chain of
Thy neck I ravish'd be.
10 How fair's thy love, my Sister, Spouse!
How much doth it excell
All Wine! Thy Oyntments do exceed
All Spices in their smell.

11 Thy Lips drop as the Honey-comb,
And underly thy Tongue
Do Milk and Honey; all thy Cloaths
Do smell as *Lebanon*.
12 My Sister dear a Garden is,
Which is inclosed well;
A Spring shut up, and Fountain on
The which is set a Seal.

13 Thy Plants a curious Orchard are
Of Pomgranates most rare;
With Fruits most pleasant; Camphir is,
With rarest Spikenard there.
14 There Spikenard, Saffron, Calamus
Frankincense, Cinamon,
Myrrh, Alloes do grow, with all
The Spices chief each one.

15 A Fountain thou'rt of Gardens, and
A Well of Floods which run;
And which down from *Mount Lebanon*
In Rivulets do come.

The Bride.

16 Awake, O North Wind, and thou South,
And on my Garden blow,
That so the Spices thereof may
Out in abundance flow.

Let my far Best-beloved come
Into his Garden, where
He may solace himself, and eat
His Fruits most pleasant there.

CHAP. V.

The Bridegroom.

1 INto my Garden I am come,
My Spouse and Sister dear;
My Myrrh, with my sweet Spice, I have
Already gathered here.
My Comb and Honey I have eat,
And drunk with Milk my Wine;
Eat Friends, and drink abundantly,
And don't for want repine.

The

The Bride.

2 I ſleep, but ſtill my heart's awake ;
My Love's ſweet voice I hear,
Who knocks, and ſays, Open to me,
My Love, my Siſter dear,
My Dove, my Undefil'd ; for why,
My Head is fill'd with Dew ;
And all my Locks with drops of Rain,
Is wet this night of new.

3 My Coat I have put off ; how then
Shall I put on the ſame ?
My Feet I waſhed have ; how ſhall
I them defile again ?
4 My beſt Belov'd did put his Hand
In by the Door its hole ;
Whereat ſtraitway for him, within
My Bowels all did rowl.

5 I roſe to him to open, and
My Hands with Myrrh did drop ;
And all my Fingers with ſweet Myrrh
On th'Handles of the Lock.
6 I open'd unto him ; but lo !
My beſt Belov'd was gone ;
My Soul fail'd ; him I ſought ; I call'd,
But Anſwer could have none.

7 The Watchmen, who the City keep,
Found, ſmote, and wounded me ;
The Keepers of the Walls with ſpite,
Made me unvail'd to be.

8 O Daughters of *Jeruſalem!*
I charge you, if ye find
My Well-belov'd, to tell him that
Of love I'm ſick and pine'd.

The Daughters of Jeruſalem.

9 What's thy Beloved more than ours,
Moſt fair of Women all?
What is he more than ours, that thou
Doſt ſo us charge and call.

The Bride.

10 My Love is white and ruddy all,
And comely for to ſee;
The chief among ten thouſand, he
Can never matched be.

11 His Head upon him is like to
The choice and pureſt Gold:
His Locks are buſhy, Raven-black,
And comely to behold.
12 His Eyes are as the Eyes of Doves,
Which bathe in Waters clear;
With Milk they're waſh'd, and fitly ſet,
And lovely do appear.

13 His Cheeks of Spices are a Bed
Which Flowers ſweet do crown:
His Lips like Lillies are, from which
Sweet-ſmelling Myrrh drops down.

14 His

14 His Hands as Gold Rings are, set with
The Beryl curiously:
His Bowels are as Saphires rare
Set in bright Ivory.

15 His Legs as Marble Pillars are
On golden Sockets plac'd:
His Countenance as *Lebanon*,
With stately Cedars grac'd.
16 His Mouth of sweetness is the Hive;
Of Love he's all compos'd:
O *Zions Daughters*! here's my Love,
And Friend, whom I have loos'd.

CHAP. VI.

The Daughtets of Jerusalem.

1 WHere's thy Beloved gone, O thou
Of Women all most fair!
Where is he turn'd aside, that we
May seek thee with him there?

The Bride.

2 My Love's down to his Garden gone,
And Beds of Spices there,
Within the Gardens for to feed,
And gather Lillies fair.

3 My

3 My Beſt-belov'd is mine, and I
Am his likewiſe I know:
Lo he amongſt the Lillies fair
Doth feed, and there doth go.

The Bridegroom.

4 As *Tirzah* thou art beautiful,
Fair as *Jeruſalem*,
My Love, and as a banner'd Hoſt
Thou terrible doſt ſeem.
15 Turn, turn away thine Eyes from me,
Thine Eyes which ſparkle ſo;
For they quite raviſh'd have my heart,
And do me overthrow.

Thy Hair is as a flock of Goats
Seen from *Mount Gilead*.
6 Thy Teeth are as a flock of Sheep
Shorn and comely made;
Which from the waſhing come, of which
Each Twins bears in its Womb,
Which all ſo fruitful are, that none
Is barren them among.

7 Like to a piece of Pomgranate
Thy lovely Temples are,
And have a pleaſant comely Shew
Within thy Locks ſo fair.
8 Threeſcore there are of Queens, there are
Of Concubines fourſcore;
Likewiſe, than can well numbred be,
There are of Virgins more.

9 My

9 My Dove, my Undefil'd is one;
Her Mothers only one
She is, and the choice one of her
Who bare her in her Womb.
The Daughters did her see, and did
On high her Vertues raise;
The Queen and Concubines her saw,
And did her also praise.

10 Who's she that looks as Morning? as
The Moon? yea, Sun most clear?
And as a banner'd Army doth
Most terrible appear?

11 I to the Garden went of Nuts,
To see the Valleys Fruit;
To see if th'Vine did flourish, and
The Pomgranates did sprout.

12 Or ever I was once aware,
My Soul did raise up me;
And made me as the Chariots of
Aminadab to be.

13 Return, O *Shulamite!* return,
That we may look on thee:
What is there in me? as of two
Vast Hosts the company.

CHAP. VII.

The Bridegroom continues his Discourse.

1 HOw comely are thy Feet with Shoes,
O Princes Daughter! and
Thy Thighs its Joynts like Jewels are
Wrought by a skilful hand.

2 Thy

2 Thy Navel like a Goblet is,
Which liquor doth not want:
Thy Belly like a heap of Wheat,
Round which Men Lillies plant.

3 Thy two Breasts, like to two young Roes
That Twins are, seem to be.
4 Thy stately Neck is like unto
A Tower of Ivory.
Thine Eyes like *Heshbons* Fish-Pools, by
Bathrabbim-Gate, do seem:
Thy Nose as *Lebanons* Tower, whence
Damascus Town is seen.

5 Thy Head on thee as *Carmel* is,
As Purple is thy Hair:
The King is held, as Captive, in
The Galleries most rare.
6 Thou art most fair, my dearest Love,
Thou pleasant art to me;
Delights concenter and do meet
Together all in thee.

7 Thy Stature thus appeareth like
Unto a fair Palm-Tree;
And like the clusters of the same
Thy Breasts do seem to be.
8 I said, I will go up unto
This Palm-tree, and take hold
Of its fair Boughs: Now shall thy Breasts
Sweet Wine to me unfold,

As clusters of the Vine; thy Nose
As Apples sweet shall smell:
9 Thy Mouth its Roof shall likewise yield
Sweet Wine that doth excell;

Whic

Which going sweetly down, shall cause
The Lips of those that sleep,
For to awake, and wond'rously
Of Mysteries to speak.

The Bride.

10 I do to my Belov'd belong,
This certainly I know:
Yea, his desire is towards me,
His love he doth me show.
11 Come, my Belov'd, let us go forth
Into the lovely Field;
Let us lodge in the Villages,
These harmless pleasures yield.

12 Let's early to the Vinyard go,
And see the fruitful Vine,
Whether the tender Grapes appear,
And Pomgranates do spring.
There, there my loves I will impart,
And there delight in thee.
13 The Mandrakes give a pleasant smell,
And at our Gates there be

All sorts of pleasant Fruits, both new
And old; which there I plac'd
To entertain thee, O my Love,
When thou shall be my Guest.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

The Bride continues her Discourse.

1 O That thou as my Brother wert,
Who suck'd my Mother dear!
Without I should thee find and kiss,
Yet no reproach should fear.
2 I would thee lead, and thee within
My Mother's House would bring;
Where thou should'st me instruct, and make
Expert in every thing.

There I would cause thee for to drink,
Of choice and spiced Wine;
As also of my Pomgranate,
The Liquor rare and fine.
3 Lo, his Left-hand's below my Head,
And doth support the same;
While as his Right-hand doth embrace
My Cheek, whence comforts flame.

4 O Daughters of *Jerusalem!*
A Charge I give you all,
That ye do not awake my Love,
Until himself he shall.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

5 Who is this that thus cometh up
Out from the Wilderness,
Leaning upon her best Belov'd
With pomp and joyfulness?

The

The Bride.

I thee did raiſe, whenas thou lay
Below the Apple-Tree;
There did thy Mother bring thee forth,
There did ſhe bring forth thee.
6 Seal me upon thine Heart and Arm,
For cruel as the Grave
Is Jealouſie; Love's ſtrong as Death,
Its coals fire flaming have.

7 By Floods and many Waters Love
Can't quench'd or drowned be:
Whoſo for't all ſhould give, would be
Contemned utterly:
8 A little Siſter, without Breaſts,
We have: what ſhall we do
In th'day whenas our Siſter ſhall
Be ſpoken for to you?

The Bridegroom.

9 If ſhe a Wall prove, we on her
Will Silver Turrets build:
If ſhe a Door prove, we with Boards
Of Cedar will her mould.

The Bride.

10 I am a Wall; my Breaſts do ſtand
As Turrets thereon round:
Then was I in his Eyes as one
Who Grace and Favour found.

11 King *Solomon* a Vineyard at
Baalhammon had, which he
Let out to Keepers, who ſhould all
Of it obſervant be.
Each one a thouſand pieces was
Of Silver for to bring,
For his allotted part, as that
Which due was unto him.

12 My Vineyard is before me: Thou
O *Solomon*, muſt have
A thouſand, and two hundred they
Who do its Fruit receive.

The Bridegroom.

13 Thou who doſt in the Gardens dwell,
Thy Fellows all give ear
Unto thy voice attentively;
Cauſe me the ſame to hear.

The Bride.

14 Make haſte, my Love; like to a Roe
Be thou, or nimble Hart
Upon the ſpicy Mountains. Come,
Let's meet, and never part.

FINIS.

POEMS:

BEING

Miſcellanies

AND

Pindariques,

By RO. FLEMING.

Virg. Georg.

Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Muſæ,
Quarum ſacra fero ingenti percuſſus amore
Accipiant, celique vias & ſidera monſtrent.

It.

——— Nec vos dulciſſima mundi
Nomina, vos Muſæ, Libertas, Otia, Libri,
Hortique Sylvaque, anima remanente, relinquam.

LONDON,
Printed by J. *Aſtwood* for John Salisbury,
at the *Riſing Sun* in *Cornhill*. 1691.

POEMS:

BEING

Miscellanies.

AND

Pindarique's.

To his Honoured Unkle

GEORGE HAMILTON,

of *Binny*, Esq;

General Receiver of their Majesties Supply and Inland Excise, for the Kingdom of *Scotland*, and Pay-master General to the Army there.

SIR,

I *Presume that you will not take it amiss, that I here adventure to prefix your* Name *to the following* Papers: *Which, thô I readily confess are but a very mean* Offering, *are yet the best Expression of* Affection *that at present I am capable of giving. Were I no way* Related *to you, yet the consideration of the publick and important Services you have rendered your* King *and* Countrey, *in this critical juncture, to* (*and I may say in some sort above*) *your power; might be a sufficient* excuse *for any attempt of this nature*: *But as both the* Bond *of Natural* Relation *to you, and a grateful sense of* Obligations *received from you, oblige me to take the first opportunity of acknowledging* my Debt and Duty; *so I presume I know you so well,*

that it is not the more sensible, *but the more* spiritual *and noble part of* Friendship *that you value most, and therefore make no Question but that your* Generosity *will prompt you to consider here,* Non tam donum amantis, quam dantis amorem. *Had Providence given me those Opportunities of shewing my self grateful to* Friends, *that I could have wisht, I should, I am confident, have been officious enough that way;* sed sarre litabit, qui non habet thus. *God himself accepted favourably the poor* Widows Mite, *as being the greatest Offering she had to give: For a* Gift, *in it self* small, *may yet be* magni Amoris indicium. *And in this, all truly generous* Christians *will doubtless desire to be like their* Father which is in Heaven. *But, besides this, if the* Gift of a mans self *may be thought to add any thing to what one presents* his Friend, *then pray be pleased to accept of* him, *who is*

SIR,

Your most affectionate
and Obliged Nephew and Servant,

R. F.

Miſcellaneous Poems.

The MOTTO.

WHat ſhall I do to live and dye *unknown*,
And make my time on Earth mine own?
I ſhall like Beaſts and many Mortals dye,
If while I *live* I like them be.
Let others ſeek *Applauſe* upon the Earth,
Applauſe that nurſed is by breath:
Let their *Ambition* give them Wings to flye,
And build their *Neſt* in all mens Eye;
'Till Envy, Hate, or ſome unlucky hour,
Their weakly founded *Work* devour.
For me in dark *obſcurity* I'le dwell,
And with the World nor buy nor ſell.
With unperceived progreſs hence I'le flee,
And build my Work where none doth ſee:
Where envy, hate, nor any luckleſs hour,
Shall e're my ſure-built work devour.
It is but Folly for applauſe to ſeek,
Which none can fully gain or keep.
It's not th' *Applauſe* which we from mortals have,
That can make us ſurvive the Grave.

No! the *Applause* which God to us shall give
At the last day, will make us live.
Humility will then be found to've been
The only way *Fame* to attain;
Obscure contemned ones God then will crown
With true *Fame* and most sure renown:
Whilst many, who *Fames Garlands* here have worn,
As *Thieves* shall be expos'd to scorn.
To *th' righteous Owners* God will then restore
The stolen *Garlands* which they wore.
Fame is too high a *flower* to grow on Earth,
And for to spring from mortal breath.
It is a *Jewel* of the *heavenly Crown*;
Where only dwelleth true renown.
This *Earth* is but the Wilderness, through which
We pass, 'till we *Canaan* touch.
Heav'n is our Journeys end, the *peacefull Port*,
Where all *heav'n-fraughted Souls* resort.
Our *Lord* this taught us, when he there did stay:
His blest's'd example shews the way.
Earth he did look on as a *Banishment*,
Which for our sakes he underwent.
And though he was *most high*, yea *the most high*,
Yet in a *Stable* did he lye.
Yea oft above him he a *roof* did want,
Except what Nature all doth grant.
No *Carpet* but of Grass was oft his Bed,
With *Dainties* he was never fed:
No *Guards*, but some poor followers had he,
Who Fools by Men were thought to be.
To *Mountains* he did oft retire to pray,
That none might hear what he did say.
Thus he did live on Earth, for well he knew
Earths Glory was but *painted Shew*.

And

And when his work was finished and done,
From hence he hasted to be gone
Thither, where now in glory he doth reign,
Not earthly glory, but divine.
Then let me strive my *Masters steps* to trace,
They are the *Pattern* of my *Race.*
Despising *nick-nam'd Fame*, let me pursue,
And strive to gain the *Fame that's true.*
On, on I must; What sound is't strikes mine Ear?
Methinks I the *last Trumpet* hear!
'Tis to the Saints *Fame's Trumpet*; for it can
Raise from the Grave their *buried Name.*
Troubles I see, but I will cut through all,
Undaunted when *Afflictions* call:
I'll slight Earths flatt'ring Vanities, which lay
Nets of *soft Roses* in my way;
Heav'n is the *Prize* for which I run and fight,
No Clouds shall intercept its sight:
Fame is the *Crown* which there the Saints do wear,
Praise is the only *Noise* they hear:
Glory's the *Robe* which doth them there invest,
And blessed *Peace* their happy *Rest*:
Mirth is their constant *Food*, and *Love*'s the *Air*
Wherein they breathe most sweetly there:
Holiness is their *Recreation*,
Each *Angel* their *Companion*:
God is the *Subject* which they *study* still,
His *Will*'s the *Task* they do fulfill:
Christ is the *Mirrour*, in the which they see
Th'*Idea* of the *Deity*:
Nought there but *Happiness* can them befall,
Eternity's the *Date* of all.

The

The Directory.

HE who would live aright, must (all the day)
Divide his *time* aright in *Watch* and *Pray:*
When he from sleep *awakes*, the fruitful *Mind*
Must instantly a *Subject* have assign'd
To think upon; that thus each passing Thought
May not be lost, but to an *order* brought.
E're he th' allotted labour of the day
Begin unto, he must be sure to *pray*,
And read some holy *purpose*, which may prove
A *Cordial* unto his *Faith* and *Love*.
And when his Work he doth begin, he must
On God's *assistance*, not his *labour*, trust:
And yet he must use as much *diligence*,
As if th'effect depended only thence:
What e're he does, if he would do't aright,
True *profit* de must joyn with th' best *delight*;
And at each *pause* of what he does, 'twere good
To take a short *repast* of heavenly Food:
Yea, in the midst of what he does, to send
A *winged Thought* unto his *highest Friend*
For Grace and Aid, would not disturb his Mind,
Nor cast his *Labours* any jot behind.
He should propose a *reflex Thought* to cast
Each *passing hour* on what he did the *last:*
What am I! and what do I! ought to be
The *Subject* of each hour's *Soliloquy*.

And though no lawful Work he should neglect,
Yet the great *one thing* he owes most respect.

His

lis Head and Heart, Tongue, Hands and Feet must be
tampt with pure unaffected *Piety*.
Ie must be *holy* in his *Life*, and *walk*
ober and *moderate* in his *speech* and *talk*,
ust with his *Neighbours*, *Valiant* for his *God*,
.oving to be at *home* more than *abroad*.
n him the *Serpent's prudence* ought to be
oyn'd with the *harmless Dove's simplicity*.
ime he should value, but should mount *above*
Time's outmost bound with th'*Wings* of *Faith* & *Love*.
Communion with his God he should propose
n all he does, wherein the *Souls repose*
Doth primarily consist, and wherein he
Th'*Almighty*, ev'n here, may know and see;
Yet ought he for *compleat Fruition*,
With ardent longings for to pant and groan;
Ev'n though he be content to stay on Earth,
Whilst God gives Work, and doth continue Breath.

He ought to be like unto *Ships* that sail
Though in a *boist'rous Sea*) with *prosp'rous gale*.
lis *Hope* like out-spread *Sails* ought to appear,
nd yet he must be *ballasted* with *fear*.
lis *Faith* the *Helm*'s Office must supply,
he *Scripture must* his *Chart* and *Compass* be.
he *holy Motions* of the *Holy Ghost*
lust be the *Wind* to take him to the *Coast*:
nd left *false Winds* (which some are cheated by)
o come, he must them by his *Compass* try.
hus through the *Sea of Time* he ought to sail;
nd though he oft do want a *prosp'rous gale*,
nd tossed be with *Tempests*, yet hath he
o cause to fear a *Shipwrack* on this Sea;

For

For why his wise and skilful *Pilot*, who
Sits at the *Helm*, all *Rocks* and *Shelves* doth know;
And by his skilful *Art*, his *Providence*
Will safely bring his *Ship* to *Land* from thence.
Thus must the heav'nly Soul advance, untill
He do his *Voyage* unto Heav'n fulfill.

But that he may all Obstacles remove,
Which hinder his advance in Faith and Love,
He ought before he *sleep*, to wash away
The Sins and Follies of the *by-gone day:*
And for that end, with exact *scrutiny*,
What he hath done he must *revolve* and *try:*
How have I spent this day? he ought to say,
Have I been *defective* to *watch* and *pray?*
Have I *behav'd aright*, at *home*, *abroad?*
How have I *walk'd* in order to *my God*,
My self, *my Friends*, *my Neighbours*, *and my Foes?*
How did I carry, when I *first* arose?
What was my carriage in the *after-day?*
What did I *think?* What did I *do* or *say?*
Did I in any thing exceed in *Sleep*,
In *Recreation*, in *Drink*, in *Meat?*
How were my *labours* order'd? How did I
Perform the solemn Acts of *Piety?*
Did not those *Sins* to which I'm *most inclin'd*,
An easie entrance and admittance find?

Yet his *own ways* she should not only try,
But into *God's*, to *him* should likewise pry;
Wherein he possibly may have to observe,
In such a thing God did his Soul preserve
From *unseen Danger*; in such a way he did
Oppose his *purpose*, and in *Duty* hid

His

His ſweeteſt *Face*; at ſuch a time he came
Unlooked for, and ſhew'd his Face again;
At ſuch a time he *ſenſibly* did find
Unutterable *Peace* to fill his Mind;
Yet all that *ſweet and heavenly repoſe*
He finds he did a little after loſe:
At *one time* he did want a *praying frame*,
And at *another* could not leave the ſame:
At *ſuch a time* God ſeas'nably came in,
And kept the Soul now ready for to ſin;
While at *another* time *Temptation*
Its end ſucceſsfully did carry on.

Thus he ſhould *muſe*, and *meditate*, and *try*
Himſelf before he down in Bed do lye;
That thus *Accompts* 'twixt *God* and *him* being clear,
His Debt and his Credit may appear:
Which once compar'd, he may attain to know
The vaſt *Accompts* which he to God doth owe;
What he hath cauſe to *praiſe for*, what to *ſeek*,
What to *rejoyce at*, and at what to *weep*.
Thus if he *back* or *forward* goes, he'll find,
And ſo abundantly will to his mind
Reap *Satisfaction*, and true Gain unto
Both Head and Heart. This who doth daily do
With humble, ſerious Conſcientiouſneſs,
Shall like the *Palm-Tree* flouriſh and encreaſe;
Shall like the *Eagle* his loſt ſtrength renew,
And Earth at laſt bid joyfully, *Adieu*.

Vani-

Vanity of Vanities:

OR,

A Meditation upon the Vanity and Emptiness of all things on Earth.

Sect. I.

The INTRODUCTION.

1. OBserving how all *human things* below
Subjected are unto *Inconstancy*;
And as the *Wind* of *Providence* doth blow,
Ev'n so to rise and fall, to live and die;
And when they seem most upon us to smile,
Even how oft-times they cheat us most the while.

2. And how all *things* on which poor Men do place
Their love, and think to happiness do tend,
Now *wax*, now *wain*, now *shine* with a full grace,
And for the same griefs here and ay do send:
I thought it would prove profiting and sweet
Thereof to *think*, and in few lines to *treat*;

3. And

3. And shew how *Pleasures* quickly haste to die,
And human comforts all to post away;
How *Riches* Wings take to themselves and flie,
And how vain *Beauty* doth as Flowers decay;
How *Honour* more unconstant is than Wind,
And *humane Knowledge* foolish, vain, and blind.

4. How *Strength* is brutish, and how *Fame's* a lie,
(And every thing but grief and trouble here;)
How *Life* is but a long-spun Vanity,
Though we should it possess a thousand year:
For thus through various Follies we do go,
Till wisest Death make us our Errours know.

SECT. II.

The Vanity of Pleasures.

5. OH what is *Pleasure* here, but trouble, that
Is gilded over, shining to the Eye;
A *Counterfeit* of Heaven, and of what
The Soul of Man can only satisfie;
Which likewise hurtful unto us doth prove,
In making less the worth of things above.

6. The Pleasures that poor Men to seek we see,
And on the which they spend their time while here;
Either most *wicked* in themselves they be,
Or otherwise they *lawful* do appear:
In these *two Classes* comprehended are
The Pleasures all that do on Earth appear.

7. Of

7. Of the *first sort* if that thy Pleasures be,
Poor Man, ah! what a despicable state
Art thou in, who unto the drudgery
Of *Satan* to be *Slave* hast for thy fate!
Oh better far to be to *Turks* a *Slave*,
Than such an horrid Master for to have.

8. If *Gluttony* or *Drunkenness* to thee
Be Pleasure, think how it doth thee translate
Into the state of *Brutes*, and makes thee be
Weak in thy Health, and hastneth on thy Fate:
Yet Beasts be not so brutish, since they take
What only for their natural *Life* doth make.

9. If *fleshly Lust* unto thee be a Pleasure,
Consider what *reproach* on thee it brings;
And how it doth exhaust the greatest treasure,
If thou wilt not be mov'd by higher things:
Yea, how *Death* often times doth it attend,
And brings the Doer to an hasty end.

10. Consider also what a fearful pain
A *guilty Conscience* is, when as set free;
And what a filthy *blot*, and ugly *stain*
Is for the same by others cast on thee:
Yea, which is worse, thou purchasest thereby,
Instead of God, an *Hell* eternally.

11. If of the *second sort* thy Pleasures be,
Consider that although they *lawful* are;
Yet do they prove but *gilded Vanity*,
Though otherwise they to our sight appear:
And though our earthly Life they profit may,
Yet in our heavenly course oft do us stay.

12. If

12. If *Houses, Orchards, Meddows, Rivers, Woods,*
Bewitch thy Wit, and do inhance thy Love;
Then strait thy soul quite dark'ned proves with clouds,
Which makes thee lose the scent of things above.
This makes it harder unto thee to dye,
Than unto those that live in misery.

13. If that you do Contentment sweet enjoy,
In *Friends*, as *Husband*, *Wife*, *or Children dear*;
Consider how even smallest things annoy
All these your Joys, which you enjoy while here.
And though no other thing were, one must be,
That thou must part with them, and they with thee.

SECT. III.

The Vanity of Riches.

14. NOthing there is, that by the drove of men
Is more esteem'd and in request than this,
Than to be *rich*; which having gotten, then
At Poverty and poor Men they do hiss;
Thinking themselves much happier than they
Who labour for their Maintenance each day.

15. Alas how poor a Portion will it prove
To have all things on Earth we can desire,
And lose our Portion of the things above,
And purchase to our selves eternal Fire!
Shall any gain of such base abject *dross*,
The damage countervail of *such a loss?*

16. But what are *Riches* but the Idols vain
Of Fools, and Fetters which them fast do bind
Unto the Earth, and whereby great disdain
And Envy they do for their Purchase find:
Yea, are such things, as that I must profess,
Than men do them, they much more men *possess.*

17. Are they not *Mettals*, which from us are hid,
And which do in the Earth its Bowels lye;
A token that eternally God did
Foresee what evils should fall out thereby:
And which Mens *curiosity* hath sought
To find, and *fancie* hath in *fashion* brought.

18. They are like thorns, which if you be bold
Closely to *gripe*, by wounding will make stay;
But if your Hand you open and unfold,
And therein lay them, strait are blown away.
Your Heart therefore when you have *Riches* sound,
Lest by the same you get a *mortal Wound:*

19. Yet nothing more inconstant is than they,
For when we certain judge our selves to be
Of their abode, they vanish do away,
And in a moment from our sight do flee:
Wherefore your *Treasures* there seek up to lay,
Where by no Moth or rust corrupt shall they.

20. And though one man should *greatest* wealth possess,
Yet hath he only by that greatest store,
Wealth for one Man; and he who hath far less,
Hath that, as well as he who hath far more.
Fret not therefore, what Wealth do thee befall:
Who *least*, have *some*; who *most*, have *never all.*

SECT.

SECT. IV.

The Vanity of Beauty.

21. SOme vaunt of *Beauty*; but if they did know
How vain it were and foolish, they would think
It shame and folly to account it so,
Or let Pride for it in their mind to sink:
What is the fairest, but a *Clod of Clay*,
Whose comeliness shall as the flower decay.

22. Beauty is but skin-thick, and so doth fall
Short of those *Statues* made of Wood or Stone;
Yea such as doth not seem alike to all,
But oft on *Fancy* doth depend alone.
It's *dangerous* to the *beholders Eye*;
The *owner hurts*; is *foe to Chastity*.

23. A frame 'tis, which doth *others* more delight
Than *th' owner*, and a *cover* which doth hide
The *bones and brains*, things fearful to the sight,
And where to fancy ugly things reside.
Yea doth not *Sickness*, *Grief*, or *growth in Years*,
It blast, and *death* which every thing outwears?

SECT. V.

The Vanity of Honour.

24. THe *Idol* vain of the *ambitious* mind, (might,
And which men seek with all their strength &

Is nick-nam'd *Honour* ; which doth reason blind,
Appearing fair to th' fancy, and the sight ;
Although that really it be no more,
But like to rotten Wood that's guilded o're.

25. It is with *greatest pains acquir'd*, and then
With *greatest labour* men do it *retain* ;
Which yet a *frown* from *Providence* doth stain,
And strait doth make evanish as unseen :
Yet nothing but false Honour is all this,
That by *Ambition* thus acquired is.

26. For *Honour* true *acquired* is by those
Alone, who *low and humble* strive to be ;
And by them only is *retained*, whose
Desire is from *base Honour* for to flie :
For *Honour*, as our *shadow*, we may see,
Doth *fly* those who it *seek*, those *seek* who *flee*.

27. If that thou do strive for to mount the height
Of *Honours lofty top* ; consider, all
Who there aspire, must have no wavering sight,
Or *Head-vertigo*, lest from thence they fall.
But they who *lowly* sit upon the ground,
Have not from whence to fall themselves to wound.

28. Consider also, that as Winds do blow,
And Tempests beat on *tops of Mountains* high,
More than upon the *ground* which lyes *below* ;
Just so it shall prove likewise unto thee :
For *Winds* of *Hatred and Envy* shall rise,
And with a *sudden fall* thy mind surprize.

29. And

29. And though there should be nothing to annoy
Your outward Peace, while *lifes short Lamp* doth burn;
Yet Oh consider what will be your Joy!
Whenas *the King of Terrors* makes you mourn;
And how denuded of all now you have,
By him you naked shall descend to Grave.

30. And what shall all this World prove to thee,
And all the Honour you enjoy'd, while here,
If for the same an Heir you prove to be
Of Wrath, *Disgrace eternal* for to wear?
Will it in Hell be sweet to think, the gain
Of all your *Honour* is eternal pain?

SECT. VI.

The Vanity of Knowledge.

31. THe chiefest thing that men of Learning here
Do judge a Man accomplished to make,
Is *humane Knowledge*, which things dark makes clear;
Whereby they think with *Angels* we partake:
Yet if from *Grace* sequestrated it be,
Vexation it proves and Vanity.

32. For what is all the Knowledge we attain
On Earth, since that we know not perfectly
What doth unto the smallest *Flower* pertain,
Or th' Nature of the meanest things that be,
In such a form why every thing is seen;
As, why *Grass* is not as well red as green?

33. Consider also, how the *learned* minds
Amongst themselves do differ about things
Which meanest are, which, when thereby to find
The verity you strive, confusion brings.
Think also, how *one Age* doth make a Jest
Of what hath been before in great request.

34. If then there be so many secrets here
In *such things* which we both do feel and see,
In *those things*, which to sense do not appear,
What *Mysteries* unfathom'd must there be!
Know then, that God made things for to appear,
That having search'd them, him thou should admire.

35. But, though thou should be able to perceive
By reason, what is in the Heavens high,
Yea perfectly be able to conceive
Of God, (Oh pure impossibility!)
Yet what should that thee profit, if by God
Shut out from Heaven, Hell be thy abode?

SECT. VII.

The Vanity of Strength.

36. SOme glory in their strength, as if that there
Perfection or Happiness did lye,
Thinking (as Men do Castles in the Aair
Imagine) great things to atchieve thereby:
Although the smallest thing doth oft annoy
And dissipate such foolish frantick Joy.

37. Will any Man of reason glory in
That, wherein *Beasts* and *Fishes* him excell?
Is't not enough to prove it shame and sin,
To say most Beasts his force with force repell?
Yet such is Man, that e're he want a Name
To glory in, will glory in his shame.

SECT. VIII.

The Vanity of Fame.

38. MAny have thought, that Happiness in *Fame*
Consists, that when they dead are and away,
To be remembred they may make their Name,
And have the same in Memory to stay:
Yea some have been so frantick, that they have
Done horrid acts to free their Names from Grave.

39. Yet Oh how vain is this! for though thou could
Thy Name through many Nations make to sound;
Yet what is that, if that thou never should
Be able through the Earth to be renown'd?
For though far *Alexanders Fame* was blown,
Yet was it to *America* unknown.

40. For oft-times what one Nation doth know,
Another doth not in the least perceive;
Yea what one Age with wonder great doth show,
Another oft with scorn doth receive:
For in this Earth consists no true *renown:*
But (after time) in this, *receive the Crown.*

(abroad,
41. For, should thy Name through Earth be blaz'd
(Which can be never,) yet if thou do swerve
For such a thing, from following after God,
Neglecting thus his Precepts to observe;
Consider, that the gain of that will be
An infamy and shame eternally.

SECT. IX.

The Vanity of Long-life.

42. SOme for *Long-life* do wish; but Oh if they
Did know what is in Heaven, and what here,
They would account it torment for to stay,
Imprison'd in this *Gaol* of grief and fear;
But would with all their strength and might desire
Soon to be joyned to the heavenly Quire.

43. What if thy *Life* a thousand Years should last,
Yet what is that unto *Eternity?*
Which when it shall be overgone and past,
Will prove but as an empty Dream to thee:
And yet thou art not certain if thou stay
On Earth for some few Weeks, nay, or one day.

44. Nothing on Earth can give Content to Man,
For there is nothing here but Griefs and Pains;
And when he hath done with his *short Lifes span*,
Of his great labours Death is all the gains:
So though he should live many Years on Earth;
Yet must he once bereaved be of Breath.

So

So thus, through *Follies*, *Troubles*, *Cares*, we range;
And only *constant* are in *constant Change*.

SECT. X.

The CONCLUSION.

45. With fiery Wings sublime, Oh then, my (Spirit,
Mount to the *Throne* where never change shall be;
The Earth despise, in that take no delight
Where nought but change presents it self to thee:
Low *shadows* here, true *substance* is above;
Then scorn the worst, and learn the best to prove.

46. Let not thy sense, with vain conceit deluded,
Thee thus transport to fix assured trust
On things *terrene*, of which thou'lt be denuded,
And which with thee must end in rotten dust.
Shall such a Subject base, and Object vile,
Thee thus transport, thy reason so beguile?

47. From living Fire eternal, Soul, thou came,
And art ordain'd a Vessel for thy God,
A *Lamp* of light with ever burning flame,
Infus'd with Grace, with *Angels* to accord.
Stain not thy *Birth*, nor worth of such a price,
Nor *Bastard* prove to follow curs'd Vice.

48. The

48. The World for thee God framed, (thee before,)
And all things therein for thy good also;
And reason gave thee up to mount and soar
To things sublime, above what's here below:
Shall thou to him ungrateful then appear,
Since all he seeks is only *Praise* and *Fear*?

49. Things here do fade, ev'n while we them do use;
Neither in them can true *Contentment* be,
On which the *Wise-man* hath engraven thus,
Of Vanities all things are Vanity.
With such things then do not thy self corrupt,
On which there is a Beacon such set up.

50. Thou then, my *Soul*, exalt thy self on high,
Be blind no more, serve God with all thy might;
Let *Folly* sink, let painted *pleasure* dye,
Shun *darkness* deep, and walk in blessed *Light*:
For Earth yields *Toyl*, *Care*, *Discord*, *Pain* and *Grief*;
But Heaven *Rest*, *Comfort*, *Concord*, *Peace*, *Relief*.

Nature

Natures Sermon:

OR,

A MEDITATION *on this* Visible *World, as it shews forth the Glory of the* Invisible *GOD.*

ROuze thee my Soul from *vulgar thoughts*, and look
Upon the *Characters* of *Natures Book.*
Read o're its *Pages*, search and seek the *sense*;
And trace the *footsteps* of a God from thence.
Dive in the *meaning*, and thou there shalt see
The *Pourtraicture* of divine *Majesty* (lye
Though in *dark draughts.* For though this Book doth
All guilded over, shining to the Eye
Of every man; yet few there are who do
Its speech and various *pages* look into.
And yet amongst these few, who o're do turn
And pry into the *Caverns* of this Urn
Of *Natures Secrets*, (which as Corps in Tomb
There lye interr'd, or as the Child in Womb,)
Fewer are they, yea greatly fewer, who
Attain the *Workman* by the *Work* to know.
For though there's none, who do behold this frame,
But must admit a Workman of the same,

What

What e're they do profess; yet there's none, who
Can, who this Workman is, perceive or know,
But they to whom he doth himself reveal,
Whose Souls he makes his powerful working feel.

Now since my Mind like *Morning-Lark* aspires,
Wing'd with high thoughts unto his Praise to rise,
I do intend with *Modesty* to look
Upon the Pages of this *opened Book*;
That having read on them attentively,
I thus may come the *Author great* to see.

O *spotless thou*, who dwells in Heavens bright,
Impervious to *sublunary* light,
Who dost all things created once uphold,
A smile give on my Undertaking bold;
And chase away Clouds dark'ning my *Engine*,
For at my high attempt my Wits repine.
O make all those in Ignorance who rest,
And are with want of Knowledge sore oppress,
Unto thy Heaven for to lift their Eye,
That while the fixed twinkling Orb they spy,
And wonder at, as also how that time
Its motion keeps; they by these Works of thine
May come thy Power and Wisdom for to see,
Who the huge *bulk* of Heaven, Earth and Sea,
By the almighty *Arm* conserves, and who
By *Law* eternal dost them order so
That they pass not their bounds; all which we see
For ends most wise created for to be.

All that I see, about, below, above,
Which always in a fixed Order move,
Do every day, yea hour, with tacit speech,
Thy Power and Wisdom, *Great Creator*, preach.
And though the frame cohering fixt doth stand,
The parts of all being closely tyed, and

Observe

bſerve the Laws made by the Lord alone,
et have they not one *diſpoſition:*
or the fair *ſtarry Region* 'bove the Skye,
nd *Heavens Palace* it ſurpaſſing high,
erpetually their *State* do all obſerve,
nd never from it to Corruption ſwerve;
ut whatſoe're below the Moon doth ſtay,
ſtill unfix'd, doth change, and waſt way,
oth dye, and in one State doth not remain,
nd yet again doth dye to live again.
For in this Worlds under-part I ſee
ontinual *Diſcord* always for to be,
s beswixt *moiſt* and *dry*, and *cold* and *heat:*
lay I not ſee, how *Water Earth* doth meet,
nd would it overflow, had not the Lord
n Wiſdom great them for to make accord;
y making *Hills and Mountains* to aſcend,
nd contrar'wiſe low Valleys to deſcend;
y making alſo hollow *gaps* to be,
nd ſeting *limits* to the raging Sea?
or God of old did mind the good of Man,
nd made the Sea, the Earth which over-ran,
nto one place it ſelf for to contain,
nd ſo did make the face of Earth be ſeen;
hat Man, that dwells on Earth, might lift his Eye
Into the *ſhining Walls* of Heaven high;
nd ſince he cannot earthly Members raiſe
o things divine, his mind may them comprize.
Vhen as I view the ſpacious *Univerſe*,
Vhoſe ſtore and riches none could e're expreſs;
s various *parts* likewiſe and beautiful
nd comely *Order*, which doth to the full
ppear in their *Connexion*; then I am
orc'd to acknowledge Skill, beyond what Man

Could

Could ever yet find out, and power which doth
Infinitely poor Man transcend above.
When I behold that multitude of great
Illustrious Balls, which round their way do make
About this Earth, and notice take of the
Vicissitude, which every where I see,
In the *yearly seasons*, and in *day and night*;
Oh doth there not appear unto my my sight
Most weighty Reasons for the same, so that
Nothing could therein altered be, but what
Would make all like a *dislocated joynt*,
Or *compass-needle*, sever'd from its point?
Who gave the Sun command to run its course,
And as it were to be the Spring and Source
Of sweet benigne *Influences* of heat?
As also for to prove unto our feet
A bright *illustrious Taper* all the day?
Who *chalked* out the *oblique Zodiack way?*
Wherein the *Sun*, as by a *constant Law*,
It self in Winter doth so far withdraw
From *overheated Earth*, as gives it leave
To *cool*; and yet that it may Earth relieve
From chilling cold, (as if it sympathiz'd
With its conditions,) sends a pleasant *brieze*
Of healthful *thawing wind*, for to make way
For its *enlivening heat*, which all the day
Imparts its usefull *presence*; which doth make
The *fruits* to ripen, and the *herbs* to take
A further increase of their growth; yea we
Our selves likewise its use do feel and see?
Who was't who did appoint the *Moon* to be
For the Night season *the Suns Deputy*,
And made it for to go a little out
Of the *Sun's Walk*; and thereby Earth throughou

To cause the hideous *darkness* flee away:
That thus by *Sun and Moon* their course and way,
We might our time divide in *Months and Years*;
And might, (when as the *Sun and Moon* appears
Bright, without Clouds them covering) make tryals
Of th' hours by *Solar and Nocturnal Dyals?*
Who was't, who did appoint the Air to be
An *Aviarii*, wherein Birds might flie,
And bright transparent *Vehicle* of Light,
And *Treasury*, which doth all creatures right
(Which Senses have) supply with *vital* breath?
Yea God as a great *Spunge* it placed hath
To entertain the *Vapours*, which in floods
Do flow from Earth and Sea, and are in clouds
Exhal'd from thence, and *squeezed* out in *showers*
For *nourishment* of Trees and Herbs and Flowers,
And for refreshing of these places, where
No other *Water-buckets* do repair.
A *receptacle* this is to the *Winds*;
Which as a *cleansing Fan* the Earth refines
From *putrid Vapours*, and do check the heat
Of *Summers Noon-tide Sun*, and fitly meet
And welcome every season, and attend
At every quarter of the Earth: These bend
With *mighty blasts* the *out-stretch'd swelling Sails*
Of deeply loaden *Ships*, which of the *Whales*
Do check the *bigness*, and which do upon
The Sea o're *Fish* exerce dominion.
What is there here presented to my sight,
Which may me not irradiate with light
In seeing the *Creator?* what is here
Wherein he doth not to my sight appear?
Do I not see him, when I view the *Sea*,
How it doth ebb and flow, wherein there be

Such

Such store of *living Creatures*; which is made
A *publick way* to carry on our *trade?*
Do I not see him; when I view the *Earth*,
Whereon we have our *Being*, *Life and Breath*;
And from its *bowels* that whereon we live:
Whose *Superfice* to us doth likewise give
A place of *dwelling*; and whereon also
Beasts of all sorts made for our use do go;
On whose rough Belly *Insects* creep we see;
And above which the *Birds and Fowls* do flie?
Whence then have all their *rise?* whence do they
Their *first beginning?* since they do proclaim (claim
Some wise and mighty curious *Artist*, who
In such a stately *Fabrick* us doth shew
Such *Architecture* rare? sure we may see
Some *Hieroglyphicks* of *Divinity*
Engraven on them all. What madness then
Is it for some their *reason* to *restrain*,
And *fear* their *judgment*, when they do deny
The *Worlds frame to preach a Deity!*
Can we imagine *Atoms for to fall*
Together, and the Worlds Original
Thus to compose? or can the *World make*
It self, or chuse what form for to take,
Before it had a *being?* or *in time*
From everlasting did the *Planets* shine?
No, No; some *curious Worker* hath been here
And *stretch'd* the *Line* and *Plummet*. Oh come near
Touch, *taste*, *smell*, *see and hear*; and then with me
Thou doubtless wilt cry out, *A Deity!*
Since then there is a *God*, and *can't but be*,
Who did at first spread out the *Heavens* high,
The *Earth*, and *all* which we do see or know;
And who doth yet *conserve* and *govern* so

What

What he at first did make; whom all obey
Whether in *Heaven*, or this *mould of Clay*:
Rouse thee my Soul, and see if thou canst spy
The fair *Idea* of the *Deity*;
The steps of *Natures Ladder* mount and climb,
Until thou do arrive and reach to him;
On th' *Worlds mirror* look, if thou can'lt so
His *Attributes* attain aright to know.
But Oh too bold *Attempt!* my *sp'rits* relent,
My *thoughts* affrighted stand, my *Heart* doth faint,
When as I strive to cast my mind on thee,
And as in *transport* above Earth to flee.
Oh *pardon! pardon!* if there do appear
Any thing rashly thought or spoken here.
If in this *Earth* so many *secrets* lye,
Which never can be found out perfectly,
And if in *starry Firmament* so clear,
So many *Wonders* unto us appear,
All which *blunt reasons edge*; what shall I do
Whenas my feeble thoughts thee look unto.
Great Worlds *Architect*, thou *King of light*,
O *Sun invisible!* yet *dazling bright*,
Who to perfection never canst be sought,
Transcending all the *Circles* of our thought;
Dart in a ray of light into my mind,
That how or what to speak I so may find.
Great God, who always was, is, ay shall be,
All things that are *beginning* took from thee.
But e're the *Sun or Stars* began their race,
And e're the *Earth* had *Spring or Summers-face*,
Thou happy liv'd, World nought to thee supply'd,
For in thy self thy self thou satisfy'd.
But Oh thy *Nature* is to us unknown;
Yea, to the *Angels* never yet was shown;

That thou'rt a Spirit, things indeed do Preach;
But what a Spirit that we cannot reach:
This infinitely we far less do know,
Than *Man's Composure*'s known to Beasts below.
Three ways Man useth of thee to conceive:
First, from th' appearances that things here have
Of the *Creator*; which although they be,
Most glorious in themselves, and shew that he
Is infinitely some great *Artist*, who
In such a *Fabrick* vast his Skill doth show:
As oft, with faint and feeble thoughts, we call
Heaven thy Throne, *thy Footstool* this Earth's *ball*,
And say, Day glances from thine eyes, and Night
From thy *Vest's spangles* takes its *starry light:*
Yet Oh all these do little shew of thee,
Who art wrapt up in dark infinity!
And though blest he doth use to stoop so low,
As for to take the *Names* of things below,
Where seemeth Worth or Beauty for to ly;
Thus coming down to our *Capacity:*
Yet none of these, yea all, cannot hold forth
What he is fully, or make known his worth.
But yet amongst them all, there's none so right
His Nature that holds forth, as doeth *Light*.
For as it doth more glorious appear
Than any other *Creature*; so here
It doth his glory faintly shaddow out:
And as to the *Creation* all throughout
Its *lustre* doth impart, without which all
Things here the horrid darkness should impall,
And this magnifick *Palace* which we see
Into a *Dungeon* quickly chang'd should be:
So things no Beauty could have in the least
Without Him, neither could at all subsist;

Of things should be no being, were not He :
But Oh impossible Him not to be !
Next Light doth in the *twinkling of an Eye*
Throughout the World all most swiftly flee :
So doth the Lord all things *at once* perceive,
Not successively as poor Men conceive.
And as the light *sweet heat* with it doth bring,
And with the same doth cherish every thing :
So God to all his *Creatures* doth give
Sweet Influences which do make them live.
Again as Light's from imperfection free,
Neither is tainted with *impurity*,
Though it with Dung it self communicate :
Even so the divine *Majesty*, though that
With *Sin and Hell* he always present be,
Yet still is *purely purest purity*.
And lastly though the Light the fairest be
Of any thing created that we see,
Yet in the *dazling* both the Eye and Mind
It proves *more dark* than any thing we find :
By it indeed all things are to us shown ;
Yet is it self, by which we know, *unknown*.
The same of God we do affirm, for though
It is by him that we all things do know ;
Yet if unto that *dazling Light* our Face
We lift, then *darkness* of our Eyes takes place :
Yet is't not *want of light* our Eyes comprize,
But *Mists* that from *too much of light* arise :
And so by God though all things are us shown ;
Yet is himself, by whom we know, *unknown*.

The *next way* man doth take to mount the hight
Of seeing of thy Countenance so bright,
Is by considering *what perfections* here
Thy Creatures all scatteringly do bear ;

Even those who *sense*, and those who reason want,
But chiefly those who bear of thee the stamp.
Which if they *shadows of perfections* be
In such, then *infinitely* them to thee
We *attribute*; as *Mercy*, *Majesty*,
Wisdom, *Power*, *Justice*, *Truth*, *Excellency*,
Holiness, *Goodness*; which we think to shine,
As comely *Features* in Nature divine.
Which Names since from the *Creature* we take,
And whose significations partake
Of th' *Imperfections* which accompany
Created Nature; cannot signifie
Or hold forth rightly what *perfections* are
In *him*, but as to us they do appear:
For no *perfections* such in him there be,
But one entire Perfection is he.

The *last way* that poor Men do take to climb
Unto the blessed *Vision* of him,
Is by *removing* of what they do see
Of *imperfection* in themselves to be,
Infinitely from the bless'd God of light,
And faintly thus their minds to him they lift.
Which way, though in the knowledge it admit
The greatest imperfection, yet it
The *greatest length* of knowledge is, that we
Can, while on Earth, attain *bless'd Lord* of thee.

For when we see the *Creatures* below
Bounded to be, them *finite* thus we know;
Which once remov'd from him *infinitely*,
We come to know him *infinite* to be.
And when *Time* us to *bound* we do perceive,
Then of him as *eternal* we conceive.
And since he doth *not Changes underly*,
Then we to him *immutability*

Do attribute. So likewise when we see
Him *uncompounded* wholly for to be,
Then him we do pronounce *most simply one.*
And when as we do see that he is none
Of things which we do by our *senses reach,*
That he's *a Spirit* this to us doth preach.
Thus do we come Gods *Attributes* to see,
But yet attain not to the *Trinity* ;
That there's *one God* most blessed we perceive,
But *three and yet but one,* we can't conceive.
Three Persons, yet One God ; One God, yet Three
Bless'd Persons ; Oh unfathom'd *Mystery !*
A *Mystery* that of our thoughts the height
Doth far exceed, wrapt up in darkning light.
And though *Scholasticks* used have to strive
Into this greatest Mystery to dive ;
Yet when they strove this *Paradice* by sense
To pierce, a *Cherub* still hath barr'd them thence.
Of whom some thus of the great God conceive ;
As if th' *Father* eternally should have
Taken delight, with *Contemplation* rare
In his bless'd self, and thus his *Image fair*
Should have *result,* even his *Eternal Son :*
From both of whom eternally should come
The *Holy Spirit,* from that *Love* hath been
Them both *transmitted mutually* between.
So (though unlike) whenas the *Sun* doth rise,
He in a moment strait *begets* his rays ;
And from them both doth come, as we may see,
The pleasant light, which through the World doth flee.
So in our Souls, the *Understanding, Will,*
And *Memory,* though three, yet one are still.
Oh *sacred Triad !* I am stricken blind
Whenas I think on thee, as if to find

Thy *Nature* I were able, or thy *worth*
Unmeasurable I could measure forth.
Ah I'm become like to a *Pilgrim*, who
Doth o're the *Alps* high tops in Journey go:
When he some heaps of Hills hath overwent,
Begins to think his Journey is near spent;
Until ascending some high Hill, he find
More *heights* before him than he left behind.
Just so while I my Faculties would raise
To the *unbounding Circuit* of thy Praise,
Some part of way I thought to have o'rerun;
But now I see I scarce am yet begun.
But here I must leave off, least it with me
Do prove, as oft it happens with the *Fly*,
Which wondring at a *Lamp* or *Candle* bright,
Them round doth flee, until that by the *light*
(Too near approaching) stiffled, it do dye,
And falling down in th' *Oyl*, it drown'd do lye:
Even so, lest I thus stiffled be with light,
Which, blazing from thine Eyes, doth blind my sight;
With this I will conclude, and all upbind,
The more I search, the more I fall behind.

The

The Search:

OR, AN ENQUIRY AFTER RELIGION.

WHere *is Religion?* where I say?
Where doth it hide it self to day?
For though I look both here and there,
Yet find I it scarce any where.
Sure in no outward thing it doth
Consist, but flies the sight above.
Reason, when seeking it to find,
Must needs confess it is but blind.
Though Men should go from *Pole to Pole*,
And travail through the *World* whole;
At length yet should they forced be
To say it's not in Earth or Sea.
Fame, *Honour*, *Beauty*, *Riches*, *Pleasure*,
Cannot impart to Men this *Treasure*:
Yea contrar'wise God oft doth smile
On Men, in *Sickness*, *Want*, or *Jail*.

All things on Earth do eccho forth
Their ignorance of its great worth.
In *Trade and Shops* we may complain
That this is scarcely to be seen.
Its given but to *few*, *few*, *poor*;
And yet to *fewer* who have *power*.
With greatness it doth not remain:
The *rich* cannot by Gold it gain.
'Tis *seldom* given *Countrey Clown*;
But yet more *seldom* to the *Crown*.
It *never* doth approach the door
Of those who serve the *Scarlet Whore*.
To some, from *Cradle* to their *Bier*,
This light doth never once appear.
The *Courtiers* at it do flout,
From *Colledges* its oft shut out.
The *Clergy*, when they Preach and Pray,
Drive it sometimes from *Church* away.
At *Barr* it very oft doth stand;
And is excluded by command.
In *Cities* scarce it can abide;
And oft in *Desarts* doth reside.
By sweet *Perfumes* oft-times 'tis choak'd;
And oft from out *fair Houses* lock'd.
No *Hawk* could e're it flie about;
Nor *Hound* by smelling find it out.
None can at *Races* it o'retake;
Neither in *War* it Captive make.
It doth not in the *Army* prance,
Nor after sweet-ear'd Musick dance.
The *Mariner* doth mostly fail,
To have it blow to fill his Sail.
It will not with *full Stomachs* dine,
Nor sit at *brimful Cups* of Wine.

Many

Many on them its *livery* wear,
Who yet do *Sathans Image* bear.
Contentions it ever ſhuns:
From *factious Sp'rits* it always runs.
Who are *abroad* more than at *home*,
For it we fear have *little room*.
It loves not *many words* to uſe;
Nor with *high Tropes* men to amuſe.
On thoſe who read *voluminous Books*,
It *often* very faintly looks.
The *witty Brains*, which ſubtil be,
Can it in no fine Notions ſee.
For why, this only doth *accrew*
To thoſe, it *rightly* who purſue,
And ſerve God *truely*, not in ſhew:
Who are in truth but *very few*.
Which is the perfect way, how I
The number of my dayes may ſpye?
What *Method* ought I for to take,
A reckoning of my Months to make?
By what *Ar'thmetick* ſhall I come,
Of all my Years to find the ſumme?
Shall I intend, without remorſe,
To ſtrive to mount the lofty Horſe
Of *Honour*, on its back to ride
With eaſe, while I on Earth abide?
Nay, that is wrong; for why, God hath
Said, *ſeek not great things on the Earth*.
Shall I then love thoſe things, that be
Delightful to the Heart and Eye?
And on the contrare without meaſure,
Hate each thing that's not *ſauc'd* with *pleaſure*.
Nay, that is wrong, for ſuch things be
In Gods ſight *wholly Vanity*.

Shall

Shall I seek for great store of *Gold*,
To heap up *Riches* manifold,
Seeking with ardency to be
Kept from the Pest of *Poverty?*
Nay, that is wrong; for God doth say
That *hated by him* is this way.
Shall I a *Cheirographer be*,
To look upon my Hands, and see
What every Line doth there portend
Concerning Life or hasty End?
Or shall I prove *Astrologer*
To gaze upon the Stars, that there
I learn from their *Courses* may,
And their *Conjunctions*, on what day
I am to dye, and by what way?
Nay, these are wrong; for God doth such
Put *in Catalogue with the Witch.*
Shall I then spend my Time and Age
In reading o're each line and page
Of *thousand Volumes?* shall I strive
Into all *Learning* for to dive?
Nay, that is wrong, for even this
By God is called *wearinesse.*
Shall I then spend my Life and Breath,
All time I stay upon this Earth,
In reading upon *Sacred Writ*,
That so I certainly by it
May find the right and perfect way
To know the summe of Mon'th and day,
And of each Year; and so may tend
From *certain Life* to *certain End?*
Yea, this is *right*; for God doth say,
That this, this only is the way,

Where-

Wherein we find *eternal Life*;
All other ways engend'ring ſtrife,
And *certain Death*, if without this;
Which only leads to perfect Bliſs.

AN
Adumbration of ETERNITY.

IF all the *Stars* ye could define,
Which in the *Firmament* do ſhine,
If ye could all the *drops of Dew*,
And of the *Sea* and *Waters* ſhew,
The *Snow fleeces*, *ſtones of Hail*,
And *drops of Rain*, if ye could tell;
Each Spring the *Flowers* which do grow,
The *colours*, *ſmells*, if ye could ſhow,
How much of *fruit*, as *Grape* or *Pear*,
In *Autumn* ſeaſon doth appear,
The *grains* in Summer, great and ſmall,
Tree-leaves which Winter makes to fall,
In th' World the *Animals* that be,
The *Attoms* which through air do flee,
The *Hair* and *Wool* on Beaſt that breed,
Birds *feathers*, *Hairs* upon our Head;
And add the *Sand* which Coaſt doth yield,
And *Graſs* which groweth in the Field;
Yea for each *moment* which hath come,
And been ſince *World* hath *begun*,
The *ſumme* the greater for to make,
Myriads of Years if ye do take;

Yea

Yea and moreover, if that ye
A *thousand times* should multiply
All these huge *Numbers*, and should them
Double and triple yet again:
Yet thy *Ar'thmetick* cannot teach,
How far *Eternity* doth reach.

Contentment.

O Gracious Lord, I foolishly
Accuse thee of my *Misery*;
For why its only I, from whom
My sorrows and my griefs do come.
I foolishly complain, the way
Who know from *darkness* to convey
Light, and who may likewise *the breath*
Of *life* draw from *the gates* of *Death*:
And yet do still my self annoy,
And keep from having solid joy.
Wormwood doth not *honey* yield,
Thistles growing in the Field
Grapes do never bear; ev'n so
He that thinks that joys do grow
On earthly things, *fruit* seeketh on
Such *barren Trees* as beareth none.
Things *pleasant* to our *outward* sight,
Great Palaces which shine most bright
With Silver, Gold, *Kings high descent*
Beauty, *Pleasure*, are but *paint*.

All

All that doth to you appear
By both *Eye*, *and Hand*, *and Ear*,
Are but *duſt and ſhadows*, which
Our ſenſes fooliſhly bewitch:
Whereof we dream, and dream again,
While we in times ſhort night remain.
That which hath been is nothing now,
What cometh will be but a ſhew,
And ſoon will paſs, and nothing prove:
Wilt thou then ſo much *nothing* love.
Go then, O *Miſer*, ſpread thy ſails
Unto this Wind ſo oft which fails,
And (which none will but a mad Man,)
Go *catch thy ſhadow if thou can.*
That which doth paſs away from thee
Thou ought to *ſuffer* willingly,
And *prudently* thoſe things to ſeek,
Which as thou pleaſeſt thou may keep.
What profit were it to poſſeſs
This great and ſpacious *univerſe*;
If, when times ſhort *Hour-glaſs* is run,
We find *eternal Woe* begun.
How much more wiſe is he that doth
His Life ſo order, as to move
And walk in *harmleſs*, *holy wayes*;
Still ſpending thus his *happy dayes*,
Until he reach the *heav'nly gate*,
Where his deſires and joyes await.
If then thou do deſire to have
A taſte of *Joyes* that won't deceive;
And ev'n on Earth to live a Life,
So far as can be, void of *ſtrife*,
And *grief*, and *pain*, then *moderate*
Thy *wiſhes*, *joyes*, *and fears*; ſo that

Thou

Thou keep thy mind *ſerene*, and it
Quietly to thy God commit.
Without this *ſphere* if thou do go,
Moving *outwards* too or fro,
Thou ſhalt live unquietly,
And thy ſorrows many be.
But if thou do yet deſire
Furthermore for to inquire
For *Contentment true*; behold
Its ſpring and ſource I will unfold.
True *Contentment* being hath
From *Chriſts holy Life and Death*,
By *the Spirit* to us *ſhown*,
By *Faith applyed* as our own.
Bleſs'd is he who pleaſure takes
Herein, him it happy makes.
Riches do not move his mind,
Earthly loves do not him blind:
True worth only him doth move,
He *covets* only things above.
All theſe things that Men deſire
He eſteems but as the mire;
All earthly joys are but a toy
That he may his Lord enjoy.
That which Men do commonly
Think *Affliction*, he doth ſee
To be eaſie, light and ſweet,
If *Chriſt* thereby he may meet.
When, if that *Chriſt abſent* be,
Comfort he thinks *Tyranny*.
Gladly on *Chriſts Croſs* doth he
Think upon, where he doth ſee,
Though *overclad with Death*, a *Life*
Happy without grief or ſtrife.

He hath got from God the way
Bread from *Stones* for to convey,
And to bring *Honey* at a call
From the hard and *flinty Wall.*
This, this only is the thing,
Which Contentment true doth bring,
And doth yield a *conſtant Feaſt*
Within the *Cloſet of the Breaſt.*
But, Oh, upon the other ſide,
What a conſtant *running* Tyde
Of *Cares* and *Griefs* doth carry thoſe
Who this Pearl want or loſe.
But the holy Soul doth know
Where this *rareſt Fruit* doth grow,
Of which he would not robbed be
For *all Contents* on Earth that be.
This doth yield *foretaſts* of Heaven,
Which are but unto few given;
This he in *earneſt knows*, although
He doth not it to others ſhow.
He *converſes* here with God
Whether by the *Word or Rod*;
And counts it *greateſt joy*, that he
Correcteth his Iniquity.
Nothing he doth fear but ſin,
Which he greatly ſtrives to win.
He ſlights not, yet he fears no Foe,
If God and Conſcience with him goe.
Death, which commonly we ſhun,
He doth greatly wiſh to come,
Grieving on this Earth to ſtay,
Wiſhing for to be away.
Yet in this ſubmit he doth,
To *Gods holy Will* above.

This

This, this, is the happy Life,
Void of *sorrow*, void of *strife*:
Which none on Earth do know, but those
To whom God doth the same *disclose*.
This is the *sphere of true Content*,
For which all *Mortals* here are bent:
But most have such an erring sight,
That still the wrong they take for right.

An OCCASIONAL

Morning Soliloquie.

OH Lord! how dull am I, who can't arise,
Or *sleep* and sloth shake from my drowsie Eyes;
When as the *Sun*, though unto me unseen,
Four hours above our *Horizon* hath been:
Which shining every where, with Rays most bright,
Hath darted in the silver winged light
Upon my closed Eyes, through Window-glass,
Thus making to my *Nobler-part* address.
How canst *thou*, who art *not of matter* made,
Lye closed up in such a drowsie shade,
As is that *Couch*, or thus so far give way
Unto thy *lazy falling House of Clay*?
Of God it is its true to entertain
Sleep, that thou may'st thy body thus sustain,
While as it is his will to keep thee here?
But oh should thou to it *allegiance* swear

As

As to a Master! Count'st thou *Earth* thy *Throne*,
Which is made for thy feet to trample on?
Dost thou no higher than do *Brutes* aspire?
Dost thou not mount unto some other *quire*,
Than what thou dost through thy *two Windows* see?
Look in upon thy self, view, view, what be
Those *lineaments* divine, and what that frame
Which thou *contemplatest*? Should thou then stain
Thy noble self in such a manner? raise
Thy *thoughts* from Earth? let it not thee entice
With *carnal Oratry*? Nay, nay, thou must
On *Heaven* set thy Mind, and not on *Dust*,
If thou would happy be. Here thou shalt stay
At *longest* some few years, and then away
Shalt far from hence remove! Lov'st thou to be
On Earth for ever? here what can'st thou see,
Thy stay on it, vain it, for to invite?
Can'st thou account such *banishment* so sweet,
As is thy being from thy God, or love
To be *sequestrat* from his house above?
Oh mount unto that Light which doth controul
All darkness, and doth shine upon that Soul
Which *watchful* is, at midnight; Rise I say,
And do thy work, for time posts fast away.
Rise from thy drowsie Couch, and do not close
Thy Eyes again, it's long since I arose.
These Cogitations being darted in,
The Sun appearing, as if it my sin
Should in this manner tacitly reprove:
I now do raise my self, and look above.
Oh surely, surely, it is base indeed,
That when the *labouring man*, to win his Bread
Doth rise so soon, and when with *Morning Sun*
The *sweet-mouth'd Birds* their Praises have begun;

In *Death-like sleep* clos'd up for to betray
My self of *sweetest hours*; when as the day
Is given me to see *God's Works*, and hear
What he by them doth speak; that so admire
I may his great and glorious *Majesty*,
And endeavour with all my strength to be
Conformed to his Will; him to obey,
While as upon this *sinful Earth* I stay.

AN

EJACULATION

CONCERNING

TIME.

LOrd, since I do perceive *how fast* my *Soul*
Doth sail through time and nothing to controul
And stop its course; and how that every *knell*
And *passing sound*, (which of the day doth tell
Each twenty-fourth part,) makes me thus to think,
I draw by so much nearer to the brink
Of *Death*, and to the *period* of my *Life*;
(*Uncertain Life!* which by the *fatal Knife*
Shalt fade and flee!) Oh grant me Lord to take
My *Years* to serious reckoning, and to make
Improvement of my time, that of each day
To thee a rent and tribute I may pay:
For why, the borrowed *loan* alone is mine,
But both the Talent and the Increase thine.

The

The Landskip.

1 HEre I do lye alone,
Upon a pleasant height,
And have a *Landskip* of the Earth
Presented to my sight.
2 I am enclos'd with *flowers*,
And *trees* of sundry sort,
Repleniſhed with *Birds*, which to
Their Houses do resort.
3 Where some do flie, some sit
The *branches* green among,
Filling the Wood with various Notes
Of their Harmonious Song.
4 Lo, on the other side
Do pleasant *Meadows* lye,
Encompaſſed with *Corns*, *Vines*,
And *Orchards* pleasantly.
5 Beside which I behold
The *pleasant River* run,
Reflecting back the scorching rayes
Down darted by the *Sun*.
6 Whose middle is all cloath'd
With *Sails* which lye along;
And by whose banks some *swim*, some *fish*
The Bushes green among.

7 And here a *silver stream*
To mitigate the *heat*
Doth gush out from the *flinty Rock*,
Not far below my Feet.
8 The aspect of all things
Is such unto mine Eye,
As audibly doth seem to *preach*
The power and majesty,
9 And *Wisdom* great of him,
Who, for his own Names sake
Doth yet uphold and govern so
What he of old did make.
10 Yea not a pile of *Grass*,
Which abject seems and vile,
But doth the same shew clearly forth
With *tacit* voice and smile;
11 Yea *Natures Chymist* too
The honey-gathering *Bee*,
To me a Lecture doth hold forth
Of greatest *industry*.
12 Shall I alone be *dumb*,
When God alone to me
A mouth did give, his glory and
His praise to raise on high:
13 And gave me (being Man)
Reason things for to know,
As *center* of the Earth to give,
Praise for the things below.
14 Nay since it is his Will
That Men should praises give,
And glorifie his holy *Name*,
By whom they move and live;

15 With all my ſtrength and might
I'le ſtrive for to obey,
And with uplifted *mind* to him,
With *Tongue* thus humbly ſay;
16 *High* art thou, *higheſt Lord*,
Thy *glory* can't be told;
Surpaſſing far the *ſtarry frame*,
When in our ſight enroll'd.
17 *Wiſe* art thou, *wiſeſt God*,
Above what we can know,
When as thou haſt thy *footſtool Earth*
With wiſdom ordered ſo.
18 Great Worlds *Architect*,
Whom none can comprehend,
With earneſtneſs I thee intreat,
Into my mind to ſend
19 Thy *Grace*, and to conduct
And keep me in thy wayes;
That all my *work*, while here on Earth,
May be to *Pray and Praiſe*.
20 Oh! therefore help me Lord,
Part of my time to ſpend
In that, which *after time* ſhall be
My *Work* which ne're ſhall end.

A Reflection on a suddain Alteration of Mind to the better.

1 Whence come these *Rayes*
To *Heart and Eyes*,
So dead and dark before?
What makes my *mind*
Just now inclin'd
To *sloth*, awake and soar?

2 Sure I espye
That it's not I
That sets my mind on fire,
Since even now,
I clearly view
On sin was my desire.

3 Nor possibly
Can it be *He*
Who once from Heaven fell;
Else should this Fire
Not up aspire,
But savour should of Hell.

4 No; its *my God*,
Who hath abode
And dwells in pureſt light,
Who doth attend,
And me doth ſend
Eye-ſalve to cure my ſight.

5 Who with a *ſmart*
Doth wound my Heart,
And make me grieve for ſin;
A *ſmart* yet which
Containeth much
Of *ſweet* to me therein.

6 Who doth incline
Without repine
My *Will*, and makes me *love*
What I of late
So much did *hate*;
And ill doth far remove.

7 Thoſe then do lye
Who do deny
That God doth rule the Will,
Since he alone
Its motion
Conſerveth as he will.

8 Him, him, therefore
I will adore
And *call* upon his Name;
Since he alone
As from the Throne
My wilfull Will doth tame.

9 My *Lips* I'le give
A *Sacrifice*
To him, his love to sound.
My *Tongue* alway,
To dying day,
His *Praises* shall resound.

10 Up then, my Soul,
All *Mists* controul
From Earths dark dungeon cast:
Mount to the light,
Which gives thee sight,
And shall, when time is past.

A

SOLILOQUIE

CONCERNING

DEATH.

1 HEre, here, *O my Soul*,
Thou shalt not ever stay,
But, without all controul,
Quickly shalt flie away,
Thither, where ever,
Thou shalt remain,
And never, for ever,
Return again.

2 When

2 When *Death* ſhall make a wound
Thorough thy fainting Heart,
And break the *Cords* that bound
Thee, that thou may'ſt depart;
That ſo, thou mayeſt go
Far, far, from thence,
Leaving ſo Earth below
Flying from hence:

3 *Immortal* thou ſhalt prove
Then from that very day,
Soaring all ſin above,
Which then ſhall quite decay.
Through the Skie thou ſhalt flie,
'Till thou arrive
At Heavens Port and Fort,
Of bliſs the hive.

4 Thy *Corps* muſt ſtay behind
Wrapt up in Earth and Duſt;
Which again thou ſhalt find,
On th' day when the juſt
Shall here on Earth appear
With Mirth and Joy,
Whom grief ſhall as a Thief
No more annoy.

5 In Heavens *Palace* bleſt
Thou ſhalt with Joy behold
Happineſs, *Peace* and *Reſt*,
Which none can here unfold.

There

There thou'lt raise *Hymns* always,
And sit and sing
Joyful *Praise* all thy dayes,
To *Heavens King.*

6 Here, here, then *my Soul,*
Thou shalt not ever stay,
But, without all controul
Quickly shalt flie away
Thither, where ever
Thou shalt remain
And never, for ever,
Return again.

The Riddle.

RAis'd at the first from *Mother Nothing* I,
Old scarce a Moment am enforc'd to dye;
Below in Earths dark *Vault* I'm plac'd and laid;
Earth though I'm *not*, yet am *by Earth survey'd*;
Robb'd by my *sources* guilt of purity,
Though *dead* I am, yet needs must *further dye*:
From endless *Death* yet freed I am by Grace,
Life by the which infus'd of me takes place;
Each of these *States* possess of me a part,
Molested by the *First*, th' *Other* hath my Heart;
In midst of which great storms I underlye,
Now *good*, now *ill*, now I'm *alive*, now *dye*;
Go therefore hence from *Death* to *Life* would I.

The

The Paradox.

Restless I'm oft, rest seeking for to find;
Free when from *restlesness* yet is my mind?
Oft subtilly *sin* doth my Soul *surprize*;
Lo, yet not *captiv'd*, I by Grace arise:
Benighted when by *melancholick* grief,
Enters my Soul a *joy of joys* the chief:
Each *dismal rumour* gives my Soul a wound;
Mount then I do whole to th' *heavenly sound.*
Rusted with *careleſness Care* doth me make;
Insnared wherewith *Care* doth me awake:
Tempted by Satan constantly I be;
Non-pluſt yet oft he ceaseth and doth flee:
God's absent oft, *leaſt absent when* from me.

An ELEGY,

To the Memory of his deareſt Brother, *J. F.* who dyed *May* 1. 1685.

WHether to write or not, or what to say
If I do write, I am in doubt; for why

My

My Month wants Words to utter *what I would*,
My Mind wants Thoughts to utter *what I should.*
Yet *Love to thee* commands me for to write:
Thy Love to me doth words to me indite.
I'le write then, though it be with greatest Grief:
'Tis like a Vent may give me some relief.
And though my *Verse* be course and evil drest,
Yet I'le not be discouraged, since best
Sackcloth befits a *Mourner*; 'tis requir'd
That such in black, not gold, should be attir'd.

Thou'rt gone, *dear Soul*, who whilst with us thou liv'd,
Great Comfort gave us, so that to be griev'd
When thou art gone, we no way can forbear,
Or think upon thee, and not drop a tear.

While as I think upon thy *Stature*, *Face*,
Thy *Words*, thy *Gifts* of *Nature*, *Learning*, *Grace*;
I'm pain'd and troubl'd without all relief;
Reason is held a *Captive* by my *grief:*
Yet when I think how from all grief thou'rt gone,
And chang'd a *Prison* for a glorious *Throne*
In such a time, when terror it's to live,
I cannot but rejoyce as well as grieve.

For why, thou'rt thither gone where thou dost see
The glorious *Persons* of the *Deity*;
Who were to thee, whilst here, and still abide
Thy loving Father, *Saviour and Guide.*
Thou'rt gone, where no *Dissentions* thou shalt see,
But where in one *Friends* do *as one* agree.
Thou'rt thither gone, where never *griefs* appear.
Thou'rt mounted up above all *sin* and *fear*
Of divine *Wrath:* Thou drinkest of the stream
Of divine *love*, which thou did so esteem (obscure
Whilst here. Thou'rt gone, where no night shall
Thy glorious day, and where no thing impure

Shall

Shall ever thee molest. Thou'rt thither gone
Where *some* surviving thee do daily groan
And pant to be. Thou needest not to fear
Sathan and his *Associates*, who here
Combine against the *Saints* with sedulous Care,
Striving their *Souls* and *Bodies* to ensnare.
Thou'rt thither gone, where cloath'd with rich (Attire
Thou joyned art to the harmonious *Quire*
Of sweet *celestial Singers*, who do raise
In highest *Notes* the great *Almighty's praise:*
With whom thou there shalt evermore remain,
Until the last great day, when thou again
Shalt come with *Christ* thy *Head*, and all the *just*,
Having put on thy *then* most *glorious dust*.
But e're the time of that *Solemnity*,
Thy *Friends* we hope shall joyned be with thee.

Merens effudit raptim & confusè
Frater superstes,

R. F.

An ELEGY,

To the Memory of the Reverend Mr. *John Sinclare*, Minister of the Gospel, who Dyed *March* 24. *An.* 1687.

WHat mean our *Tapers* to go out so fast,
And leave us in this *dismal* Night agast?

What

What makes our Stars evanish from our sight,
And from this *Hemisphere* withdraw their light?
Is't not enough that our great *Sun's* gone down?
Is't not enough that darkness us doth crown
With dusky *grief?* Is't not enough that night
Hath chas'd away the golden rays of light?
But must we likewise wholly be bereav'd
Of th' *borrow'd Light* which we from *Stars* receiv'd?
Must *Ægypts* darkness be our *fate?* must we
Nor *Sun*, nor *Moon*, nor *Star*, nor *Planet* see?
Sure we may fear that God doth *Wars* intend,
When he for his *Ambassadors* doth send.
When *Clouds* in ord'red Squadrons range, then we
May *Tempests* without doubt expect to see.
Whenas the *Husbandmen* from Field do come,
And do repose their weary'd Corps at home
In their sweet *Couch*; thence we may surely know
That *Night* doth towards its Meridian grow.
When as in *Battle* those who do command
Are slain, how can the *Infantry* long stand?
Lo (after many) how this glorious *Star*,
(Whose bright resplendent rays did shine afar)
Doth set in haste, and bid the World adieu;
Whom we on earth shall henceforth never view.
Lo how our great *Elijah's* do remove
In their triumphant *Chariots* above.
Lo how those who in our vast breaches stood,
And did oppose the highly swelling flood
Of divine *Judgments*, now are gone and fled,
And, having watch'd their turns, are gone to bed.
Such, such, was he, who now from us is gone;
So that we do not his *bless'd Fate* bemoan.
No; 'tis our own: For we by him have lost
That *Treasure* rich, which seem'd to be ingross'd

Within

Within his *Breast:* His *Piety*, which did
Shine through his Life and Walk, though mostly hid.
His *Learning*, which as the laborious Bee
He gathered had by greatest Industry.
His *Languages*, of which he had such store,
That only Fame can speak of him in more.
His *Talents* were not hid within the ground,
But did unto the common good redound.
In whatsoever Place he liv'd, his Care
Was to do good and plant *Christ's Kingdom* there.
This was his Work, when at *St. Andrews* he
Did teach true *Vertue* with *Philosophy.*
This was his Work at *Ormiston*, in which
The *Gospel* he did propagate so much:
Where (when Oppression had our Lamps put out,
Which shone that once fam'd *Nation* throughout)
In spite of Envy, by a divine hand
He was reserv'd for many Years to stand
As a publick *Beacon* for to shew the way
To *Passengers*, lest they might go astray.
Yet not content with what he did unto
His *generation*, he needs must do
What good he could to the *succeeding Age*,
And therefore did with Labour great engage
In training up the *Youth* in *Piety*,
In *vertuous Learning* and *Humanity:*
Of which his *Native Land* doth reap the gain;
For though he taught but *Boys* he made them *Men.*
This was his Work, 'till *Hell*, which much did strive
To countermine him, did at last deprive
His *Countrey* of him, causing him to flie
To *Forreign Parts* for his *security.*
Where *Strangers* more humane a Call him gave
Unto a publick *Station*; where behave

He

He did with greatest *Candor*, *Holiness*,
And *humble Vertue*; that he did express
In all his walk, the Picture of what he
Did others teach and much instruct to be.
Thus he did live, 'till *Death* at last did come
And call him to his glorious wisht-for home.
Where now in *glory* he with Saints doth shine,
And adds one more unto the *Quire* divine:
Where mounted he's above all Grief and Pain,
Whilst we below lament *our loss* in vain.

Amicus Amico, Præceptori Discipulus, eo quo potuit, licet non quo debuit affectu, parentare voluit,

R. F.

An ACCROSTICK to the Memory of Mr. *George Ried*, Deceased *Anno* 1617.

G rief both invites to write and disinvites:
E ach *Passion* somewhat, tho' confus'd, indites
O f thy great, tho' unfathom'd, *worth* to tell:
R ais'd whereunto, my *Sighs* do all unspell.
G rief makes me thus to know, they being gone
E nervates all my Powers, and makes them none.

R esign I therefore must, and only say,
I n *Losing* thee, my half seems fled away.
E ndeared *Friend*, had all thee known as I,
D eath should have envy'd thee thy *Elegy*.

Amico Charissimo Commilitoni Intimo apposuit,

R. F.

SEVERAL

SEVERAL

PSALMS

Diversly Rendered,

And on divers OCCASIONS.

The VIIIth. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 GReat Worlds *Architect*, how excellent
Is thy great *Name!* and how *magnificent*
In all the Earth! thou ever hast the same
Advanc'd most high, above the *starry frame.*
2 Those whom Men *Babes and Children* do account,
Thon mak'st all those in Knowledge to surmount,
Whom Men as wise admire, and to confound
And make their *Wisdom* as an empty sound.
3 When as I *muse*, and with attentive Eye,
View and review thy *Heavens*, which I see
About this Earth to roll, and which do shew
Thy handy-work; the *Moon* likewise which thou

For Seasons didst ordain, the *Stars* the Night
Which do adorn with their twinkling light;
4 Then do I wonder and admire, why thou
Of *corrupt Man* art mindful, thus to shew
Thy passing *Bounty*; doth he thus deserve
That thou shouldst make the *Heavens* high to serve
And wait on him! and with thy bounteous hand
Make such Provisions both by Sea and Land
To entertain him, or that thou shouldst take
5 Of him such notice! yea that thou should make
And him Create in such a State, which is
Not much below the *Angels*! and should bless
Him thus with Honour, and as with divine
Angelick glory make his Face to shine.
Yea over all thy Works to him thou gave
Dominion, and mad'st him Power to have
O're every thing hath being, or doth live:
Thou *Sheep and Oxen* for his use dost give,
7 And all the *Beasts* which in the Forrest be:
The *Fowls* which swiftly through the Air do flie,
And *Fishes* all upon the Sea above
Which swim, and whatsoe're doth *creep and move*
Upon its *sandy bottom*, or doth go
Out through its *secret passages* below.
9 Great Worlds *Architect*, how excellent
Is thy great *Name*, and how *magnificent*
In all the Earth, thou ever hast the same
Advanc'd most high above the *starry frame*.

The

The 107. PSALM *Paraphras'd.*

1 GIve thanks and praise to God, for good is he,
His Love and Mercy everlasting be.
2 Let them say so, whom he redeemed hath
From *Servitude*, and from the cruel wrath
3 Of *bloody foes*; and whom he gathered
4 From every place. They stray'd and wandered
In barren *Deserts* solitary way;
Not having *House* nor *City* for to stay
And rest their wearied Bodies; and of new
Their half consumed strength for to renew.
5 With *Thirst* and *hunger* great they fainted oft;
6 Then they in trouble to the Lord aloft
Did lift their Eye, and *cry for help*, and he
Delivered them out of their *Misery*.
7 And by *a way that's right* he did convey
Them to a *place* where safely they might stay.
8 Oh then that men would *magnifie* the Lord
For his great *goodness*, and with one accord
Would the great works which he hath done pro-
And praise his glorious and exalted *Name*. (claim,
9 For he the *longing Soul* doth satisfie,
And those that hunger fill abundantly.
10 Such as did sit in *darkness*, and did lye
In *deaths pale shadow* in great Misery,
With *fetters* bound, and in afflictions cell,
11 Because against Gods words they did rebell,
And did contemn the will of the most High;
12 Ev'n such he made full low in *dust* to lye;

So they did stoop, and fall down every one,
When them to help and succour there was none.
13 Then they to God *in trouble call'd*, and he
Delivered them out of their *Misery*,
14 And brought them out of darkness, and from fear
Of *Death*, and did their *bonds* in pieces tear.
15 Oh then that men would *magnifie* the Lord
For his great *goodness*, and with one accord
Would the great works which he hath done pro-
And praise his glorious and exalted *Name*. (claim,
16 For he the *brazen gates* hath broken up,
And hath the *Iron bars* in sunder cut.
17 *Fools* for their Sins and their Iniquities
18 Afflicted are, their Soul doth meat despise,
And they unto the *gates of death* draw near:
19 But when they cry to God he doth them hear;
And them out of their *troubles all* doth he
20 And their Distresses set at *Liberty*.
He sent his word whereby he them did heal;
21 And over *justice* mercy did prevail.
Oh then that men would *magnifie* the Lord
For his great *goodness*, and with one accord
Would the great Acts which he hath done proclaim,
And praise his glorious and exalted *Name*.
22 Let men then give their *Lips* a Sacrifice;
A thankful *heart* likewise, which God doth please.
23 Those who do through the *spacious Ocean* go
From place to place, in stately *Ships*, and who
The Sea use *as a publick way*, that they
Enjoy *Commerce* with *foreign Nations* may. (know,
24 These Gods great Works and Wonders see and
25 For he commands the *stormy Wind* to blow;
Which makes the *Sea* to *swell*, its *billows* all
To *foam*, to *roar*, to *rise aloft*, to *fall*.

26 Their

26 Their *Veſſel* mounts on top of *hill-like Waves*,
And ſeemingly the *Firmament* out-braves,
As flying to the *Heavens* at a breath;
But ſtraight doth change, and at the *gates of death*
Doth ſeem to daſh; whereby their Soul with grief
And trouble ſore is vex'd without relief.
27 Their *Veſſel* too and fro doth reel, and they
No leſs than it do *ſtagger* night and day,
Like to a man who drunken is with wine;
And thus no way of ſafety can divine.
Art here is mute, the *Maſters skill* can give
No counſel how their Lives they may relieve.
28 Then they to God in *trouble* call, and he
Delivers them out of their miſery.
29 The *ſtorm* he makes a *calm*, and ſtraight the Sea
Serene becomes, as ſmiling pleaſantly, (mourn'd,
30 Which *frown'd* before; and they who lately
Have now their *ſorrows* into *gladneſs* turn'd.
So he doth them into the *port* conduct,
For which they did with ſo much longing look.
31 Oh then that men would *magnifie* the Lord
For his great *goodneſs*, and with one accord
Would the great works which he hath done pro-
And praiſe his glorious and exalted *Name*. (claim,
32 Amidſt the People likewiſe let them ſhew
His Truth, and let his *Pruiſes* be a new
Tho' conſtant *Theme*, and when they come among
The *Elders*, a reiterated *Song*.
33 God turneth pleaſant and irriguate *Soils*
To barren *deſarts*, and where water boils
And breaketh out beneath the *little hills*,
The Valleys filling with delightful *rills*,
He cauſeth *ſcorching heat* to dry and burn,
34 And fruitful *fields* to barrenneſs doth turn;

That so he may his justice make appear
Against all those, his Name who do not fear.
35 But yet his *wrath* doth not for ever burn,
For he again the *Wilderness* doth turn
Unto a pleasant and irriguate *Soil*,
And makes the water springs again to boil
36 In the scorch'd *desart*. There the hungry he
Doth make to dwell in Cities pleasantly:
37 Where they the fields do sow at his command
And with rare *fruit* and *Vineyards* fill the Land,
38 And reap the same; he them doth likewise bless,
And they in *number* and in *herds* increase.
39 And yet again when they do him provoke,
His former *goodness* great he doth revoke;
And through *oppression* causeth them to fall,
And makes their *Cattle* few and *increase* small.
40 On *Princes* he doth pour contempt, and make
Them all their *state and grandeur* to forsake,
And wander in the *Wilderness*, where they
Can find no dwelling, neither beaten way.
41 And yet the *poor* he lifteth up on high,
Above affliction, and their *family*
In families makes grow and spread abroad
42 Like to a *flock*. This, they who wait on God
Behold shall and rejoyce; and *wickedness*
Shall stop her mouth and more and more decrease.
43 Whoso is *wise*, and doth these things observe,
Gods *love* shall see; for God doth such preserve,
And from all ill defend, and makes them so
His love and mercy ever for to know.

The

The 19 PSALM *Paraphras'd.*

1. THE *Heavens* high and rolling *Sphere*,
The comely *Stars* and *Planets* rare,
And the harmonious *motion* there
Gods glory shews;
And who the *firmament* so clear,
Or *Comets*, which sometimes appear,
Doth stand and tacitly admire
Gods works he views.

2 For day by day they, without noise
Our mind affect with *tacit voice*,
And makes us with our selves to poize
His works and ways;
And every night with *silence speech*,
They understanding do us teach,
And that he powerful is they preach
And true and wise.

3 To every Nation they appear,
Inviting men to know and fear,
Men of all *Languages* do hear
What they do say.
4 Their *harmony* through Earth is gone,
To men their *influence* is shown,
Through all the Earth their *words* are known
Both Night and Day.

A *Tent* unto the *Sun* there he
Did set, which every day we see
From *East* in State and Majesty,
For to arise;
Like to a *Bridegroom* who doth go
Forth in great state, or any who
Their art in *running* love to show
For some great prize.

He from the *East* to *West* doth tend,
And unto every thing doth send
Enliv'ning heat, and back doth bend
To *East* again.
But all these things cannot revert
A man from evil, or *convert*
The Soul, or in such sort the Heart
From Sin regain,

As doth Gods *Law*, which makes us mourn
For our Offences, and doth turn
Our Souls, and makes us to return
To God our Light.
For all his *precepts* are most sure
Making us wise: They 're right and cure
Our troubled hearts: they are most pure,
And give us sight.

The *fear* of God is good and plain,
And doth for evermore remain;
His *judgments* true and without stain;
Yea, better far,

10 And preferable ſixty fold
To the moſt pure of *Ophirs* Gold;
Than *Honey* which the *Comb* doth hold
They ſweeter are.

11 Moreover they of ſin me warn:
Yea, who doth place his great concern
In ſtudying them for to learn,
Reward ſhall have.
12 When as I muſe on them, I am
Forc'd to cry out; there is no man
The number of his ſins who can
Aright perceive.

For I my *ſecret* ſins do ſee
In number paſſing count to be,
O throughly from them cleanſe thou me,
I thee entreat.
13 And that no ſin dominion
May have my Heart and Soul upon,
Which favour may *preſumption*,
I humbly ſeek.

For then I'll be in heart upright,
And ſhall be from all fear kept right
Of that *great ſin* againſt the light
And Spirit pure.
14 My Words and Meditation
Accept thy Works and Law upon,
My *Lord*, my *Saviour* alone,
And *Strength* moſt ſure.

Thoughts upon the first PSALM.

1. THE *Name* of *Blessedness*, tho' common grown,
Yet is *it self* a *Thing* to most unknown.
False glittering *follies* blessedness we deem,
And *counterfeits* thereof it self esteem;
And on the contrar too too oft do scorn
It self, as wholly worthless to be worn.
Through ignorance we in the dark do groap
Upon this ugly *dung-hill Earth* in hope
To find that which all men have sought in vain,
And have got nothing for their pains but pain.
Would you then know who is the *blessed man*,
To whom the happy name of happy can
Be rightly attribute; would you know who?
Give an impartial ear, and I'll you show.
He who doth value him but for a *fool*,
Who is the Worlds *wise-man*, and doth rule
And square his Life by the faint *Moon-shine* light
Of *Nature* in its *wain*, and yet doth slight
The clear *Sun-shine* of *Revelation* bright.
He who doth slight the *counsel* of that man
That slights Gods Counsel, and doth what he can
By *hellish* subtle mists to cheat the sight
Of those who in the course that's right walk right.
He who is wise and watchful *those* to shun,
Who from their God and Happiness do run:
And if with such he casually fall in
Disdains *for Company's sake* to sin.

He

He who at *Godlines* doth never *laugh*,
But when he hears such *Ha's*, them turns to *Ah.*
Who doth not *jest* at Sin or Misery,
But Counsel, Prayers, Tears and Charity,
Hath ready all he can, as needs require.
Of corrupt Thoughts and Passions, who the fire,
If kindled in his *breast*, makes to expire.
Who with serene tranquil, content doth live,
Careful to God and Man their due to give.
Yet who at *chearfulness* doth not offend;
But on the contrare thus doth recommend
Religion's worth and comelines to all,
Who blindly it *Melancholy* do call.

2. He who delights in *heavenly things* above,
And only loves those things that God doth love.
Gods holy *Law* who daily doth peruse,
And on the same doth meditate and muse,
And seeks the *Spirit of Grace* the same to use.
This is the thing which doth his heart rejoyce,
This is the thing, of which he doth make choice;
Whose *Doctrines* pure, the more they do oppose
His *Lusts*, they give his Heart the more repose.
This is a *Glass*, wherein his God he views,
And whereby he his strength of new renews.
In this deep *Cavern* he doth seek and find
Great *Mysteries* unknown to humane Mind.
He who makes this his study and delight,
Who doth *transcribe* this perfect *law*, and *write*
The same upon his *heart*, and thence again
On all his *Words* and *Actions* writes the same.

3. This is the *blessed* man, the perfect one,
Ten thousand thousand other men among.
This man is like a lofty Tree that stands
Among the *lower Shrubs* and silly Wands;

Which

Which planted in a fair and lovely *Green*,
Irriguate with an healthful pleasant stream,
Is in its season due so fruitful found,
As if it had the strength of all the Ground
Monopolized to it self alone:
Thus is it with this blessed lovely One.
Yea, ev'en his outward presence looketh like
A tree that's always green, and doth delight
The eye; for tho his *Leaves* so close are set,
As if it were their *common Strife* to let
None view what's there, and stop the prying Eye
From seeing its *Fruit*; yet *this Humility*
Can no ways *cover*, but invites the sight
The more to view the *Object* of delight.
This is the man whose *leaf* doth never fade,
But unto whom each *casual thing* is made
To help him for to grow: each *Storm* and Blast
Of boist'rous Tempest makes him stand more fast.
By every change both prosp'rous and adverse,
He still doth gain more strength, and doth increase
E're he do any Action take in hand,
He doth enquire if God do it command;
And then he doth it with his strength and might,
Not doubting the event of what is right,
If rightly done, whereof he *watchful* is,
As careful not to do what's right amiss.
He doth his life and way to God commit,
Depending in each step on him, that it
He may unto a blessed Issue bring.
Thus he on God relies in every thing;
And God him blesseth in all that he does.
And if he any thing do seek or chuse
To do, than what would profitable prove
For his own good; God who sees from above,

That such like *Prayers* from *ignorance* do flow,
And not from any *perverse Lust*, doth know
These Prayers how to *answer*; tho he do
Give no *immediate Answer* him unto:
For he, to whom all things are understood,
Him gives a *solid* for a *seeming Good.*

4. Oh, how *unlike* to such a man is he,
Who loves more to seem good, than good to be!
Who hateth *Piety*, yet wears its *Mask*
For selfish ends. Oh, what an heavy task
Hath this man undertaken, who doth strive
To make both God and Man for to believe
That which himself knows to be false, who takes
Great pains for to be *damned*, and who makes
His *Conscience*, which is Gods great *Deputy*,
A *Servant* unto all his *Lusts* to be.
This man is never settled, but doth flow
By every change of *Weather* to and fro.
He's driven here and there by th' airy Gust
Of every base, impure, and monstrous Lust.
The *Chaff*, the *Dust*, the *Feather*, which we see
Driven by the wind, are toss'd no more than he.
On *Sand* he builds, and founds his foolish hopes,
And yet makes others think he overtops
Those who found on the Rock, when foolish man,
There is no *Wind* nor *Wave* so weak, but can
O'return his *weak-built Fabrick*, and make known
To what an issue all his Works are grown.

5. Poor man! he little minds that God is just,
And an Avenger of each Sin and Lust,
On those who him will neither fear nor trust.
He little minds what *Judgments* and what Snares
God even in this life for such prepares.

He

He with himself doth think, by cunning ways,
With each thing to *conform*, and so his days
In happiness and peace thus for to end.
But, oh, poor wretched man! come and attend
To what I have to say; what tho thou do
Live in this World without all cross unto
The period of thy wretched days! What then?
If *pleasure* end at length in endless *pain*?
What wilt thou do, when Death shall come and sit
Upon thy panting Heart, when to the Pit
Thou must descend, and in the same lie drown'd,
Until the day that the last Trumpet sound,
Not for thy ease, but thy compleater wound?
What wilt thou do, when from the Pit thou'rt brought,
And when each *Word*, each *Action*, and *Thought*,
Which e're thou didst, shall scanned be, and laid
In a just Ballance justly to be weigh'd
By a just Judge; poor man! where wilt thou flee
From thy incensed mighty Enemy?
How wilt thou howl and cry, poor Wretch! whe
that,
Tho miserable, *uncommiserate*,
Thy *Body* and thy *Soul joyn hands* to be
Co-partners in thy doubled misery?
What anguish will it be unto thee then,
To see those once contemn'd oppressed men,
Who possibly were injur'd, mock'd, or slain
By thee, while as thou on the earth didst stay
To enjoy now one perpetual blessed day,
In seeing of the sweet and smiling Face
Of God above, without ought to deface
Their everlasting *happiness* above,
Whose great work there will be to study *Love*:

Yea

Yea, their great study also, and their task
Of *Love's great Riddle* Questions for to ask
At *Love it self*; there they'll admire to see
Justice and *Love* so well for to agree.
Yea, there they'll have for ever for to sing,
That *Love* and *Justice* is but the same thing.
Yea more, that thing call'd *Justice*, *Love*, they'll find
Nought else to be, but the *Eternal Mind*,
Call'd after *different names*: there they shall see
Three to be one, and that *One to be Three*;
And that *Three-One Relations Three-One*,
To have *to all*, and yet to *each alone*.
Oh, *Mysteries* till then (yet then,) unknown!

6. For why? the Lord doth know him well that takes
His only pleasure in his *Law*, and makes
That his great study both by day and night,
And earnestly desires the Divine Light
To guide him rightly in the way that's right.
He knows this man full well, for even here
He *Company* with him doth bear;
And if at any time he do depart,
'Tis but to tincture, and to dye the Heart,
(When for his seeming absence he doth mourn,)
With *longings*, and when he again doth turn,
With greater *Care* and ardency of Love,
Thus he doth teach him for to mount above,
And see his God while here; and thus to know
Th' *Tracts of Wisdom*, to none which he doth show
But such as he: But for the wicked man,
Tho possibly he for a little can
Weave his *fine Cob-webs*, with much Art and Skill,
Yet certainly at length his Folly will

Come

Come to be known to all the World abroad,
At the command of the *All-ruling* God:
Who for his *Glory*'s *sake*, at last will shew,
That thô he did his thoughts and deeds all *view*,
Yet him and such as he, he never *knew*.

The CIV*th.* PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 BLess God, my Soul, and *magnifie* his Name;
But Oh! my God, how great and large a *them*
Is it to praise thee, who infinitely
Art *cloath'd* with *Honour* and with *Majesty*!
2 Who dost thy self encompass round with *light*
As with a *garment*; who the Heavens bright
Above like to a *Curtain* stretchest round;
Which as a *Vail* our outmost sight doth bound.
3 Who dost the *rain*, the *snow* and *hail* up lay
As in *store-houses*; who dost make thy way
Upon the clouds as in a *chariot*, who
Swiftly upon the wings of wind dost go.
4 Who makes thy Angels *Spirits*, and like them
Thy *Ministers* appear a fiery Flame.
5 Who by thy mighty power the *Earth* did mak
And firmly found that it should never shake.
6 Who it didst *cover* over with the *Sea*
As with a *garment*; who the Waters high
Above the highest *mountains* made'st to stand,
7 And who again by thy almighty hand
Then madest to retnrn and flee afraid,
And at thy *thunders* voice, as if dismay'd,

8 T

8 To post away. For whereas they before
When thou didst call, did pass their bounds the shoar,
And climb the *mountains*; now at thy command
Down do they run, and haste to leave the land,
Unto the place which formed is by thee
9 For their abode. About the which we see
Thou mak'st the *sand* a wall, and though they roar
They forced are to kiss and leave the shoar,
Thy will not daring for to disobey,
When nothing else their furious waves doth stay.
10 And yet through curious *Aqueducts* thou brings
From thence the *Rivers*, *Fountains* and the *Springs*,
Which run amongst the Hills and Valleys low,
Sweet to the taste, although from *Salt* they flow:
11 Here *beasts* do drink: the *asses wild* which ly
In rocky Deserts hence do satisfy
12 Their burning thirst. By these with nimble wing
Birds flie and build their Houses, which do sing
Amongst the *branches* green with chearful voice,
Filling the ear with sweet melodious noise.
13 Down from thy *watry treasures* fruitfull dew
And water sweet on Hills distilleſt thou
Which barren are; so that the *Earth* before
With scorching heat, like the unfruitful shoar
Of th' *Ocean*, Sands turn'd to be, doth now
Its *superfice* present unto our view
14 In pleasant *colours*. *Grass* in Meadows low
The Cattels native Food thou mak'st to grow:
The Herbs likewise, the which thou dost design
For man his use: from Earth thus thou dost bring
Food for all things that thereon move and live;
15 And *Wine* that gladness doth impart and give
Unto the mind of Man; *Oyl* which doth make
His Face to shine; *Bread* which makes him partake

Of strengthning Nourishment, and doth impart
Vigour and beauty unto every part.
16 *Sap* to tall trees thou likewise up dost bring,
Wherewith thou make'st their branches out to spring
And spread abroad, the *Cedars* thou make'st grow
The which thou dost on *Lebanon* bestow.
17 Where *Birds* do flocking flee their Nests to make;
As for the *Heron*, she doth chiefly take
The *Fir-tree* as her own, in which she may
Her tender young ones up in safety lay.
18 Thou make'st *wild goats* in Hills to live secure
From threatning danger: rocks a refuge sure
Thou makes for timerous *Conies*, who retire
Safely whenas affrighted sore with fear.
19 The *Moon*, which never with the self-same face
To us appears, thou makes the self-same race
For to fulfill, whereby the Months we
Do reckon up: the *Sun* likewise we see
A constant *journey* ever for to make,
Which for a rule of Days and Years we take.
From it thou mak'st the *silver-winged Light*
20 To flie abroad: to which succeeds the Night
With *horrid darkness*; wherein *Beasts* abroad
21 Do creep: the *Lions* cry, and seek from God
22 Their prey with roaring. But no sooner *light*
On Earth doth shine, but straight with all their might
They flock together and away do run
Unto their *dens*, untill dark Night hath won
23 Its former place. Whereas no sooner *light*
Hath chas'd away the dark and sleepy Night,
But man doth rise, and to his work doth go,
And therein all the day with Patience so
To Evening doth continue; till the *Sun*
(His daily race now finished) hath run

Unto

Unto his resting place, and then doth give
Man an *allarm* from labour for to live.
24 O great and glorious Lord how manifold
Are thy great works! too many to be told
By *Man* or *Angel!* which in wisdom be
As with the *line* or *plummet* made by thee:
Earth shews thy *wisdom*; and the fertile Land
The bounty great of thy enriching hand.
25 So doth this great and spacious Sea, the Sound
Of whose great *billows* roar, and which doth round
The Earth encompass; in whose bottom low
(These sandy Vallies) Beasts do creep and go
Innumerable: Fishes moving be
Upon the water; which (like *Birds* that flie)
Do swiftly move with nimble Fin and Tayl.
26 Among the which, the *Ships* with *wind-fill'd Sail*
Do plow the threatning *billows*, and do ride
On top of *hill-like Surges:* there abide
Of dreadful figure monstrous *Whales*, where they
Under the *Crystal-water* sport and play.
27 All these do wait on thee, that thou mayst meat
28 Unto them give. That which thou giv'st they eat,
And gather for their *food*: thou dost provide
29 That whereon they do live. When thou dost hide
Thy face, they troubled are: when thou from them
Their *breath* dost take, they die, and do again
Return unto the dust, whence thou didst take
At first the matter whence thou them didst make.
30 And yet again, when thou seest fit to end
The pale consuming *Famine*, thou dost send
Thy *Spirit* forth, which causes them to live:
And thus the withered face thou dost relieve
Of half consumed earth, and dost of new
With fair and fruitful seasons it renew.

31 Great God thy glory ever shall remain
Unto *Eternity*, no spot can stain
Thy spotless honour: thy great works, thy name,
When as once finish'd, shall aloud proclaim:
Yea what once seemed without wisdom wrought,
When as in doing, shall to us when brought
Unto *Perfection*, thee most powerful shew,
As likewise wise, just merciful and true.
32 If thou but once thy face cause to appear
On Earth, then doth it tremble all for fear;
And if the Hills thou touch, they are afray'd,
And vail their tops with smoak as if dismay'd.
33 To God I will sing praise whilst I do live,
Unto my God still praises will I give
34 While here I have a being; and will use
Sweetly on him to *meditate* and muse:
On him I will my confidence repose,
And in his passing pleasant *loves* rejoyce.
35 Let *Sinners* all consume and pine away
From the Earth, and let the *wicked* stay
On it no longer: but my Soul the Lord
Bless thou. Oh praise ye him with one accord.

The LXXXIV*th.* PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 OH, how, how *amiable* are
Thy *Tabernacles*, Lord,
With Glory and with Beauty full,
With Grace and Mercy stor'd.

2 My

2 My Soul doth *long*, yea even *faint*
Within thy *Courts* to be:
My heart and fleſh not only *groan*,
But *cry aloud* for thee.

3 What ſhall the *ſparrow* find thy *houſe*,
An *houſe* wherein to reſt;
And ſhall the *ſwallow* for her young
Thine *Altars* make her Neſt?
And ſhall not I to thee, as to
My God and King lay claim?
If to thy houſe theſe *Birds* do flee,
Why mayn't I do the ſame?

4 Oh bleſſed ſure are they that dwell
Within thy *houſe* at eaſe:
They have no heavier task or work
Than thee always to praiſe.
5 Yea bleſſed alſo is the Man,
Tho' in the *Wilderneſs*,
Whoſe ſtrength and hope being fixt in thee,
Doth towards *Zion* preſs.

6 As do thoſe zealous *Worſhippers*
Who to thy Houſe repair,
And briskly through the *Deſart* march
For to be early there:
Who paſſing through parcht *Baca's* Vale,
With Pits the ſame do fill,
That Heaven ſmiling on their pains,
The Rain may there diſtill.

7 They from *one Company* pass on
'Till they another find,
Altho' some time they were *solac'd*
With *those* they leave behind.
Yet tho' *these* move with greater strength,
Swifter than others can,
Yet before God *in Zion they*
At length appear *each one.*

Where *all together* do rejoyce,
Enjoying there their God:
And as they had *one scope* before,
Now also *one abode.*
8 O Lord my God, while I'm on Earth
My *Prayers* do thou hear;
Tho' others absent be, I'le joy
When I to thee draw near.

9 Behold our State, O God, our shield,
For thine *Anointed*'s sake;
And in thy Love and Mercy us
Into thy *Presence* take.
10 For why, one day within thy *Courts*
A thousand doth excell,
And as for me it seems so sweet,
And I do like't so well,

That I had rather keep a door
Within thy *house*, my God,
Than in the *Tent-like Palaces*
Of th' wicked make abode.

For

For why the Lord's our *Sun and Shield*,
He'll *Grace* and *Glory* give,
And all th' *Appendicles* of these,
To such as rightly live.

Wherefore since *Saints*, with Blessings all
Thus richly stor'd we see,
That Man's sure happy, Lord, who doth
His trust repose on thee.

The CXXXIIId. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 BEhold how good a thing it is,
And how becoming for to see
Those who are *Brethren*, for to dwell
In *Concord*, *Love*, *and Unity*.

2 It's like the *Oyntment* precious
Which they on *Aaron's Head* did poure,
Which ran unto his *Beard*, and to
His *Garments skirts* like Morning-shower.

3 Like *Hermons Dew*, and that which doth
On *Zion's* Mountains all descend,
For on such happy Unity
God Life and Peace doth ever send.

The XXIIIth. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 WHat makes my *spirits* thus to *fail?*
What ails my *Heart* to *faint?*
What makes my wonted *Confidence*
And Hope thus to *relent?*
What ground have I to be afraid
Of *Poverty* or Want,
That thoughtful Care of *future time*
Doth thus my Courage daunt?

What though I have no claim at all
To earthly wealth to lay;
Nor any fixt Estate which may
A constant Rent me pay?
Neither a permanent *abode*,
Which I can call my home:
Nor *Bills of Credit* to supply
My needs where I do come?

What then; the Lord my *Shepherd* is,
Who care of me doth take,
And in all my necessities
Provision doth make.
I am a *silly Sheep* indeed,
Both poor and weak, I grant:
But since I'm his, what's needful he
Will never let me want.

2 By *paſt experience* I may
My *future hopes* ſupport,
And all Aſſaults of *diffidence*
From thence likewiſe retort.
For lo ev'n to this very day
His Favour doth o'reflow
Without an ebb; yea, he his Face
Is pleas'd in Love to ſhow.

He graciouſly himſelf doth lead,
And me conduct aright,
Refreſhing me with's *Company*,
And ſtrengthning with his might.
So that I all my Life may call
A pleaſant *Paſture* green,
Where nothing but repoſe and reſt
And Comforts I have ſeen.

For though the *times* wherein I live,
Wars, *Noiſe and Hurries* fill;
Diſſentions, *Clamours*, raging ſo,
As may all *Comforts* ſpill:
Yet by ſuch *Rivulets* I'm plac'd
As *ſilently* do glide;
Where like my *quiet Fortune*, I
Do *quietly reſide*.

And as my life *no noiſe* doth make,
But quiet ſlips away,
So my ſweet *ſilent Comforts* flow
As gently as the day.

So

So by the silent Waters, which
Do kiss the flowery Mead,
He doth my sweet *Companion* prove,
And undisturb'd me lead.

3 I grant, I have a share of *Griefs*
And *Cares* which do me vex;
I meet with *sorrows* manifold,
Which do my Soul perplex.
I have my *Melancholick Fits*,
When God his Face doth hide;
And when I yield to any sin,
As *Slothfulness* or *Pride*.

Yet even here I Comfort have,
That these but last a while:
For after two, three *Frowns*, my God
Begins again to smile.
And then my *Winter-beaten* Soul
To blossom doth begin,
When once the sweet enliv'ning heat
Of Summer is come in.

Thus he my Soul restores again:
And then he doth me lead
Into my former sweet *repose*,
Where I do sweetly feed.
In Paths of *Righteousness* I walk
With heedful Care again:
I bless him, *for whose sake* it is
That he performs the same.

4. Its

4 Its true as all things on the Earth
Alternately do move,
So may my earthly Comforts all
Flee from me and remove.
Yet nevertheleſs there's nothing that
Shall diſcompoſe my mind,
Tho' Senſe and Strength, and Heart ſhould fail,
There's Comfort ſtill behind.

Tho' through the *frightſome Valley I*
Of *Terrors* and of *Woe*,
And of *Deaths horrid ſhadows* ſhould
Be forced for to go:
Tho' *Hells black Image*, *dark Deſpair*,
Were ſet before my Face,
And *murders*, *lamentations*, *cryes*,
Were heard in every place:

Tho' Earth ſhould all together run
Into Confuſion,
So that of all the *Friends* I have
I ſee or truſt could none:
Yet nevertheleſs I'le never fear
That ill ſhall me befall;
For why upon Gods *faithfulneſs*
I have *embarqu'd* mine All.

For why my deareſt *Maſter*, thou
In faithfulneſs and love
Doſt never me deſert, although
Thou'rt pleas'd me thus to prove.

Thy

Thy very *Rod* doth to my Soul
Sweet delectation give,
I kiss it for its *Authors sake*,
And praise as well as grieve.

For why, it comes not all alone,
But strengthning Grace thou sends
Likewise therewith; which for my smart
Doth fully make amends.
Thus all thy *dispensations* tend
I see unto my good:
Faith and Experience teach me what
I once not understood.

5 However Lord I bless thy Name
That hitherto my *Lot*
Hath overflown with Comforts, and
From terror is remote.
A *Table* thou prepares me,
Most plentifully stor'd;
And whatsoe're I else do need,
Thou dost to me afford.

My *Cup* so plentifully thou
Dost fill, that I can spare
Thereof to others; thus my Heart
Thou chear'st, and dost repair.
My Head with *Oyl* thou dost anoint,
And makes me brisk to be;
So that I value not the spite
Of those who envy me.

6 Yea,

6 Yea, whatſoe're my *Tryals* prove,
Though *Griefs* I may endure,
Yet firmly one thing I believe
As certain and moſt ſure:
That Goodneſs and that Mercy ſhall
On Earth ſtill follow me:
And that God's *Houſe* both *here and aye*
My *dwelling-place* ſhall be.

The XLIId. PSALM *Paraphraſed.*

1 AS in the *parched Wilderneſs*,
Burnt up with Summers Sun,
The *Hart*, with fainting thirſt oppreſt,
Doth each way panting run,
In ſearch of ſome ſweet *Water-brook*,
Where he may quench the ſame:
Juſt ſo my Soul pants after thee,
This is my very frame.

2 My Soul for thee my God doth thirſt,
For thee the living God,
When ſhall I once before thee come,
And with thee have abode.
3 My *Tears* have long to me been Meat,
Both in the night and day;
Whilſt Men to me continually
Where is thy God, do ſay.

4 When

4 When I these things remember, and
Within my mind revolve,
Grief doth my Soul so sore oppress
As seems it to dissolve.
Of old I to the *House* of God
Went with the *multitude*,
And with them kept the holy day,
With Joy and Praise aloud.

My past *Enjoyments* concurr
To make my griefs the more,
I gave my Soul free vent to weep,
As to rejoyce before.
My *Mirth* is now in weeping plac'd,
My Joy is all to grieve:
Weep, weep, my Soul, and pour thee forth,
I can't thee else relieve.

5 Hold, hold, my Soul, I go too far,
Grief grows impetuous now;
Its torrent throws thee down, I see,
And makes thy strength to bow.
Why, why art thou cast down, my Soul?
Why thus with *grief* oppress?
Why dost thou so impetuously
Knock at my *languid Breast?*

What though Gods *Providence* doth seem
Upon thee for to frown,
What though thou meet what troubles that
Before thou hadst not known?

What

What though God *hide his Face*, and seem
Not as he us'd, to smile?
What tho' thou want his *Kisses* and
Embraces for a while?

Dost thou not know, that *Comforts* here
Do never fixed stay,
But still with *grief* are followed, as
The Night succeeds the day?
Hope thou in God, for well I know
The time is hastning on,
When by the help of's *Countenance*,
My grief shall all be gone.

Light shall my *Night* succed, and *Joy*
Shall chase my *fears* away,
And then I shall have cause *to Praise*
For what I now do *Pray*.
6 My God put to thy helping hand,
And free my Soul from pain,
For why I do what in me lyes
For to uphold the same.

I think on past *Enjoyments*
Which I with thee have had,
How with thy Love I've been refresht
When times have been most sad.
How many have the *Places* been
Even in the Desart dry,
Where I did taste thy Loves, and where
Thy Face I did descry!

Thee

Thee from the *Land of Jordan* yet
I do remember ſtill;
Sweet is *the Land of Hermonites*,
And likewiſe *Mizar-hill.*
But now alas! *deep* calls on *deep*,
To haſte on me with ſpeed,
Thy *Water-ſpouts* pour down whole floods
With noiſe upon my Head.

Waves call on *Waves* with diſmal Voice,
Me for to overflow,
Thy *billows* and thy *ſurges* all
Do roaring o're me goe,
Yet I'm aſſur'd the Lord will make
His Kindneſs yet be known,
And when the due time once is come,
He will not me diſown.

Therefore even in the diſmal Night
His Song ſhall with me be:
I will not ceaſe to call on God,
Who ſtill preſerveth me:
Yet with my God, *my Rock*, I will
Dare to *expoſtulate*;
And ſay, Why haſt thou me forgot?
What art thou angry at?

What is the reaſon, why I have
So long now mourning gone?
Why is it that I'm ſubject to
Such ſore Oppreſſion?

10 My Foes reproach is like a Sword
That cuts me Night and Day,
Whilst they to me continually
Where is thy God do say.

11 Why, why art thou cast down, my Soul!
Why thus with grief oppress:
Why dost thou so impetuously
Knock at my *languid Breast?*
What tho' God's Providence doth seem
Upon thee for to frown,
What tho' thou meet with troubles that
Before thou hadst not known?

What tho' God *hide his Face*, and seem
Not as he us'd, to smile?
What tho' thou want his Kisses and
Embraces for a while?
Dost thou not know, that *Comforts* here
Do never fixed stay,
But still with *Grief* are followed, as
The Night succeeds the Day?

Hope thou in God; for well I know
The time is hastning on,
When through his Health of *Countenance*
My grief shall all be gone.
Light shall my *Night* succeed, and *Joy*
Shall chase my *fears* away;
And then I shall have Cause *to Praise*
For what I now do *Pray.*

The XCI^st. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

1 WHat Man is he, that dwells within
The *secret Place* of God!
What Man is he, who in his *Christ*
Hath plac'd his fixt abode?
Whose Life with God in Christ is hid,
And who in him doth *dwell*;
That Man the *series* of his *Life*
May certainly *foretell.*

For since of *Gods own Family*
A member he's become;
Since under God's own roof to dwell
For safety he is come;
God in his *faithfulness* hath made
With him a *Bargain sure,*
That he will him defend and save
By his Almighty Power.

Under his shadow safe he shall
For evermore abide,
And from the Storms of troubles all
Himself securely hide.
For the most *High,* who is his Lord,
Is the *Almighty* too;
And what he undertaken hath
Most certainly will do.

2 On this ground I can firmly say
That God's my refuge sure;
My *Tower* and *Fortress* also, where
I rest my self secure.
He is my God, and that's enough
To give me ground to claim
An int'rest in his *Love* and *Care*,
Which always is the same.

3 If such a one thou be, then sure
He will be thy defence
From *snares* of subtle Foes, and from
The noisome *Pestilence*.
4 He with his *feathers* shall thee hide,
And cover from all ill,
His *brooding Wings*, o're thee o'respread
Shall thee with comfort fill.

Under that sweet refreshing *shade*,
In him thou still shalt trust:
His Truth shall be thy *Buckler*, and
Thy *Shield*, lest thou distrust.
5 Thou shalt not need to be afraid
For *Terrors* of the Night;
Nor for the dismal *Accidents*
That happen while its light.

6 The *Pestilence* (whose latent Cause
To God is only known,
Whose *Poison* walks in secret Paths,
Whereby are overthrown

Whole Cities oft,) thou need'st not fear;
For God directeth so
Its *Shafts*, that none are thereby toucht,
But those whom God doth know.

Neither needs *Famine* thee affright,
Whose smart's perceived soon;
And which doth walk in open day,
Most frightfully at *Noon*;
Place thou thy trust in God alone,
And to his Will submit;
He shall thee save, and surely feed,
By ways he thinks most fit.

7 *Thousands* on either side shall fall,
Even at thy very hand:
Yet nought shall come so nigh, but that
Thou shalt untouched stand.
8 Only thou with thine Eyes shalt see
The righteous *reward*,
Which God for *formalists*, and for
The *wicked* hath prepar'd.

9 Because thy *habitation*
In God is plac'd by thee;
Whom by experience I find
A *refuge* sure to me:
10 No evil, of whatever sort
Shall unto thee befall;
Nor shall thy *Dwelling* be attacht
By any *Plague* at all.

11 For he shall charge his *Angels*, thee
In all thy wayes to keep;
12 Who shall thee in their hands bear up,
And save from falls thy Feet.
13 The *Lyon*, *Adder*, *Dragon*, thee
Who strive for to devour,
Thou shalt be helped to defeat,
And crush and break their power.

14 For why (sayes God) since such a Man
Hath on me set his Love,
Therefore I will deliver him,
Although I him do prove.
And since I once have *savingly*
Caus'd him to know my *Name*;
I never will my purpose change,
But will advance his *fame*.

15 He shall on me with confidence,
As on a *Father* call;
And whatsoe're he asketh thus,
I'le answer him in all.
And when I send him *trouble sore*,
(For that he must *expect*,)
I'le save him *in* or *from* the same,
And crown him with respect.

16 With *long Life* I'le him satisfie,
As much as he'll require;
And then my full Salvation shew
Which Saints so much desire.

The XIIIth. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

HOw long, how long, O Lord,
Wilt thou forget my Soul,
And suffer sad tormenting *fear*
My Hope for to controul?

What! not a *smile*, a glance:
Art thou regardless grown
Of thy own *Child?* is it thy way
For to forget thine own?

Dost thou my Suits despise?
Are all my *Prayers* vain?
Sure when I do *complain* and cry,
Thou knowst I do not fain.

Behold, O Lord, how long
A *Supplicant* I lye!
And wilt thou grant each one his Suit,
And me alone deny?

How long wilt thou debar
My Soul from one short sight
Of thy sweet Face and Countenance,
So lovely and so bright?

What

What Comfort is't to live,
And be debarr'd to see
My Lord; of whom to be depriv'd
Is worse than Death to me.

2 How long, Lord, shall I take
New *Counsel* in my Soul?
How long shall sad and dismal thoughts
Alternate in me *roul?*

Shall *grief* o'rewhelm my Heart?
Shall *sorrow* daily grow?
And wilt thou not some pity take
On one that's brought so low?

How long shall my proud Foes
Still more and more increase?
Can't *Prayers* and Tears with thee prevail
To make their Power to cease?

3 Consider, Lord, my Case;
My God, with speed me hear,
And lighten my dark Eyes, lest I
To sleep *Deaths sleep* appear.

4 Lest that my Foe should say,
Now sure I have prevail'd;
And those that trouble me rejoyce,
When mov'd I seem and foil'd.

5 But sure my trust I have
Thy mercy built upon:
So that my Heart doth joy in hope
Of thy Salvation.

6 Wherefore I'le check my fear,
Although thou dost delay,
And, *acquiescing* in thy Will,
I'le *praise* as well as *pray*.

I'le praise thee for thy Love,
And bounty shown to me;
Yea, for my very fears and griefs
Which tend for good to me.

The CXXXVIIth. PSALM *Paraphrased.*

WHen from our *dearest Countrey* we,
Sackt by the *cruel Foe*,
As *Trophies* of their *Victory*,
Were *Captives* forc'd to goe,
Then by the *Streams of Babylon*
We *weary* did sit down,
Where *billows* of renewed *grief*
Our Souls almost did drown.
A thousand *thoughts* did then possess
Our sad and troubled *mind*;
And oft we *thought and thought again*
On *what* we left behind.
The remembrance of our *slaughter'd Friends*
Did us with horrour fill;
That we should ne're our *Countrey* see,
Our Souls *almost* did kill.
Th' *Idea* of sweet *Zion* oft
Recurred to our *thought*;
Thoughts call'd th' *Affections* forth, and they
New *Tears* still with them brought.

We

We wept and drencht our selves in tears
Upon the flowery *grass*,
Our *Tears* did like to rivulets
Th' murmuring stream increase.
2 Upon the shadowy *Willows* there
Our silent *Harps* we hung,
Our *Harps* which great *Jehovah's praise*
In *Zion* oft had sung.
These sad *Companions* of our woe
Hang dull and silent by:
Weeping alone our *Musick* was,
And *Sighs* our Melody.
3 Lo then our mis'ry to increase,
And to augment our *Woe*,
We mock'd were, and derided by
Our proud insulting Foe:
To sing a Song of *Zion* they
Did scoffingly require,
And for to make them Melody
Upon the dol'rous *Lyre*.
4 Oh shall we then the divine Name
To oppr'bry expose?
And sing sweet *Zion's* sacred *Songs*
To gratifie our Foes!
These Songs which in the *Temple* once
We sung and did *rejoyce*,
Can they now in a *Forreign Land*
Suit with a *weeping Voice?*
5 No, no; *Jerusalem* I can
Thee never thus forget:
Thy *Memory* in me for ay
Shall shine and never set.
Of playing on the tunefull *Harp*
I shall the *Art* forget,

E're

E're thy *rememberance* shall want
A place within my Heart.
6 My *Tongue* to my Mouths roof shall cleave,
And never loosed be,
If ought, that's dearest to me, I
Do equalize to thee.
7 The cruel *seed* of *Edom*, Lord,
To memory recall,
When thou dost free *Jerusalem*
From bondage and from thrall:
Who, rase it wholly down, did cry,
It utterly deface;
Let, Lord, no memory remain
Of that accursed race.
And thou wretch'd *Babylonish seed*,
Though thou do flourish now,
And with much Pomp and Pride thy self
Triumphantly dost shew;
Thou unto ruine destin'd art,
And shalt destroyed be:
Thy *Enemies* no *vestige* shall
Or Footstep leave of thee.
Happy, thrice happy shall he be,
Who thee rewardest thus,
And shall avenge on thee what thou
In wrath didst do to us.
9 Yea happy shall he be repute,
Thy *Children* who shall take,
And dashing out their Brains, t' his wrath
Doth them a *Victim* make.

THE

THE Monarchical Image: OR, *Nebuchadnezzar*'s DREAM.

Dan. *Chap.* II.

A Dramatique POEM.

Dramatis Personæ.

The King Nebuchadnezar. Tatas *the Messenger.* *The* Magi. Arioch *Captain of the Guard.* Beleſh *the Lieutenant.* *The* Scribe. Daniel. Hananiah. Miſhael *and* Azariah, Daniel's *Companions.* Raphael *and* Gabriel, *Angels.*

SCENE I.

Nebuchadnezzar, *awaking from his Dream.*

WAs't *Dream* or not! — I ſaw — but what — (Is't gone!
What now I view'd forgot is, and unknown.

What

What *Fiend* envies me? All my *Memory* fled?
Have I no active *Fancy* but in Bed?
Could I but Dream it o're again. But what!
Unruly *Fancy* ne're doth opperate
The same way 'twice. —— I'le call the *Magi* here,
And see what Skill doth in these Fopps appear.
Who's there? —— Come in. — Go *Tatas* quickly call
[*Intrat.*
The *Magi* here. Summon them each and all. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Tatas *the Messenger.* *The* Magi.

Enter Tatas.

Tat. REnowned *Sophies*, I am sent to call
You from your *Colledge* to the Royal *Hall*,
Where our Great *Monarch* doth you summon all
In haste to come. ————

Magi. ——— Pray, *Tatas*, can you tell,
And shew the reason, why he us doth call
So suddenly? sure 'tis some *business*
Of greatest weight: Your words do shew no less.
We in your looks presage some cause of fear:
Is there come any *News* of danger near?
Is there new *War* broke forth? or is there come
Any surmise of *Treason* broach'd at home?
Or has there any *Sickness* been so bold
As fearless of our Monarch to take hold?

Or

Or are we call'd the *event* for to shew
Of some strange *Accident* fallen out of new?
Tat. 'Tis hid from me, why he for you doth send,
But sure some weighty thing he doth intend.
For when he me did call, methought I saw
Anxiety upon his Face to draw
It's thoughtful Characters. Methought his voice
Had less of calmness, more of dread and noise
Than usually. But I must hast away,
And you must follow. Pray make no delay,
For without doubt the Kings come to the place
Of Audience e're now. ———
Magi. ——— We hast apace. [*Exit.*

SCENE 3.

Tatas. Nebuchadnezzar. The *Magi. Arioch.* The *Scribe.*

Enter Tatas.

Tat. I went, dread *Sov'raign*, at your command
To call the *Sophies*, famous o're the Land
For their Prophetick skill. ———
Neb. ———Why to what end?
Must I on such as you and them attend?
Why don't they come? —Must I still waiting stay?
Tat. Great Sir, may't please you, it is no delay
In them or me, that is the cause of this;
But partly the variety that is

Of

Of *Doctors* in their huge Society,
Which must in one together called be,
Both Sorcerers, Magicians, and those
Who do the language of the Stars disclose,
With other such: partly the length of way
'Twixt th' Palace and the Colledge where they stay.
But lo they come, their feet do make a sound
Upon the outer Courts pavemented ground.

[*To the* Magi.

Neb. Are you then ent'red at the last the door,
While I have waited a full hour or more?
But this I will let pass, and briefly shew
The reason, why I now have call'd on you.
I have this night dreamed of things, which more
My mind have vext, than what I e're before
Dream't all my Life. ——

Magi. ——Pray shew what and wherefore.

Neb. Neither I know, and therefore did I call
For you, to know and understand thus all;
Both what the things are, which I dreamed of,
And what they do foreshew. ——

Magi. ——In very troth
This thing's impossible. But if you would
Be pleas'd the Dream to shew us. Then we should
The same interpret. ——

Neb. —— Out of my memory
Quite ras'd it is: then hast and shew't to me.

Magi. We would this do most willing, if we could.

Neb. What you can do I know not. What you should,
That sure you do not. ——

Magi. ——For to disobey,
It is no Treason, when our power says nay.

Neb. *Treason* and *Disobedience* to a King,
Do only differ in the Name, not thing.

Magi.

Magi. Our *disobedience* is not want of *will*,
But want of *power* your orders to fulfill.
And power to do this thing from us, can be
Expect no more, than hearing from the eye.

Neb. All things *unknown* for to disclose you must,
This is your chief employment and trust.

Magi. Things future to declare we do profess.

Neb. And things *preterit* you ought do no less.
Thefts you disclose, or else pretend to do,
A *stolen dream* can you not to me shew.

Magi. Things *stolen* we do shew, because they have
A Being still, and when men do deceive
Their Neighbours by the taking them away,
They do but in anothers power stay,
And so may be regain'd: but *Dreams* which be
But *Phantasms*, and have no reality,
When from the memory they once do go,
No power can a second time them show.

Neb. What brutish words are these! do you intend
By arguments of straw for to defend
Your want of skill in your professed Art,
Who a lost dream to me cannot impart!
Have stolen things a Being unto those
Who now those things do want, which they did lose,
And have not stolen dreams regained been?
By my experience I can it maintain.

Magi. But yet betwixt these two there is great odds
For stolen dreams are stolen by the Gods.

Neb. 'Tis your profession for those things to seek,
Which from all men the Gods in secret keep.

Magi. But when the Gods a thing of purpose hide,
They should not be provok'd or disobey'd
By curiosity. ——————

Neb

Neb. ——— If this be sin,
Your Art is sinful, and you still have been
Professors thereof. I have now found out
Of all your knavery the first spring and root.
If then your Art be ought beside a Name,
Shew first this Dream, and then explain the same.
Make haste, make haste, I have too long delay'd,
In one of two I'll be by you obey'd;
Either disclose this Dream to me, or I
A hundred sev'ral deaths shall make you dye.
But if this secret you reveal to me,
My bounteous favour you shall find and see:
Rewards and honours I'll on you bestow,
And make you high in place, who now are low.

Magi. No Man on Earth, great King, can shew this thing
None ever did to us such question bring.
None can a precedent produce or shew
Of such a Query, as is put by you
To us for to unriddle. You propose,
What none can, but the Gods alone, disclose.
(profound;

Neb. Poor shallow wits, who fain would seem
Base useless Weeds, who cumber do the ground,
Fit to be rooted up. Be gone, be gone,
Out of my presence. ——— [*Exeunt.*

Enter *Arioch.*

Arioch. ——— I'm here.

Neb. Go take a select party of my guard,
And with your Weapons give a due reward
To these base wretches, who have now gone forth,
Who have no true, scarce shadow of true worth:
Whos

Whoſe cheats, tho' I have oft obſerv'd before,
Yet now their Knavery I have found out more
Than ever. Wherefore haſte. ——
Ar. ——————— Might I but ſpeak,
Some ſmall delay I earneſtly would ſeek
E're I commit this thing. Perchance your mind
May be a little after more enclin'd
To ſpare their blood.—Paſſion makes us blind. [*aſide.*
Neb. You ought to be leſs bold, than to controul
What I command. ————————

Ar. ——— The hate and odium whole
Of Princes actions, when they give diſtaſte
Unto their Subjects, generally are plac'd
Upon their Loyal Servants. ——
Neb. ——————— Do not fear,
Thou art my Miniſter, and haſt my ear.
Ar. Yet if that happineſs I chance to loſe,
This action will my naked Breaſt expoſe
To th' hate of every one. ——
Neb. ——— What think'ſt thou me
So changeable in ſuch an high degree!
Ar. It happen may 'tis like at laſt, that thou
May wiſh thou hadſt this action to undoe.
And if thou chance to think, that thou haſt ſlain
Theſe men unjuſtly; then the blot and ſtain
Thereof thou'lt caſt on me. ——
Neb. ——— Why think'ſt thou ſo?
Ar. To ſave thy honour I muſt mine forgoe,
(If not my Life likewiſe) to ſatisfie
Some Courtier, Friend to them, and foe to me.
Neb. Why then, try if thou canſt ſome *method* find
Both for to help thy fear, and do my mind;
For dye they muſt. ————————

Ar. ——— A method to propose
Would *more* than *Actor* make me seem to those
Who do me hate. My life I'd sure then lose.
Neb. Why then I'll find one for thy groundless fear.
Go call my Scribe. ———
Ar. ——— I go. ——— Behold he's here.

Enter *Scribe.*

Scr. Great Sir, I 'await your Sov'raign will to me.
Neb. I'll dictate: haste and write. ———
Scr. ——— I ready be:
Neb. Nebuchadnezzar, King of Kings, and all
The Nations, whom men do Civil call:
To every people, wheresoe're they live,
In all the Earth; advertisement doth give:
That whereas those, whom men esteem to be
Th' only Sophies, *whom they generally*
Consult in every weighty case, have now
Been found out to be cheats, (tho' not a few
Did judge the same before;) I do ordain
All who do dwell in Babylon *to be slain,*
Magicians, Astrologers, and those
Who do pretend things future to disclose,
With all the rest of that accursed crew,
Let this be done without delay. Adieu.
[*To Arioch.*
Go *Arioch* go; this shall thy safeguard be,
And fully take all odium from thee.
Ar. In part it doth. ———
Neb. — In part, — why not in whole?
You cloathed with my power, who dare controul?
Ar. None can this bloody action, Sir, perform,
But must expect at last, for it, a storm.

These

These men are greatly lov'd, great Friends they have,
By this I much do fear untimely grave.

Neb. Why whose're shall aim to strike at thee,
Must do it thorow me.

Ar. Hatred and *Envy* are two cunning Fiends,
And can a murther perpetrate by Friends.
If e're I from thy Grace and Favour fall;
If e're I err in ought, tho' ne're so small;
My Enemies some method will devise,
Unto their malice me to sacrifice:
False Witnesses may be suborn'd to swear
Me from my Princes Favour, and his ear,
By making lyes appear to him, to be
Undoubted truths. ———————

Neb. ———— Why thus distrusts thou me?
Ha'nt I the wisdom to discern a lye?
What have my words no force? Wilt thou with-
Dispute, delay, or alter my command? (stand,
What! thou a *Soldier*! and yet fearful so!

Ar. I fear *Court-Favour*, more than any *Foe*,
But since I must obey, —Behold I go. [*Exit*

SCENE 4.

Arioch. Magi. Beleſh the Lieutenant. *Daniel.*

Ar. WHat miseries attend those who do live
At Princes Courts, who must obedience (give
To all their orders, whether right or wrong!
No other way is left for to prolong
{ *To himself.*

Their Courtship, yea and Life. How wretch'd am I,
Who must men guiltless slay, or guiltless die!
Oh miserable Fate, must I be sent
To perpetrate this bloody fact, I faint
Whilst I upon it think. Must this same hand
Accustom'd only to defend the Land,
Now be imbrewed in such guiltless blood!
Must this same mouth command it! Oh a flood
Of tears from eyes do gush, when I do think
Upon the same! Infamous must I stink
For ever for this crime! Oh now I see
The fatal house presented to mine eye!
Oh must I enter! ——

Magi. —— Wherefore com'st thou thus,
With such a train of Soldiers to us?
Must we be Pris'ners made, because that we
The King's Dream could not find? We plainly see
By thy sad Count'nance, that thou art come
With sad and dismal tydings of our doom.
However shew the same: for we did judge,
And from the first expect some sad deluge
Of ruine, after such black clouds which rose
In's breast, which reason could no way oppose.

Ar. I have no words to utter my complaint,
I must perform, what I must e're repent,
To cut you all in pieces I am sent.

Magi. Oh Cruel Tyrant, what have we deserv'd,
That thus we should at last by thee be serv'd!
Are all our merits quite forgot and gone,
And must we be destroyed every one?
For what no mortal man could do, must we
Be butcher'd thus? — Oh monstrous Cruelty!
And must thou *Arioch* act this *Tragedy*?

Ar. I must it either act or die.

Mag

Magi. What is there no delay? Must we be slain,
And not permitted once for to sustain
Our Course at Law, before some Court or Judge?
Unheard we are condemn'd. ——
Ar. ——— Do not grudge
At that: for there's no cause. ——
Magi. ——— Why dost thou vote
Us likewise guilty, tho' unheard?——
Ar. ——— Had not
Your selves the same occasion'd, I should grieve.
Ma. Your words are riddles, pray the meaning give.
Ar. That e're our King *usurped* o're our *Laws*,
You were the chief if not the only Cause.
You gave him *Titles* like some Deity,
And flatt'ring told he Absolute should be.
That to subject to *Laws* was not to *reign*;
That he must ruine and bring under him
The force of *Town* and *Countrey's* priviledge,
And make the greatest as the meanest *Liege*.
That he on Earth must *Sov'raign* be like God,
And have all things subjected to his nod:
That he could but the *name* of Monarch claim,
Whilst others shar'd the Government with him.
What was his power, whilst *Courts* or *Parliaments*,
Could both oppose and frustrate his intents.
These he must break and ruine, if that he
Sov'raign and *absolute* desir'd to be.
Magi. Hold, *Arioch*, hold: ———
Our madness and our Folly we confess.
Ar. It is too late our ruine to redress.
You of your folly the effects do find,
And more we fear do yet remain behind.
How sad's our case, whose Lives depend upon
The brittle favour of a Princes Throne,

Whose Passions change as often as the wind,
Whom every whisper is enough to blind!
How happy is the Countrey Man, who lives
On what the bounteous field him early gives:
Who never is acquainted with such things
As griefs and fears; but sweats, and toils, and sings.
He hath no *Tyrants* mind for to appease,
But walks, and does, and says, whate're he please.
He is the Object of no *Criticks* eye,
Nor fears an headlong downfall by Envy:
But I do fear that I too long have stay'd,
My Masters cruel Will must be obey'd.
The Soldiers, thô unwilling, I must call
Upon you for to fall.

Magi. Hold yet a while. ———

Ar. ——— I do too long delay.

Magi. We're not the only Persons you must slay;
For there are many of the *Jewish* Seed,
Whom long ago our Master caus'd to breed
In all our Sciences and Learning; they
Must be with us, one sacrifice to day.
Pray therefore for them send. ———

Ar. ———— I do obey,
It is 'gainst reason they alive remain
The seed of Rebels, while that you are slain.
Come hither *Belesh.* ————

Enter *Belesh.*

Bel. ———— What is your command?

Ar. Go take a select party of this band,
And gather all those *Jews* together, who
The name of wisdom claim: make haste. —

Bel. ——— I go. [*Exit Magi.*

Magi. Were it not better for to disobey
A Tyrants cruel Will, than to obey
Against what Conscience dictates?
Ar. ——— If I should
My Master disobey in this, it would
Cost me my life, and do to you no good,
For he by other hands would shed your blood.
Magi. A gallant death would make you to survive,
Whilst by this guilt you'l die ev'n whilst alive.
Ar. 'Tis far more sweet to be, than not to be.
Magi. Why thinkst thou men are not, when they (do die?
Ar. Some talk there is *another life* than this,
Where good's rewarded, what is done amiss
Is punished: which if I could believe,
I should endeavour better for to live
Than heretofore I have. But since I now
Am ignorant if that be false or true,
A certainty I do prefer to that
Which is uncertain, or I know not what.
Magi. Thou hast a *Soul*, which ever must endure,
Ar. I have a mortal life, of that I'm sure,
Both mortal and immortal can I be?
Magi. When as thy *Body* dyes, thy *Soul* doth flie,
Wherever it doth stay. ——————
Ar. ——————— I ne're did see
My *Soul.* ———————
Magi. ——— Because no object for thine eye,
But yet thou may'st by reason see it: Do
But inwards cast a reflex thought unto
The actings and the workings of thy mind,
And then some *acting thinking thing* thou'lt find,
Which we do call the *Soul.* ———

Ar. ——————— I do confess
I find some active thing within, no less
Than what I see objected to mine eye ;
And doth this thing abide, and never dye ?
If this be certain it may comfort you.
Magi. If we our selves can reckon *good*; that's true,
But we're of that uncertain : for we have
Done what not only doth deserve the grave,
But hatred from the Gods. But now we hear
Deaths fatal knell for to salute our ear,
Belesh doth come. ——————

Re-enter *Belesh, bringing in* Daniel, *and the other* Jews.

Bel. ——— The *Jews* I all have brought.
Dan. We learned have the cause. ——
But why should we be murthered among those
Who the Kings Dream could not to him disclose ?
We were not call'd. ———————
Ar. ——————— The Order's general
To slay the Babylonish *Sophies* all.
Dan. Yet why is he so sudden ; would he give
Only the time of some few days to live :
In that I should the dream unto him shew :
This I do promise. ———————
Ar. ——— Would it were but true.
Dan. Suffer me but unto the *King* to go
Some time to ask, and then the *Dream* I'll show.
Magi. Puft up with *pride* and self-conceit you be.
Dan. I do rely upon the Deity :
Magi. Why so do we as well as you. —
Dan. ——————————— You lye,
Fictions you serve, and the *true God* deny.

Magi

Magi. We serve *more* Gods than you,
Dan. ——————— False all, none true.
But why do you me hinder thus: For why
Both you and we shall saved be this way.
Ar. Go *Beleſh* go, this *Jew* to th' King convey,
But haſte, for th' matter won't admit delay. [*Exeunt*

The SCENE ſhifts to the Palace.

Enter Daniel.

Dan. JUſt now, Great Sir, I heard of your command
To ſlay the *Magi* over all the Land;
Becauſe thoſe call'd, as it to me was told,
Could not the Dream you loſt, to you unfold:
But amongſt them there was not any *Jew*,
Elſe poſſibly the Dream you had e're now
Regain'd, and yet they ſeek us for to ſlay:
But, Sir, may't pleaſe you to grant ſome delay,
And here I promiſe in ſhort time to find
The Dream, and to explain it to your mind.
Neb. Wiſe ſprightly *Youth*, if thou'lt make good thy word,
My gracious favour I'll to thee afford;
To live in State and Honour I'll thee make,
And ſpare the *Magi* likewiſe for thy ſake.
Dan. No State or Honour I at all require,
Only the *Magi*'s lives I do deſire,
Farewell moſt gracious King. ———————

The

The SCENE returns as before.

Re-enter Daniel.

Dan. I went, I ask'd, and have my suit obtain'd.
Magi. But yet the fatal *Dream* thou hast not gain'd,
And whilst that's hid, we are but where we were.
Ar. Yet 'tis some comfort that he doth deferr
His Sentence. Who knows but he may relent.
Dan. I trust my God will give a good event.
But 'tis not fit to stay time here to waste,
[*Arioch* to *Belesh.*
Guard *Daniel* and his *fellows* home in haste. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE 5.

Hananiah, Daniel, Mishael, Azariah.

Han. Dearest of *Friends*, thy looks prognostick good, [*To* Dan.
Pray shew us now apart thy thoughts. What mood
Didst find the King in? ——
Dan. —— Heaven hath heard our Prayer,
Let's praise our God all things as yet go fair.
On God our Lives depend: let's to him cry,
And if he hear, we're sure then not to dye.
Han. There's ground to hope for a most happy end,
Since the *event* doth whole on God depend.

Mish.

Mish. Our safety doth in God himself embarque,
Thô on the waves, we yet are in the *Ark.*
And who can fear a Shipwrack on that Sea,
Where God himself's concern'd, as well as we.
For now when dubious answers will not do
From *Pagan Prophets*, mayn't we hope the true
And living God intends for to exert
His mighty power, and act another part
Than what we yet have known: methinks a ray
Of Divine Light foretells an happy day
Is to ensue. ———

Az. ——— 'Tis Gods way oft to bring
To the graves mouth, before he cause to sing.
The darkest Night he causeth oft make way,
And usher in the most illustrious day.
In the Red Sea the *drown'd Egyptians* ly,
Whilst *Israel triumphs* on the shore near by.
Let's then approach our God with trust and fear,
That in this plunge he may for us appear.

Dan. Let's joyn our Forces, and our God implore,
That since no heart can lock him out of door,
But that he present is with ev'ry mind,
Ev'n Kings as well as Beggars, for to bind
Or loose their thoughts, affections, memory,
He would be pleas'd to shew this Mystery;
A Mystery to us, but none to him:
For he who once the Dream did form within
The King his Soul, can make us it to find;
This is my motion. ———

Hap. ——— We are of your mind.

Dani-

Daniels Prayer.

GReat and Almighty God, whose Power and (Might
Transcends both Humane and Angelick sight!
Who so dost reign above, that also here
Thou'rt known to such as thee do rightly fear.
Brought to the *brink of ruine*, we do come,
And humbly prostrate lye before thy Throne;
Where with submissive fervent Prayer we cry
To thee our God in this extremity,
O send us speedy aid, or else we dye.
Canst thou sit still, and let the Heathen thus
With open mouth devour and swallow us?
Thô wretch'd we be and low, yet we are thine,
And men through us attack thy Power Divine.
Lord, thou'rt the same, in *Egypt land* of old,
Who didst exert thy wonders manifold.
And mayn't we now expect to see the same,
Or th' like effects of power, whereby thy Name
May be of new exalted, and thy fame
Thus through the Earth diffus'd, that all may know
That *Providence* doth rule th' affairs below;
And that thou car'st for such as thee do fear,
And to their prayers giv'st a patent ear.

Hananiah's Prayer.

GReat God, in whom *perfections* all do dwell,
Whose love and *favour's Heaven*, whose *wrath is* [*Hell.*
On whom all beings, as their source depend
Who dost thy foes consume, thy Friends defend;

To

To thee to day with fervent Pray'r we cry,
And on thy faithfulness with Faith rely.
Lord shall thy *Captives* in a forreign Land
Who escap'd by thee before, now by the hand,
Of th' Heathen fall, a *victim* to their wrath?
Shall this proud Monarch, who destroys the Earth,
Embrew his hands thus in thy Childrens blood?
No, no, O Lord, thou'rt merciful and good:
On this we build, and rest our selves secure,
For those that trust in thee, can never sure
Deserted be by thee, most gracious Lord:
Wherefore we beg thou wouldst to us afford
Thy gracious presence, as a certain sign,
That thou for us deliv'rance dost design.
Then shall we praise thy great exalted Name
For evermore, and still advance thy Fame.

SCENE 6.

Raphael, and *Gabriel*, Angels : *Daniel*.

Raph. DEar *Gabriel* hold, my blest companion stay
Whither so swiftly movest thou this way,
Except the message secret be; pray show
What business calls thee down to Earth below?
Gab. I'm sent to cause the *Babylonian* see,
It is another rules the World than he;
And to deliver from his Cruelty
Some pious Souls destin'd by him to dye.
Raph. What method art thou for to take to do
This useful service? if allow'd, it shew.

Gab.

Gab. Unto this *daring Monarch* lately sent,
I did unto his *Fancy* represent,
In a short *Dream*, the *series* and *summ*
Of all th' *events of time* that were to come
To the Worlds end, as far as did concern
The *Church* below, or *Saints* did need to learn.
Which once engraven on his *Fancy*; then
I vail'd his memory, and did restrain
His reflex power, from reading what was writ
Thereon. Thus he did strive in vain for it.
This made him frantick for the *Magi* send
To ease his mind, where failing of his end,
Them and all such to kill he doth intend.
But God whose watchful eye doth guard his own,
Hath sent me down the Dream for to make known
To *Daniel* and his Fellows; who this day
With fervent Faith do earnest for it pray.
Come then, and downwards bear me company,
And see how fervently they groan and cry. [*descend.*

Raph. Poor Souls! how earnestly for *life* they pray,
As if on Earth true happiness did stay:
But one right thought of *Heaven* would make them
For *liberty*, to reach their happy home. (groan

Gab. Were it not nat'ral for the Saints to love
To stay on earth, their *zeal* to be above
Would so transport them, that to live below
Would so afflictive seem, and tedious grow,
As them some way to incapacitate
For th' work and service of this lower State.
But now their Prayers end,—and lo they do
Their night apartments all retire unto.
Come let us follow *Daniel* to his cell,
For 'tis to him I'm order'd to reveal
This Divine Dream. ———

Raph.

Raph. ——— Lo now the Lamp is out,
'Tis now the season this work to go about.
Gab. Come let us thicken and *condense the Air*,
And therewith *pourtrait* forth *an Image* fair,
To represent the *fourfold Monarchy*
Both unto *Daniels fancy* and his *eye*.
Which done; (*in th' language us'd by us above*,)
I'll speak by *thought* to's mind, thereby to move
Him for to understand what's hereby meant.
I'll *will* him for to know the same, and print
The same upon his Soul, what is disclos'd
To me, this way to him to be propos'd.
Dan. Good God what see I! sure a *Statue* high,
Great, fair, and glorious, stands in th' room near by,
I know not how, but plain it shews to 'th eye.
His *Head's* of purest *gold*; his *Arms* and *Breast*
Of *silver* fine: but downwards all the rest
Of courser mettal; his *Thighs of brass*, tho fair
Are made, his *Belly* also; his *Legs* are
Of hardest *Iron* fram'd; but in his feet
Clay joyns th' Iron, the same to make compleat.
But what is this? Oh strange! I see at last
A *stone cut without hand*, *from th' Rock*, is cast
On th' *feet of th' Image*, which lo now doth fall
With noise! and now is broke to powder small!—
And now the Stone a Mountain great is made,
The very Earth seems cover'd with its shade.
And now behold my mind is made to know
That here's the *Dream*, God by the same doth show
To me th' events which happen shall below.
This glorious *Monarch* is the golden head
Of this fair *Image*, as he is indeed
The head at present of this *Monarchy*,
The greatest that the *Sun* did ever see:

Who

Who thô in *bigness* it do yield unto
Th' succeeding Empires, yet doth them outdo
In a *compacted* fixed glorious sway
Over all Kingdoms which do it obey.
For th' *head*, thô not the greatest part, is yet
The *noblest* far; for 'tis the seat of wit,
Reason and Judgment. Next to which the *breast*
Succeeds where th' *heart*, and other *vitals* rest.
So next to this, a *Monarchy* shall rise,
Which shall in *fame* mount up unto the Skies:
But having reach't its *Zeneth*, shall fall down,
Pluck'd thence by a *daring Monarch of renown*,
Who shall a *third* great *Empire* far extend
O're all th' Earth, even to it's utmost end:
But lo a *fourth* great *Monarchy* succeeds
Strong as th' *Iron*, fam'd in mighty deeds.
For as the Iron *breaks* all things, so shall
This mighty Empire Kingdoms *conquer* all:
Yet since I see the *iron* joyn'd with *clay*
In th' *feet and toes*; so hence I surely may
Draw this *Conclusion*, that this Monarchy
Towards its close shall weak and feeble be.
And as the clay with Iron *cannot mix*;
So all their *projects* can't their Empire fix;
But being weakn'd at the last must fall,
And with th' same the rest of th' *Image* all.
Now as these sev'ral parts joyn and compose
This glorious Image; ev'n so all those
Countreys, which now this Monarch great obey,
Shall be the *Subjects* of a future sway:
The Monarchy's, *thô four*, are yet the *same*;
Only *four Nations* destin'd are the Name,
And Sov'raign sway successively to bear,
Which makes the *Empire* different forms to wear.

But

But lo ev'n whilst this *Image* fair doth stand,
God hath a *little Kingdom* in the Land,
Cut from the Rock by his Almighty hand;
Which, thô oppress'd, shall never broken be;
Yea, at the last, I hereby do foresee
That when the *fourth* great Empire's *near its close*,
Where *clay* and *iron* doth its State compose;
Gods Kingdom then shall o're the Earth bear sway,
And break down all that do refuse t' obey,
And stand till th' dawn of the eternal day.

Gab. *Our work is done. Come let us fly*
Through the fair expanded Sky,
Till we reach the Heavens high.

Raph. *And whilst we flye, let's praise and sing*
Anthems to our Glorious King,
Till th' Air, th' Ether, and th' Stars do ring.

The SONG.

Gab. *PRaised be the God above,*
Who unmov'd makes all things move,
And cements all things with love.

Raph. *Who dispenses favours so*
To his Friend, and to his Foe,
That his mercy all may know.

Gab. *Whose Omniscient piercing eye,*
Doth all thoughts and actions spy,
Both below and 'bove the Sky.

Raph. *Who doth happy ever stay,*
Whose duration's all one day,
And perfections one joynt Ray.

Gab. *Who thô one, yet three is shown;*
Who by himself is lov'd and known,
And right besides by beings none.

Raph. *Yet doth he accept above*
The thanks, the reverence, and love,
Which our Obedience sway and move.

Gab. *Let's then raise his Name on high,*
Where our greatest work doth ly,
And who shall praise him best let's try.

Both. *Let's praise, let's praise him to Eternity.*

SCENE 7.

Daniel, Azariah, Hananiah, Mishael.

Enter Daniel.

Dan. OH happy Night!———
Az. ——Happy! why happy pray?
Han. What haste to go? We are your Friends (and may
We not be made for to participate
In this your joy and mirth? Pray shew us what

Thus

Thus glads your Soul?———
Mish. ——— He's God the Dream reveal'd:
Dan. Reveal'd it is, and no more now conceal'd.
Mish. Oh happy Night indeed! ——
Az. ——— What is the Dream?
Dan. Oh blessed, blessed, ever be the Name
Of our Great God; let us exalt the same
For evermore, while our short time doth run,
Let Praises go their round still with the Sun;
Until Eternity does them again
Exalt refin'd unto an higher strain.
For why all Wisdom in our God is found,
Which with *Almighty* Power is ever crown'd.
We speak by *tropes*, when to the Creature
We attribute, or Wisdom true or Power.
'Tis he that changeth times, as he sees good,
Who doth *exalt*, and then *debase* the proud.
Lo now a King he *setteth up*, and then
Dethornes, degrades, and casts him down again:
A Monarchy he now doth set on high,
Which swallows up all Kingdoms that are nigh,
For a seas'n: but when as its period's come,
Unto another it must yield it's room.
This he reveals to such as Wisdom know,
To search these secret Accidents below.
To such he doth reveal these hidden things,
For why he knows full well their latent springs:
Which, tho' they be with darkness mantle clad
To others, are to him with light o'respread.
The *series* of all Years that are to run,
He sees as plain as if already come:
And thence determines all things as he will,
Which he accordingly doth so fulfill.

And sure I ought to praise, with thankful heart,
Thy glorious Name, who didst to me impart
This wondrous Dream, (which is from others hid)
Wherein such secrets lye wrapt up; and did
In a *Night-vision* it reveal; and then
It's wondrous meaning also didst explain.
The Prayers of my Friends in this, and mine,
O God thou heardst, for which all praise be thine:
But now let's go, and to the King make known
The Dream, which God so graciously hath shown.

FINIS.

Pindariques

Pindariques.

By *RO. FLEMING.*

Horat. Epiſt. *l.* 1. 3.

Pindarici fontis qui non expalluit hauſtus
Thebanos aptare modos ſtudet, auſpice Muſa.

Idem.

Sæpe ſtylum vertas, iterum quæ digna legi ſint
Scripturus, neque te ut miretur turba labores,
Contentus paucis Lectoribus. ——

LONDON,
Printed in the Year 1691.

Printed in the Year 1892.

A

TRANSLATION

Of FOUR of the

ODES of *PINDAR*,

From the Original *Greek*.

With ſome few brief Notes upon the ſame, for clearing the dark expreſſions thereof.

The FOURTH Olympique Ode OF PINDAR.

The Argument.

Pſaumis *the Son of* Acron, *a Nobleman of* Camarina, *a City of* Sicily, *is praiſed for his*

winning the Horse-race, *in the* 82 Olympiade. *Where* Pindar, *beginning with* Jupiter *as the great* Moderator *as well of the World as the Olympique Games*; *he praiseth* Psaumis *from the* Victory *it self, from his brave and* warlike Disposition, *in his training Horse for that end, from his* liberality *to his Friends, from his* love *to his Countrey's peace and flourishing, and from his* vigorousness: *Whence, taking occasion from his* Greyhairs, *he amplifies thereby the Victory*; *shewing that that is so far from detracting from him, as that it adds to his honour*; *adducing on that account an old famous instance of* Ergin *one of the* Argonauts. *Yet nevertheless he concludes with a denyal of the certainty of his being Old, from the common token thereof, the hoary Head*; *upon the supposition of its flowing sometimes from other Causes.*

I.

GReat and Almighty *Jove*, who holdest in thy hand
1 The *Thunders* vast Artillery,
Which every where so dreaded be;
At whose command
They do discharge, and shake both Sea and Land;
Who on the swift unweary'd *Clouds* dost ride;
(Tho' its thy being there that makes them so abide:)

2 Thy

2 Thy fam'd *Olympique hours* do call me forth
With the harmonious *Harps* ſweet noiſe
3 The *Organ* of my Songs delightful Voice,
To ſing the *Conquerors* conquering worth.
For Praiſe and Honour worth do feed,
Yea it revive when it is dead.
All good Men do rejoyce to hear
The Vertues which do any where appear:
For theſe their owners do to them endear,
And make them to eſteem them Friends moſt near.

II.

Wherefore great *Saturns* greater *Son*, who dwells
1 Near *Etna*'s thundering top;
2 *Etna*, the thunders fiery ſhop;
3 *Etna*, the horrid *Typhons* heavy Yoak;
Whoſe weight doth keep the hundred Heads below,
Though he to undermine it ſtrive and up to blow:
Accept this grateful praisfull Hymn from me
Concerning the *Olympique* Victory;
This Hymn, which ſhall prove the perpetual light
To keep off an eternal Night
From the great *Pſaumis* Vertues bright:
4 *Pſaumis*, who is with the *Piſean* Olive crown'd
And every where by all renown'd;
5 Who unto *Camarina* haſteth home,
Perfum'd with Honour and with Praiſe,
The glory of his Countrey and his dayes:
But *Fame* hath long before him thither gone.

III.

III.

Great God, his *Prayers* do thou hear,
And give a patent Ear
To all that he doth undertake,
Of a wisht end let all he does partake.
For why all Vertues do in him unite,
And make him gloriously compleat.
Heroick, Manly, Virtuous *Exercise*
Him only please.
In training *Horse* for War and warlike sport,
Of none he falleth short.
After a princely way he's *hospitall*,
Kind, courteus and liberal,
Not to a few, but unto all.
Each one is kindly by him entertain'd,
He is his *Countreys* Lover, and its Friend;
Delighting in its Cities Peace;
Rejoycing when they do surcease
From War and mutual Enmity,
And live together in Tranquility.
No *Lyes* or Fictions I do here rehearse;
Lyes neither Prose befit, nor Verse:
Th' experience of all Mortals shews the same,
Who every where exalt his Name;
So that I'm but the *Eccho* of his Fame.

IV.

His Victory appeareth more,
When we behold on him what doth decore

The

The old decrepit Age of mortals here:
For lo how *silver Hairs* on him appear.
But these the want of strength not always shew;
But oft do prove untrue.
1 When th' *Argonauts* to *Lemnus* came
And had engaged in a Funeral Game,
Old hoary-headed *Ergin*, *Clymen*'s Son
Was not asham'd with the Young-men to run.
And though the Women much did laugh,
And oft did him salute with Ha and Ah:
Yet unmov'd at all, they did say;
Though covered with an heavy mass,
A Coat of Male, and Arms of Brass;
He run and won the Honour of the day.
Who, when unto the Prize he came,
2 *Hypsipila*, he cryes, I am the same,
Whom you and yours did so disdain.
But lo you now do see, that Hoary-hairs
Are not of weakness ay the Heirs.
And as my *Feet* have won the race,
So do my *Heart* and *Hands* with them keep pace.
If them you'l try, as you have done my Feet
You'l find my Youth in all compleat.

V.

With *Psaumis* thus it prov'd th' other day,
When he th' *Olympique prize* did bear away.
And though with Wisdoms Dye he's crown'd;
Yet for his force he likewise prov'd renown'd;
When vigorously his Horse he manage did,
1 And with *Alpheus* swift an equal Journey rid.

Yea

Yea probably his hoary hairs
May be the Heirs
Not of his *Age*, but of his *Cares*;
His *Cares*, which for his Countrey's Peace and good,
Oft prove his only Food.
For why we oft do see
That hoary Hairs on Young Men be.
Wherefore this possibly
May be the Cause why thus is he.

The SIXTH

Pythian Ode

OF

PINDAR.

The Argument.

Zenocrates *a Nobleman* (*or, as it would seem, Governour*) *of* Agrigentum, *a City in* Sicily, *is praised for his having won the Chariot-Race in the* 24 Pythiad: *Whom* Pindar *praiseth, from his* Countrey *and* Kindred, *and from the* Pythian Victory: *After which, turning his Discourse to his Son* Thrasybulus,

lus, *he continues in his praises to the end of the Ode; commending him, from his* Piety *to God, and* Obedience *to his Parents; comparing him therein to* Achilles *and* Antilochus; *as likwise to his Unkle* Theron, *for his Gallantry; concluding with a commendation, both of his* Fame, *and of his sweet* Conversation.

I.

ATtend all Mortals unto what I say,
For I do enter now this day
1 Fair black-ey'd *Venus*, lovely green;
That pleasant Meed, where all the Graces ay have
2 I enter do of *Oracles* the Queen, (been.
Plac't in the Navel of the Earth,
3 Which speaks aloud with a Prophetick breath,
And where *Apollo*'s Temple's seen.
4 Where to the praise of the *Emmenides*,
That happy flourishing race,
5 And *Agrigentum*, that well water'd place,
And to the glory of *Zenocrates*;
Within the *Delphique* Forrest fair,
6 A Monument doth there
Erected stand,
Which shall all Envy countermand.
For why, thy *Fame*'s a Treasure rich,
Able a thousand Hymns for to enrich
And plentifully for to fill
With Matter which doth thence into each line distill.

II.

II.

This *Hymns* rare monument, no Winters rain,
Nor ſtormy blaſts can ever ſtain.
It doth not fear the Armies of the roaring *Clouds*
When all the Heavens face they ſhroud;
Nor yet the ſhaking *Winds*, which ſpeak aloud:
But ſhall continue to outbrave
The rage of Time and of the Grave.
Nay; my ſmooth footed *Verſe*
Remain ſhall and rehearſe
1 The Praiſe of the *Criſean* Chariot-race;
Won by thy Father there,
2 *Thraſybulus*, thy Fathers Vertues Heir:
The glory of which Victory
Shall common be to him and thee,
And to thy Kindred, to Poſterity.

III.

For thou, *Thraſybulus*, thy Fathers ſteps doſt trace,
And with the ancient Hero's runs an equal race.
To God, and to thy Parents, thou
A juſt Obedience and reſpect doſt ſhew.
Thou doſt obſerve, almoſt alone,
The Admonition
1 Which the wiſe Son of *Philyra* did give
(Wiſe *Chiron* who did in the Mountains live)
To great *Achilles*, when he loſt
His Parents, which much grief him coſt.

Wor-

Worſhip with reverence (ſaid he) that God
Above all others, to whoſe nod
All things ſubjected are in Heaven and Earth,
On whom depends our very breath.
The great Saturnian *Jove* obey,
And to him Vow and Pray ;
Ev'n him, who doth the thunders great create,
And Lightnings moderate.
For he who thus becomes a *Saint*,
Can never Parents want :
For *Jove* himſelf will grant
A Father to that Man to be,
Who with true Piety
Doth worſhip and adore the Deity.

IV.

And like *Antilochus* thou art ;
Whoſe generous Heart
Did Victim for his Father chuſe to lye,
Rather than ſee him dye.
For when th' *Ethiopian Memnan* came
With force and fury, like an huge prevailing Flame,
Deſtroying all who did before him ſtand ;
Lo, then old *Neſtors* wounded Chariot-horſe
Intangled was, and by no force
In any wiſe could be
Thence diſintangled and ſet free :
Old *Neſtor*'s Whip and Hand
Could in no manner it command.
But when *Antilochus* perceiv'd
That *Neſtor* likely was to be bereav'd

Of

Of life, by *Memnons* cruel hand;
He ſingle did him then withſtand,
And val'rouſly oppoſe,
'Till overcharg'd he did his Life moſt bravely loſe.

V.

1 The old diſtreſs'd *Meſſenian* then did cry,
Antilochus why chuſeſt thou to dye.
But whatſoever he did ſay,
Could not his gallant Son from his brave purpoſe ſtay:
For perſevering, he redeemed then
His Fathers life, being for him ſlain.
By which that divine Man did come to be
The chief example to Poſterity
Of th' love, which Children do
Unto their Parents owe.
But theſe rare Vertues now we ſee
Neglected every where to be
Except *Thraſybulus* by thee.
Thou only now, of all we know,
Doſt equal to thy Fathers Vertue grow.

VI.

1 Thou doſt thy *Unkle* equalize,
His Gallantry and Bravery thee doth pleaſe.
Thy outward wealth thy riches thou doſt not eſteem,
But as they are indeed doſt deem.
The vertues of thy mind moſt truely be
Thy riches thought by thee:

Pride

Pride and Injuſtice far from thee we baniſht ſee.
The ſearch of Wiſdom thou doſt make
Thy Study, and doſt pleaſure therein take.
Wherever the lov'd *Muſes* ſtay and be,
They ſearch'd are for, and found by thee.
2 And the Tridentian *Neptune* (who doth ride
Around the Earth, and every where abide,)
He emulates; for every where we ſee
His Vertue fam'd like a ſwollen Tyde to be.
Moreover his ſweet candid mind, when near,
Doth like the Honey-comb appear,
Whence Honey ſweet doth roul
Into each Soul,
Through both the Eye and Ear.

The THIRD

Nemean Ode

OF

PINDAR.

The Argument.

Ariſtoclides, *Prince of a ſmall Iſland called* Egina, *is praiſed for being Victor at all the* Nemean *Games*, i. e. *for being victorious at*

the Quinquertium, *or five-fold Game,* viz. *fighting with* Battons *or some such things,* Wrestling, Leaping, *throwing the* Discus, (i. e. *a round Stone made for that end,*) *and* Running. Pindar, *after invoking of of his* Muse, *to assist him in the Composition of his Song in the Praise of one who was absent, and exhorting* Aristoclides *to study* goodness *more than* greatness, *as the safer and more compendious way to glory; he commends him, from the several* Hero's *of his Countrey and Race,* viz. Eacus, Peleus, Telamon *and* Achilles; *unto whom comparing and equalizing* Aristoclides, *he shews further how meek and* humble *he is in the midst of all the Praises that he gets. And then commending his own* Song; *he endeth with an excuse for his not being present himself in* Egina; *drawing a Commendation to himself therefrom.*

I.

AWake, awake, O venerable *Muse,*
Thou who didst *Midwife* me into the Earth,
And didst inspire with a *poetick* breath,
According as thou'rt wont to use
Me to accompany

1 At the great *Nemean* ſolemnity;
Awake, awake, I ſay,
And fly with me away
2 Unto the well inhabited *Egina* fair,
Where Strangers always do repair.
3 Where, by the gentle *Aſops* flowry ſide,
Thou'lt find for to abide
Many a comely Youth, who do that place
With pleaſant *Songs* and tuneful *Muſick* grace.
Who all await for thee, and much deſire
To hear the moving Strings of thy inſpired Lyre.
For as things like draw to alike, ſo we
Do always ſee
That Praiſe adjoyns it ſelf to Victory.
A praiſefull Hymn
Is a Companion always lov'd by him, (climb.
Who up *Fame*'s Pyramid doth by great Actions

II.

Inſpire me then, my *Muſe*, with Divine Fire,
And grant a Song, ſuch as I do deſire;
Thou who to Heaven owes thy birth,
And not to Earth;
That ſo my tuneſull Lyre and I
1 May help to make compleat that Harmony,
Whereby *Egyna* ſhall reſound,
2 *Egyna* for the *Myrmidons* renown'd;
Egyna which brave *Ariſtoclides*
Much, much doth grace;
Who is a Credit to that ancient Race,
In having won the *Nemean* Victory (Activity:
From all the valorous Youth by force and brave

Who though he wearied be, yea wounded too,
Yet needs not care
Whether or not *Physicians* be there,
For the *Nemean* Fame more than all drugs can do.

III.

Now, since great Son of *Aristophanes*,
Thou hast so far advanc'd in Glory's race;
Study more to be good than great:
For why on goodness do await
All Vertues, as upon their Queen,
As may by all experience be seen.
Then to this way thy self betake,
This way which thee shall happy make,
Much easier than that which *Hercules* did take.
For who can add to what he did,
1 Or find out what behind his *Pillars* lyeth hid?
2 But why, my Soul, do I
Unto a Coast remote and strange thus fly?
3 Turn sail, and to Great *Eacus* draw nigh.
For in this Race thou'lt many Hero's find,
Yea in himself many in one combin'd.

IV.

1 What shall of *Peleus* be told,
That matchless Hero, who of old
2 Did *Jolcus* take almost alone,
So much all others he outshone?
3 What shall I talk of the great *Telamon*,
4 Great *Jolcus* great Companion,
Who *Hium* did besiege and take,
It's King *Laomedon* a Captive make.

Who

Who him accompanied when he did beat
Th' *Amazones*, and altered their ſtate.
What ſhall I ſpeak of *Achilles*, who
Did even himſelf an *Hero* ſhew,
6 By ſlaying Lyons, and ſuch Beaſts, e're he
Seven Winters had attain'd to ſee?
And what he did at the fam'd *Troy* Town
When come to Age, needs not a new renown.

V.

Such, ſuch is the great race
Of the *Eacides*,
Which doth it ſelf, great *Jove*, derive from thee,
Who needs it's Parent ſure muſt be.
And as it hitherto produced hath of courſe
Great *Hero*'s, not unlike their ſource:
In *Ariſtoclides* ſo doth it flouriſh now,
In whom thy Image men may view,
He doth his Great Forefathers feats renew:
By him *Egyna* much is fam'd,
And great *Apollo*'s Temple hallow'd and nam'd.

VI.

His Vertues yet he ſtrives to vail from ſight,
By *humbleneſs*, it's covering ſlight;
Humbleneſs, which doth more expoſe him to the light.
This makes him unto all an equal be,
That thus none may his greatneſs ſee.
In vain he does it, for he lyes
This way the more conſpicuous to all eyes.
Thus proves it with all thoſe whoſe Vertues be
Innate, and ſtampt on them, great *Jove*, by thee.

Whilſt thoſe who learn it by Art,
Have it more in their minds than in their heart,
And ſo can never prove in it expert.
Then welcome my beſt Frend, to whom
I ſend this welcome *Song* :
On which the heav'nly dew hath fallen below,
And made it forth with milk and honey flow :
And ſo ſhall prove a drink moſt ſweet to thee
In celebrating thy great Victory,
Which maketh thee of Fame and praiſe athirſt to be.

VII.

And though I be remote, and far away,
Yet can I hence thee ſee, where thou doſt ſtay :
I can afar ſmell out my Prey ;
Like to the generous *Eagle*, which far off can view,
What Crows and Ravens even near can't do.
Behold how, though remote, thy worth moſt bright
Appeareth glittering to my ſight.
This hath inſpired ſo my *Muſe* aright,
As to invite her to a ſoaring flight,
In praiſing and exalting thee,
In whom ſuch Vertues ſhe doth ſee ;
Vertues which came unto a wondrous height,
1 When at *Megaris* and *Nemea*, thou,
2 And *Epidaurus* didſt them ſhew :
In each of which thou didſt victorious fight.

The THIRD

Isthmian Ode

OF

PINDAR.

The Argument.

Meliſſus *a Principal Man of the City of* Thebes, *is praiſed from his winning the Horſe-race at the* Iſthmian *and* Pythian *Games, whom* Pindar *commendeth from his* modeſt *and humble deportment, notwithſtanding his fame and greatneſs, from his wiſe* foreſight *in the management of his Affairs, from the* glory *of his double Victory, and from the glory of ſome of his* Anceſtors, *both by the Father and Mothers ſide, to all whom he equals, or rather prefers* Meliſſus, *concluding with a commendation of vertue.*

I.

What Man is Noble, rich, or wise,
Or us'd to Victories,
Who these *gifts* in just ballance weighs?
Such men do mostly other men despise.
But if there any chance to be
Who to these gifts adjoyns Humility,
Humanity and Modesty;
That Man is worthy of all praise,
Worthy whom every one on high should raise.
O *Jove*, how many Vertues dost thou send
On those who do from thee descend!
Wise *Providence* thou joyneſt to the rest,
Providence of all Vertues best;
Whereby Men future things foresee,
And them compare with present things which be,
But perverse minds what's present only see.

II.

Wherefore it is but reason I
Should praise the conquering Victory
Of this brave man, who twice did run,
And both times did o'recome;
1 Both in the *Isthmian* Valleys low, (once did go.
2 And in the *Nemean* Woods where the great Lyon
3 At both which places the sweet Musicks dance
Did equally the praise advance
Of brave *Melissus*, and the *Theban* Town,
With a perpetual Renown,
4 When he did first arrive at the fair hanging Crown.

III. By

III.

By which auſpicious double race,
His Noble Name deſerves a Noble place,
Amongſt the *Hero*'s of his race.
They, they indeed did tread that way before,
But never did it more.
1 *Cleonimus* did win the Chariot prize,
With greateſt glory; yet but once, not twice.
2 We likewiſe know how the *Labdacides*
Did ſev'rally win a ſeveral Race,
To none of whom *Meliſſus* doth give place:
Nor yet in riches falleth he behind
Any of his own kindred that we find.
3 But all things here are ſubject unto change,
And do in various forms range:
Yet thoſe whom Vertue doth exalt to be
Of *Jove*'s own bleſs'd Poſterity,
Are proof againſt ill Fate, and each Adverſity.

Some

Some brief NOTES on the foregoing four ODES of *PINDAR*.

NOTES on the Fourth Olympick ODE.

I.

1. I Say the Thunders *Artillery*, by a Poetical and Pindarique *Licence*, in expreſſing *Pindar*'s meaning after a modern manner. For whereas *Pindar* calls *Jupiter* Ἐλατὴρ βεγκτᾶς, *i. e.* the Brandiſher, Shaker, or Thrower of Thunder, in alluſion, as I think, of the manner of caſting Arrows and Stones in thoſe days, out of Croſs-bows, or other ſuch Engines; why may not I tranſlate it by thoſe Inſtruments that are in uſe with us now, ſince the faſhion and manner of thoſe ancient Weapons are not known in this time? And ſure *Artillery*, as *Cannons* and great Guns do repreſent the Thunder much more lively than any War-Inſtrument of the Ancients.

2. *Homer*

2. *Homer* in the fifth and seventh Books of his *Iliads*, says, That the *Gates* of Heaven are kept and watched by the *Hours*: By which, 'tis like he means, that the motions of the heavenly Bodies are all measured by Hours; *i. e.* the several portions of time. But by *Olympick hours* here, I know nothing that *Pindar* can mean, but the time allotted for the Celebration of the *Olympick* Solemnities.

3. I call the *Harp* the *Organ* of the *Songs* Voice, by a known, and I think, significant enough Similitude. For the *Harp* was as necessary to *Lyrick Verse* of old, as the Tongue and Jaws are to Speech: For all *Lyrick*, and consequently *Pindarick Poesie*, hath such a near Affinity and Similitude to *Prose*, that destitute of the Harmony of *Musick* (if we may believe *Cicero*) it seems almost *Prose* it self. However our *English Pindaricks*, (which are not composed with any such relation to the Harp,) will, I suppose, be found smooth, and sweet enough, if rightly *understood* and *pronounced*, wherein its chief Excellency lies: Yea, a good *pronounciation* of this kind of *Poesie*, is the same in effect to it now, which the *Harp* was to it of old.

II.

1. *Pindar* hath it, who dwells on *Etna*; by which I believe he means some *Temple* built in honour of *Jupiter* in that place. However, I thought it would run better to say *near Etna's top*; for *Etna* was of old one of the highest Mountains in the World, whose top did seem to reach to Heaven it self; with respect to which, *Pindar* calls it in his first *Pythian Ode*, Κίων ὐρανία, *the heavenly Pillar*. In which place there

there is a very ſtrange account of that Mountain, which ſhews, that its Burning, even in thoſe times, hath been much after the ſame manner that it hath been almoſt ever ſince: But when it began to burn, is utterly unknown, ſince even *Pindar* ſpeaks of it as a thing in his time out of the Memory of Man; which argues it at firſt to have been of an incredible height, conſidering, that though for ſome thouſands of years it hath been burning; yet is it one of the higheſt Mountains, even at this day. It will not be amiſs to hear *Pindar* himſelf ſpeak hereof; which I ſhall make him do in *Engliſh* Proſe.— *Sicily* it ſelf is placed above him, (*viz.* the Giant *Typhon*, of whom anon,) as likewiſe the heavenly Pillar, the *Snowy Etna*, which doth preſerve Snow on it ſelf the whole year perpetually: Out of whoſe *Bowels* inacceſſible Fountains of pure fire do guſh forth, yea, Rivers of fire run down from thence, which in the day time ſeem to be burning pitchy *Smoke*, but in the night appear a clear rolling *Flame*, carrying Stones along therewith into the very bottom of the *Sea*, with a great hideous roaring. And as this *Vulcanian* liquid burning, when caſting forth fearful *Emanations* from it, is a prodigious Spectacle to behold; ſo is it ſtrange and admirable to hear the Relation thereof from others; how that *Etna*, whoſe tops are overgrown with ſhadowy *Woods*, ſhould yet nevertheleſs, *&c.*— Now the reaſon why *Pindar* makes mention of *Etna* here, is becauſe *Pſaumis*, whom he praiſeth, was a *Sicilian*.

2. The *Poets* did feign *Etna* to be the Shop of *Vulcan* the Smith of *Jupiter*, where he did form the Thunderbolts to him.

3. *Typhon*

3. *Typhon* was a Monſter, who, together with other Giants, did attempt to ſcale Heaven, by caſting *Pelion* on *Oſſa*, and both on *Olympus*, and on whom *Jupiter* did caſt down *Sicily*, and particularly *Etna* on his Heart or Breaſt; where when he ſhakes himſelf, the Mountain quakes, and from his Mouth and Breathing iſſues Fire, whereby *Etna* is kindled. All which is a Fable patched together out of the old confuſed Relicts of the Tradition of *Babel*'s building, which the *Scripture* ſpeaks of. This *Typhon* is ſaid to have had an hundred Heads; by which, I ſuppoſe, is meant the unite *Confederacy* that was amongſt the *Babel-builders*.

4. *Piſa* was a Town ſituated hard by the Town of *Olympus*; beſides which two the Olympick Games were celebrated, which are therefore ſometimes called *Piſean*. At thoſe Games the *Victors* were crowned with a wild *Olive*, which was the Garland of Victory.

5. *Camarina* was a City in *Sicily*, ſo called from a Lake of the ſame Name, on which it ſtood.

IV.

1. The *Argonauts* were the Company of *Theſeus*, who went to take the *Golden-Fleece*.

2. *Hypſipila* was the Daughter of *Theaut* King of *Lemnus*, who did inſtitute a Funeral-Solemnity, in which the *Argonauts* did engage; and amongſt others, *Ergine*, then an old, but vigorous Man, who at his firſt attempt to run armed with the young Men, was mocked at by the *Lemnian* Women; but when he out-ran the reſt, he was the more admired.

V. *Alpheus*

V.

1. *Alpheus*, is a River in *Peloponnesus*, running by *Olympus* and *Pisa*, thorough *Ebis*.

NOTES on the sixth Pythian *ODE.*

I.

1. *Pindar* here compares the Praise of *Zenocrates* to a pleasant Field, where *Venus* and all the *Graces* do delight to remain.

2. He calls the *Pythian Oracle*, by way of Eminency, the *Navel* of the Earth; for *Apollo* uttered his Responses there out of hollow Caves: But I thought it suited better to call it the *Queen* of Oracles, placed in the Navel of the Earth, than simply to say the Navel of the Earth.

3. It is by *Pindar* called the *horribly sounding Earth*, because of the dismal hollow Ghost-like sound which it made: But I thought it ran better to say, It sounded aloud with a *prophetick Breath*.

4. *Emmenides* is the Name of the Family of which *Zenocrates* did descend, so called from one of that Name, the Founder of the Family, as would seem.

5. *Agrigentum* is the Town *Gregento* in *Sicily*, situate at the foot of the Hill *Agragas*, on the brink of a River of the same Name.

6. Some

6. Some think that *Pindar* alludes here to some stately *Monument* erected in the *Forrest* adjoyning to *Apollo*'s Temple at *Delphos*: But I see no ground to think there was any such Monument there. So that I take him, in a *metaphorical* way, to call his *Hymn* so; which the following words make clear, where he says, That neither Storms, nor Wind, nor Rain, nor yet Time it self can deface this Monument, which can be said of no material Monument: Wherefore I here express the *Glory and Fame* of *Zenocrates* his Victory to be that *Monument*, especially his Glory, as it is set forth and perpetuated by *Pindar's Verse*; so as his Praise and Glory make up the *Materials* of this *Monument*, and this *Hymn* adds a *Form* to them. And thus this part of the Hymn which sounds so harsh in *Pindar*, with a little smoothing, runs most sweetly.

II.

1. *Crisa* is a Town or Village near *Delphos* and belonging to it; whence the *Pythian* Games are sometimes named *Crisaan*.

2. *Thrasybulus* is the Son of *Zenocrates*, into whose Praises he falleth, and persevereth therein to the very end, according to his usual Enthusiastick manner, insisting more on Digressions than on the main Subject: Yet if my Conjecture fail me not, the reason of his so doing in this place, hath been because the invitation which he hath gotten to write this Hymn, hath been from *Thrasybulus*, and not his Father; and so, as himself says, he makes this Hymn common to both. This appears the reason, if we consider that he still addresseth himself to

Thra-

Thasybulus, and speaks of his Father in the third person only.

III.

1. *Chiron* was Master to *Achilles* in his young years, and taught him all manly and virtuous Learning.

IV.

1. *Nestor*, *Antilochus* his Father was a very old Man, even at the *Trojan* Wars. He lived about three hundred: So that he became a Proverb of old Age. His Chariot-horse was sorely wounded by *Paris* his Arrows, which made them through Fury to intangle themselves, so as hindered *Nestor* from defending himself from the furious Assault of *Memnon*. This made *Antilochus* leap out of his own Chariot to save his Father; in which attempt he was slain. *Ovid* makes *Penelope* in her Letter to say, That *Antilochus* was slain by *Hector*.

Sive quis Antilochum *narrabat ab* Hectore *victum*,
Antilochus *nostri causa doloris erat*.

But since she says only what she had upon a flying Relation, it is no wonder that she erred.

V.

1. *Nestor* came from the Country and Town of *Messena*, which is near *Pylus*. Now *Nestor* was Prince of both *Messenea*, *Arcadia*, and *Elis*.

VI. The

VI.

1. The Unkle of *Thraſybulus* was *Theron* his Father's Brother, to whoſe Praiſe the ſecond and third Olympick Odes are compoſed.

2. *Pindar* compares *Thraſybulus* to *Neptune*, whom he calls a Horſe-god; it may be becauſe he is ſaid to ride through the Waves on the back of Fiſhes, as the *Dolphin*, and others. But I think it runs far better to underſtand it of the *Sea* it ſelf; unto the *Ubiquity* of whoſe Waters, the Fame of great Virtue univerſally diffuſed, doth excellently anſwer.

NOTES on the third Nemean *ODE.*

I.

1. *Nemea* was a woody Country in *Achaia*, where *Hercules* ſlew a Lion of prodigious bigneſs; upon occaſion whereof he inſtituted Games in honour of *Jupiter* in that place.

2. *Egina* is one of the *Cyclades* lying over againſt *Attica*, and a Colony of the *Argives*.

3. *Aſop* was a River in *Egina*, where 'tis like, the City or Palace of *Ariſtoclides* hath been ſituated.

II.

1. *Pindar* doth not mean, that he would make the Harmony compleat by his preſence, but only ſays in general, That he accords with them in the ſame thing. 'Tis like alſo he might ſend his Harp by another, who in his Name was to expreſs his Hymn on his Lyre.

2. *Myrmidones* were the People of *Egyna* of old time; or, it may be, only an old Name of the ſame People. *Heſiod* ſays, that the Name was derived from *Ants*, becauſe *Jupiter* did firſt produce Men out of the Ants in that Iſland: But others more truly derive that Name from the ancient manner of dwelling of that People, which was in Caves and Holes under ground, like to Ants.

III.

1. After that *Hercules* had done ſo many mighty Feats and prodigious Actions of Valour and Virtue, and had conquered all difficult Exploits that either others, or his own Courage prompted him to do; when he came to the outmoſt Point of *Africk* and *Europe*, and could go no further for the vaſt Ocean, he is ſaid to have ſet up two vaſt Pillars there, and to have engraven there, *Nil ultra*, to ſignifie either that there was no Land beyond that, or that there was no more known beyond it.

2. He chargeth himſelf with Inconſiderateneſs, in mentioning *Hercules*, ſince he was none of *Ariſtoclides* his Predeceſſors; in which, nevertheleſs, there were ſo many Hero's.

3. *Eacus*

3. *Eacus* was *Achilles*'s Grandfather; he is said to be the Son of *Jupiter* and *Europa*, and to be constituted one of the three Judges of Hell; and so he is the great Parent of the Family of *Aristoclides*.

IV.

1. *Peleus* was Son to *Eacus*, and Father of *Achilles*, from whom he is oft called *Pelides*.

2. *Jolcus* was a City of *Thessaly*, which *Peleus*, through the assistance of *Jason* and the *Fyndarides*, did take in his War against *Acastus*, the Son of *Pelea*. So that when *Pindar* says, that *Peleus* took it alone, it is to shew his matchless Valour, in comparison of which, the Valour of others was eclipsed. However, I thought it was ample enough, when I did adjoyn an [*almost*] thereto; to signifie that he was not totally singular in that Exploit.

3. *Telamon* was Brother to *Peleus*, and Son likewise to *Eacus*; he was King of *Salamis*, and one of the *Argonauts*, as likewise Companion to *Hercules* in his taking of *Troy*, whereof *Laomedon* was then King. He was Father to *Ajax*, who is therefore oft called *Telamonius*.

4. *Iolaus* was the Son of *Iphiclus*, who assisted *Hercules* in killing the *Hydra*; or, as other will have it, he was *Hercules* his *Charioteer*: However it be, it is sure *Hercules* is here designed by this Name.

5. The *Amazones* were Women who did live apart, without any men amongst them, and with great success defended themselves against their Neighbours, yea, subdued several Countries, untill at last they were subjugated by *Hercules*, and their State altered, and they forced to cohabitate with

men. Yet ſome Authors of good Note, report, That they continued, at leaſt ſome remnant of them, till *Alexander*'s time. They were called *Amazones*, becauſe they did cut off their right Breaſt, that they might ſhoot the better.

6. They write of *Achilles*, that he ſlew Lyons, and other ſuch Beaſts, ere he was ſix years of Age.

Pindar adjoyns here ſeveral other things of this nature, as about *Chiron* and *Eſculapius*, which I thought better to leave out, as being further off from the Subject.

V.

1. By hallowing and naming of *Apollo*'s Temple, is only to be underſtood the great care that *Ariſtoclides* took thereof in repairing, decoring it, *&c.* in ſuch ſort as it might be taken for a new one.

VII.

1. *Megaris* was a Countrey of *Achaia*, where there were likewiſe Solemnities.

2. *Epidaurus* was a place where there were Games inſtituted in praiſe of *Eſculapius*.

NOTES

NOTES on the Isthmian *ODE.*

II.

Isthmus is any neck of Land betwixt two Seas, but especially that Neck of Land joyning *Peloponnesus* to *Greece.*

2. In the *Nemean* Woods *Hercules* slew a great Lyon, of which I spoke before; this *Pindar* here understands.

3. In the praising of the *Victors*, the name of their Countrey or native City was mentioned together with their own Name. Hence it is that *Pindar* speaks thus of *Melissus*, that by his Victory he equally advanced himself and the Town of *Thebes*, in the renown which he purchased.

4. It was the custom to hang the Garland or Crown at the end of the Race, on some Tree or Stake, which whoever first arrived to, was held Victor. In the *Isthmian* Solemnities the Garland was the Branch of a Pine-tree.

III.

1. *Cleonimus* is *Melissus*'s Uncle by the Father's side.

2. The *Labdacides* are the Posterity of *Labdacus*, an old Prince of *Thebes*, of whom by his Mother *Melissus* is descended.

3. *Pindar* is thought to ſpeak this with relation to the ſad Death of four of *Meliſſus* his near Kinſmen, who were ſlain together in Battel.

ADVERTISEMENT.

READER, I had once an Intention to have tranſlated all Pindar's Works, *and for that end made my firſt Eſſay in tranſlating the four foregoing* Odes *out of the correcteſt* Greek *extant, being one of each ſort,* viz. *One* Olympian, *one* Pythian, *one* Nemean, *and one* Iſthmian: *But truly by that time I had done with theſe, I became ſo weary of the old* Poetical Fables *of their* Gods *and* Hero's, *and ſo ſick with their* Sterility, Impertinences, Adulation, *&c. that I thought better to employ my Thoughts on more profitable* Subjects, *and ſo to rid my Hands of theſe, with a few* Notes *upon them, leaving the reſt to any that pleaſe to employ their time and pains that way. And yet I muſt ſay, I did what I could to make the beſt of this* Poets *Expreſſions. But ſince our* Engliſh Pindar, Cowley *has tranſlated but* two *of theſe* Odes, *I think I have done enough in rendring* four.

THE

The CREATION.

A Pindarick ODE.

(1.)

TH' Almighty God, in whose *Decree*,
(That *Abyss* known to him alone)
All things lie wrapped up from human Eye;
Whenas the time at last did come,
Which he had settled long before
For bringing forth of *Beings* many,
Out of vast *possibilities* endless store,
Whenas before, except himself, there was not any;
According to th' *Idea* bright and clear,
Which th' *Eternal* in his mind serene did bear,
He did himself prepare
Forth his Almighty Hand to put,
Which yet no *Object* had whereon to work,
And out of which to cut
The well-proportion'd *Creature*.
But want of Object was no want to him,
Whom *Nothings* did as well obey,
As *Somethings* in their after-day;
Until that monstrous Nothing, *Sin*,
Did into many Somethings strangely climb,
And taught them for to disobey.

(2.)

Within the Bowels of *Eternity*,
That *Ocean* bounded by no Sand,
God made a little *Spring* to rise
Within the middle of *Immensity*,
That vastly boundless Land,
God did a little *Space* devise:
And in this Space he put that Spring,
And Wheels he put the Spring within,
It turning always in a round,
Which in it self time-living things should bound:
And in the Space within the Spring,
He did produce
A certain strange *confused thing*,
Whose Nature, End and Use
Was known to God alone;
Who did the same forth out of Nothing bring,
According as in Ages past, although not gone,
Most wisely he had with himself propos'd,
As is by us undoubtedly suppos'd.

(3.)

Then betwixt *Space* and vast *Immensity*,
And betwixt *Time* and vast *Eternity*,
God did a *Circle* draw,
And did it for the *Embrio-world*'s limit place;
Saying, Lo, here I by a fixed Law,
Do set a Bound to the *Creations* Race;
This doth contain th' extent of the created Space.
Then did he take a part of the confused thing,
(Which may a *Chaos* well be call'd,)

And

And it from all grofs Feculency exhal'd,
And to a glorious Form it ſoon did bring;
He did it in a moment round extend,
And then a leſſer Circle them betwixt did bend;
And did it for a limit place
Betwixt the upper and the lower Space
Within, then did he glorioufly,
With Diamonds and Saphires bright,
And pure and radiant Vehicles of Light
It make like to a glorious Lamp to be;
Whereby the bright, yet uncreated *Ghoſts*,
Inhabitants, who here were for to be,
Might ſomewhat of Gods glorious greatneſs ſee,
Whom they ordain'd, were for to ſerve as Hoſts.

(4.)

Within this glorious *Paradiſe* above,
He many *Paradiſes* made,
Which never fade,
But always green and flowry prove.
Here *Trees* and *Flowers* of a more glorious kind,
And of more glorious Colours than we find
In this mean *Paradiſe* below,
Do there by many a Silver Stream,
Which glide through many a pleaſant Green,
With *Zephyr*'s Breath that comes between,
In Woods and Gardens grow,
In many a comely, ſtately Row,
In different ſhapes, both tall and low;
Where ſing and ſing again
The ſweet, melodious, comely Train
Of ſweet Cœleſtial *Choriſters*, who there
Sometimes alone, ſometimes by pair and pair,

And

And sometimes in a full-mouth'd *Quire*
Do sing, and sing again, but ne're do tire:
No Grief, no Fear,
No Sorrow, and no Tear
Doth ever there appear.
Winter's chill cold, the scorching heat of *June*,
Do never put these Singers out of tune.
Their *Air* is always calm and clear,
Their bright *Sun* always doth appear;
And they sometimes from Tree to Tree,
And sometimes by the *Chrystal* Sea,
And sometimes on the Mountains high,
And sometimes in the glorious Sky,
And sometimes in the golden Towers,
And sometimes under shady Bowers,
And sometimes in the Woods most rare,
And sometimes in the Gardens fair,
And sometimes in the Meadows low,
Through which the Silver Streams do flow,
Do fly with nimble Wing,
Or chanting sit, or walking sing,
In that perpetual vernant Spring.

(5.)

These glorious Creatures, who no body have,
Who fear no Death, and know no Grave,
Were by th' Eternal out of Nothing made
Within their glorious House, which ne'redoth fade.
But when they were thus out of Nothing brought,
What may we think was their first Thought?
Undoubtedly they stood amaz'd,
And at the Glories which they saw, they gaz'd;

And

And what, or who, or where they were,
By whom, or why they were brought there,
'Tis like they did admire,
Until a Beam from the Eternal Fire
Did warm the Seed which in them latent lay,
And made them see
Both what, and who, and where they were,
By whom, and why they were brought there:
And thus their mind did free
From the difficulty,
To which they knew not what before to say.
Then did they lift their fervent Eyes,
Which did burn with ardent Love,
And through the spacious spangled Skies
Their well-tun'd Voices did arise,
Each striving for to mount above
All others in their *Maker*'s Praise.

(6.)

Th' Almighty God, who forth had brought
The great and glorious *upper Story*
Of the Creations Fabrick great,
With all its garnishing and state,
And the Inhabitants of Glory;
All, as it were, together in one Thought,
As having then Spectators none,
But his Infinite Self alone,
Did now begin to make
Of his great Work the other part;
Which thô it was to be but low,
If with the other half compar'd,
Yet that his upper Creatures might know,
And see the rare and dext'rous Art
Whereby he formed every part;

He

He did it not by Thought,
Which ſuddenneſs implies;
But he the ſame by Word forth brought,
Which ſpeaks Succeſſion ſuddenneſs denies.

(7.)

And firſt of all his Spirit forth doth fly,
And doth to work begin;
The active *Angels* with a prying Eye
Humbly adventure, and draw nigh,
And ſeat themſelves not far from him.
For they would fain have ſeen
How a Fabrick ſhould ariſe,
Worthy of their *Maker*'s Praiſe,
Out of a thing ſo low and mean,
Which had no perfect Form or Shape,
No Comelineſs or Symmetry,
No Lovelineſs or Unity,
But ſeem'd a confus'd, ſhapeleſs Heap.
They likewiſe lov'd to ſee,
As in a Mirrour, or a Glaſs,
How it had come to paſs,
That they who were not once, ſhould yet now be:
That thus they might more Matter have to raiſe
In higher Notes their great Creator's Praiſe.

(8.)

The *Spirit* doth along the *Chaos* move
Its yet unlovely face above,
And through the ſame doth go:
And lo! and lo!
The unweildy Matter doth obſequious prove.

And

And lo! on that hand there, and on the other here,
How things so different in their place and site,
Do with embraces mutually meet,
Behold it, and admire!
He shap'd the Matter in a form round,
And drew a Circle which the same might bound,
And did thereto a *motion* give,
And put a *Virtue* or a Quality
Therein, which as a *Form* or Soul might be,
To make each thing according to its Nature live.

(9.)

Then did he make a glorious *Light* to fly
Along the concave face of Heaven high,
Which compass did the Work below,
From which an active lively *Heat* did flow
Upon the moving Matter, which did go
Into the same; and lo!
The vigorous enliv'ning *Heat*
Doth with the vital *Virtue* meet.
And now behold the Divine Art!
The piercing *Heat* doth with it bring,
And diffuse through every thing
A vigour and *prolifick Strength*,
Which as it did impart
Unto the vital Power or Quality,
Then did it come at length
Unto its full Consistency,
And then the motion double prov'd to be.

(10.) God

(10.)

God did ordain the *Light* to make the Day,
And over half of time to bear the ſway,
While as the other under Darkneſs lay ;
And made their Order thus alternative.
Now they do borrow Seaſons, now they give,
As if they ſwayed were by Love,
Without quarrel thus they move.
Here God doth ſmiling look
Upon this *Rudiment* of his *Nature's Book*,
And ſaid, I ſee, ev'n as I thought,
My Hand-maid Nature forth is brought,
By which things henceforth ſhall be wrought.
Then did a joyful ſweet melodious ſound
Through every part reſound,
From the *Spectators* looking on :
Matter, becauſe it could not do the ſame,
Sent forth an heavy hollow Groan,
Which did it *eccho* back again.

(11.)

The paſſive *Matter* having got from God
An active *virtue* put therein ;
The active *virtue* being furniſhed,
And with a quickning *Heat* now cheriſhed ;
The glorious *Agent* with a Beck or Nod
A ſignal gives, and ſtraight there doth begin
For to appear a Separation
Amongſt the parts of the Creation.
Out from the groſſer Matter doth ariſe,
And upward flies

A ſpi-

A ſpirituous, pure, unmixed *Stream*
Of *liquid Waters* rarify'd,
And excellently purify'd,
Their very Quintiſſence and Cream
It joyns it ſelf to the Cœleſtial *Sphere*,
And halting there,
Doth with a calm, yet ſpeedy pace,
Fill fully up the empty ſpace
Betwixt the Heaven and the Place
Where now the various *Moon* doth run her Race.

(12.)

Then from the Earth
A certain pure, and ſubtle *Breath*
Evaporateth, and doth fly,
And mount on high,
Till it the pure Ethereal *Ocean* meet,
And with moſt cloſe Embraces greet;
It filleth up the empty ſpace
Betwixt theſe Waters and the face
Of the terraqueous *Globe* below:
And thus doth make a Separation
Betwixt the upper and the lower *Ocean*;
So that the upper doth not downwards flow,
Nor doth there go
From the *Lower* to the *Upper* any more
Pure rarified Waters, as before.
Theſe higher Waters are the ſame we all
Do commonly the *Ether* call.
And that which doth ſucceed to them,
Which Scripture *Firmament* doth name,
Is that we call the *Air*;
Wherein all things do breath that are:

Or

Of which there is so much, that thô the space
It fill betwixt the *Ether* and Earth's Face,
Yet is it straitned still for room,
That much of it must stay at home,
And fill up all the Holes and Bores,
And all the *Vacuums* and Pores,
Which all do know
Earth's Body to be full of here below.

(13.)

The purest part of Water being gone
Unto the highest Region;
Earth's purest part being now likewise fled,
And round about Earth's Surface spread.
The glorious All-creating *Mind*
A Signal gives to the gross parts behind;
And straight the bonds which did before them bind,
Do open of their own accord,
And Earth and Water both obey their Lord.
A great capacious *Gulph* God open made,
And unto *Water* said,
This is your Place, this is your Home,
Hither, hither must you come.
Forthwith from both Earth's *Surface* and its *Womb*,
Waters trembling do gush forth,
Knowing well that voice's worth,
And fill that Bed both deep and wide,
Where ever since they do abide;
Unto the barren *Sand*
Then did he give forth a Command,
A Limit and a Wall to be
Against the swelling Surges of the Sea,

Never

Never to let it overpaſs,
Until it ſhould let ſee its Maſter's *Paſs.*

(14.)

Yet that he might the dry and barren Land
With water ſatisfie,
He did contrive a curious way
Earth's draught for to ſupply,
And made the ſame by his Almighty hand.
Out through the earth he curious *Channels* cut,
And in the ſame the waters made to flow,
Which Earth irriguate as they go
In their *Meanders* to and fro:
Likewiſe within Earth's Bowels he did put
Deep ſtanding Lakes for the ſame uſe.
Rivers from Sea he alſo did deduce;
From thence in curious *Aqueducts* he brings
The healthful Rivulets and Springs,
Which run amongſt the Hills and Vallies low,
Sweet to the taſte, althô from Salt they flow:
Theſe as they their courſe do take
Thorough various ſorts of things,
Which out of the Earth's Bowels ſprings,
So do they variouſly partake
Of Earth its different Qualities,
Some *ſweet* are as the Sugar, ſome *ſalt* as the Seas,
Some *hot*, ſome *cold*, and ſome *medicinal*,
Some for one Sickneſs good, and ſome for all;
Some good and healthful for our *common uſe*,
Others again noiſom and *poyſonous.*

(15.)

Then *Earth* he doth command,
As he had done the Sea,
Together for to be
Joyn'd hand in hand:
Which Order ſtraight it doth obey.
Some parts whereof, as fearing for to ſtay,
Do leap out from the reſt, and mount on high,
As if they meant to touch the *Sky*;
But the other parts do crowd ſo nigh,
That Separation they deny;
And with moſt cloſe Embraces them do keep,
Though over-look they do the Earth and Deep.
Earth's *Bowels* which to ſight lye hid,
With *Mettals*, *Stones* and *Minerals* he did
Fill plentifully, and Earth's Womb
He did impregnate fruitfully
With more rich Treaſures than all which we ſee
Out of the ſame yet to have come
By all Man's Art and Induſtry.

(16.)

By *Nature*'s curious hand
He weaves a *Carpet* large, of Colour green,
And ſpreads it over all the Land,
So broad and wide,
That it Earth's nakedneſs might hide,
Which henceforth might no more be ſeen.
Of which green Covering Earth's ſo glad,
That when we any part thereof remove,
It doth again of new it ſelf or'e-ſpread,

And

And thus doth us, though modeſtly, reprove
Us Wretches! who
With our own hands our nakedneſs did ſhow,
And yet continue to do ſo!
This graſſy Carpet he did take,
And a *Ground-work* thereof did make,
Whereon he curiouſly did weave
A rare *Flower-work*, which did it give
A comely pleaſence to the ſight,
Which much doth in variety delight.

(17.)

Here do the *Flowers*, ſo interwoven dwell,
That it is hard to tell
Which doth excell
Either in Colour or in ſmell.
There a *Grey*-coloured Flower doth appear,
A *Sky-blew* mantled one doth ſtand it near;
A third in modeſt *Purple* clad; lo here
Another doth its *Mother*'s *Livery* wear.
Among the reſt, the humble *Violet*
Is by the lovely Virgin-*Lilly* ſet;
Which two together with the baſhful *Roſe*
Contend which moſt ſhall gratifie the Noſe.
Some Flowers here deſpiſe
One Colour for to wear,
And do contend, as for a Prize,
Which ſhall in Colours moſt appear.
Among the which the *Tulip* loves
Its Fellows to appear above,
In gaudy Bravery and Pride,
Contemning ſuch as ſtand beſide:

But silly Flower! it little thinks,
For all its patched Beauty, that it stinks.

(18.)

But that this grassy Covering might be
As profitable, as it's fair to see,
He caused *Herbs* and *Roots* there for to grow,
Some whereof Health preserve, and some do it be-
Whose *Vertues* if aright we did but know, (stow:
We might with far more safety, and less Cost
Than by *Physicians* and their *Drugs* we do,
Or Health preserve, or it regain when lost;
These were by God appointed us for Food,
Both medicinal and good.
The *Patriarchs* of old this understood,
And on the same they liv'd, and thereby lived long,
Healthful, vigorous, lovely, strong.
Noah did first a Dispensation get
Of living Creatures for to eat,
After that Earth was spoiled by the Flood,
Yet was he still forbid the Blood.
Where in a Myst'ry he saw, and understood
He thereby liv'd, tho' it was not his Food.
The Beasts their flesh for recompence do give
Thus unto Man, who them preserv'd alive.

(19.)

This is not all, more Work's behind,
As Furniture for man his use design'd;
The stately *Trees* then doth he make to grow,
Some more tall, and some more low,

Of

Of various ſorts and kinds, (Winds.
Which love to play and ſport with th' whiſtling
Many of which do every year
To man a conſtant Tribute bear.
Here one is loaded with the nouriſhing *Pear*,
The *Apple* another doth preſent,
Chearful in Colour, Taſte, and Scent.
The *Olive* doth its fatneſs yield,
The *Cherry* beauty of the Field,
The *Fig*, *Plumb*, *Nectaren*, *Apricock*, and *Peach*,
Their Fruit unto us reach.
Some with tart *Lemons* loaded ſtand,
Some do invite the Eye and Hand
The lovely *Orange* for to pluck and ate.
Some bear the *Date*, the *Coco*, or the *Pomegranate*:
The little *Shrubs* alſo
Do year by year,
As emulous of the Fruit, that Trees do bear,
Strive them for to out-go.
Likewiſe althô
Some other Trees, as th' *Oak* and *Pine*,
When in their prime
Man nothing give,
As being barren in all things but Leaves;
Yet that to recompence
When they'r cut down and dead,
We thence
Furniſh our ſelves of many things we need.
As for the fruitful over-loaded *Vine*,
It yields its various kinds of generous Wine;
An uſeful Gift,
Could we but learn to uſe't aright.

(20.)

Thus Earth was furniſhed ;
And th' *Heavens* forthwith after did
Begin at God's Command for to be garniſhed.
This *Light*, ſaid he,
Which hitherto hath ſerv'd my uſe,
I did it not with that intent produce,
That it ſhould always be
In the ſame Form that now my *Angels* ſee :
It is but in its *Chaos* yet,
And ſhall a Form more perfect get.
He ſpoke and gave Command,
That *Light* ſhould ſever and disband,
And to effect the ſame put forth his mighty Hand.
Then ſtraightway Light,
More ſpeedy than the winged Sight,
Seems all in parcels for to fall,
Some more great, and ſome more ſmall,
Yet of a *Spheral* Figure all.
Theſe he doth take and place
Where now harmoniouſly they run their Race,
Each in his diſtance round this World's Face.

(21.)

The *Stars* thus fram'd, he alſo then did make
The *Planets*, *Sun*, and *Moon*, which do partake
Each of a diff'rent Courſe and Quality,
According as moſt wiſely he
For wiſeſt ends thought fit that they ſhould be.
The Sun did then through his *Zodiack* Line,
His Silver Rays make for to ſhine,

Where

Where-ever ſince he hath begun,
As the great World's *Poſt* to run,
Days, *Years*, and *Hours* unalterable he
Hath meaſur'd out unweariedly.
The *Moon* likewiſe we ſee
A Meaſure of our *Months* to be
Still conſtant in unconſtancy.
But tho' ſhe of Inconſtant bear the Name,
The Sun, not ſhe, is for the ſame to blame;
Since ſhe is either dark, obſcure, or bright,
According as he pleaſeth to give light.

(22.)

The liquid *Ether* being fill'd with clear
And glorious Lamps of Light which there appear:
And thus Man's dwelling great,
In all its garniſhing and ſtate,
Unto Perfection being brought and made,
And on the ſame the Cope-ſtone laid,
Servants only wanting were
To attend upon him there,
Againſt the time he ſhould be wrought,
And forth into his glorious Palace brought.
Then doth the Lord
To th'Waters utter his creating Word:
The Waters heard it, and well underſtood
What thereby was his Will;
Which to fulfill,
They do coagulate, and forth do bring
A certain Spawn, or a crudled thing,
Which forthwith into thouſand parts divides,
Each of the which moſt wondrouſly,

Into a sev'ral kind of *Fish* doth turn to be,
Which do with Fin and Tail most nimbly
Cast up their scaly sides;
The Monsters of the Sea,
And *Whales*, which far the greatest be,
Hence their beginning also owe
No less than other Fish of Form more low.

(23.)

Then straight the *Waters earthy sides*,
And *sandy Ground* o're which it slides,
Of the same prolifick Virtue doth partake,
And lo, an hollow murmur it doth make.
Out of the same then doth there flie,
And mount on high,
As if lifted by the Winds,
Birds of thousand various differing kinds,
Which fill the Air with divers sorts of Notes
Thorough their hoarser, or more tuneful Throats:
Some whereof love their Mother Water so,
As always thereon, or near it to go
Hither and thither, to and fro.
Whilst others of a more refined kind,
Their only pleasure on the Earth do find, (stand,
Among the Trees and Flowers which there ingrafted
By Nature's curious Hand:
Amongst the which the *Lark* and *Nightingal*
Strive to excell,
The one aloft doth soar, ev'n to the *Clouds*,
Whilst th' other under thickest *Bushes* shrouds:
One of the Fields, th' other of Woods makes choice,
One in the day's most lovely light,

The

The other in the gloomy Night
Extends its lovely Voice.
Hence likewiſe the rapacious *Fowl*,
And Birds of prey,
As th' *Eagle*, *Vulture*, and the *Owl*,
Their firſt beginning took, as well as they.

(24.)

The ſpacious *Sea*, the *Waters*, and the *Air*
Thus filled are
With Creatures, who do there make their abode.
Then God
Doth make the dull and heavy-hearing *Ground*
Hear his creating Voice's ſound.
At which ſtraightway the Earth
Conceives a living *Fœtus* in its Womb,
Which being brought unto the Birth,
Lo then thenceforth do come,
And ſpring
Thouſand kinds of differing things.
Lo here a living Creature's *Head*
Doth gape, and panting for an egreſs plead
From out its Mother's Womb;
Then forth its *Breaſts* and *Shoulders* come;
Then nimble *Life*, and vital *Strength*
Enliven do the *parts behind*,
And now, behold, there iſſues forth at length
A *Lyon*, *Elephant*, or *Horſe*
Rejoycing in its fierceneſs, ſtrength and force.
Here a ſpirituous piece of Earth
Partakes of Life, and Heat, and Breath:
Whence doth ariſe a *Fox*, an *Ape*, or *Dog*: (*Hog*.
Here a more heavy piece of Clay is form'd into an

Here

Here doth an *Oxe* arise,
And here a piece of Earth of lesser size
Becomes a *Goat* or *bleating Sheep*,
Beside all which a wanton *Doe* doth leap.
There runs a timerous *Hare* with nimble Feet;
And here do go a thousand *Beasts* too long for to re-
Here th'*Otter*, *Wesil*, and the *Mole* (cite.
Run each into a sev'ral Hole;
And here among the Bushes doth the *Serpent* rowl:
Here do the little creeping things,
(Some whereof helped are by slender Wings,)
Run along the Herbs and Grass,
As curious in their frame as other Animals, tho' less.
The little *Ant* industriously
Doth here prepare her store
For the Winter long before.
Likewise the *Hornet*, *Wasp*, and *Honey-Bee*
O're every Herb and Flower do fly,
And for a future Storm prepare supply.
Now all this while
In a lovely lofty style
The knowing Angels who stand by,
With a curious prying Eye,
Lift their tuneful Voice on high,
So harmoniously agreeing
With the successive Being
Of each part of the Creation,
In its sev'ral place and station,
That it had been hard then to perceive
Whether each *Thing* did receive
Its *Essence* from that sound by some occult
And secret Vertue that did thence result;
Or whether Angels did their Notes advance,
And pace did keep with the Creations Dance.

(26.)

The Earth now being wholly furnished,
And garnished all o're,
And with most rich and plenteous store
Compleatly furnished;
The great *Three-One* doth Counsel take
With his own Sacred Self, how he
The last part of his work should make,
Ev'n *Man*, who was to be
Superior o're all things that we do see;
Man the fair *Compend* and *Epitomy*
Of *finite Beings* all,
Whether they're *Spirits*, or *Material*,
In whom God purpos'd for to write his Law,
And on his Soul his Image blest to draw.
When this the *Angels* hear,
They tacitly admire,
And with amazing Thoughts do stand,
Then God doth put forth his All-potent Hand;
And lo, he takes a piece of purest Clay
Whence it lay;
And it a curious *Machine* frames to be,
(Surpassing all the Sun before did see,)
In all its parts compleat,
Lying along like to a comely *Man* o'recome with (sleep.

(27.)

Then lo, a *spir'tual* Substance he doth make,
(Such as the Angels for an Angel take,)
And it doth in the *Body* place,
Which straight doth live, and with a vigorous Grace
[Lifts

Lifts up its well-shap'd face,
And looketh up and down, and round about,
And casts his rolling Eyes the World throughout;
What am I, said he with himself, and where?
What things are these which I view every where?
Amazed thus he museth, till at last
Th' Prophetick *Mind* a look doth cast
Unto the Heavens, and doth spy
The glorious Divine Majesty,
And then with ardent Love Man thither strives to fly:
But th' *Body* doth such a *Remora* prove,
That no way he can find to get above:
Oh! says the *Mind*,
Must I a Pris'ner stay,
And no way find
To fly out from this House of Clay?

(28.)

Stay, stay, saith God,
This thy abode
Is half thy self; and wilt thou from it flie?
Where wouldst thou be?
For I am here, and every where,
Under as well as above the Heavens so fair.
I here have made a glorious place,
A very *Paradise*;
Come enter in.—— What thinkst thou now?
Have not things here a lovely show?
And yet all these are made for you.
These Man considers, and doth fall before
His God, and him adore.
Oh Lord, said he, thou hast upon me such
Great Blessings pour'd, that I cannot so much

As

As number up the thousandth part, tho I
Should have as many Eyes as *Stars* thy Sky,
O're all th' inferiour Creatures that live,
Thou dost to me *Dominion* give.
But oh! their Natures are so different
From mine, that I the want lament—
I fain would farther speak, but fear lest thee I tempt.

(29.)

He spoke, and prostrate down doth lie,
A proper posture whilst that God is nigh.
Then God doth make a deep,
And heavy death-like sleep
On *Adam* for to fall: which done, he takes
A fleshy *Rib* out of his Side, and makes
A *Consort* thereof to him. *Adam* then awakes,
Unvails his Eyes, and doth behold
A living thing of his own Mold;
Lo now, said he, I am
A compleat and perfect Man;
And thou whom I do look upon,
And who art taken out of me,
Shalt be my constant Helper and Companion
Where-e're I be.
Then Mirth and Joy mutual
Doth solemnize these Lovers *Nuptial*:
And *Birds*, and *Beasts*, and *creeping Creatures* all,
As officious their Service for to shew,
Are their Attendants and Spectators too.
Thus they rejoyce untill the *Night* draws on,
The *sixth* and last of the Creation;
When God on all his Works the Cope-stone cast,
And winds them up with a sweet Rest at last;

Th' ob-

Th' obſervance whereof he doth Man command,
That it for ever ſanctify'd might ſtand :
I grant thee, Man, *ſix days*, ſays he, as thine,
But th'*ſeventh part* of all thy time
Do challenge and eſteem as mine.

(30.)

When God his Will doth thus impart,
Both Man and Woman do prepare their Heart
To ſanctifie the following day
In an holy, pious way :
Which when it comes, behold what Throngs
Of pious *Praiſes*, and untainted *Songs*
Do flye above unto the Throne
Of the Eternal Great *Three One.*
Thus they in *Hymns* ſpend all the running day,
Until the *Time* flyes with their *Hymns* away,
And on the heav'nly *Altar* doth them lay :
Where they with Songs of Angels do appear,
And fly (like Incenſe) to th'Almighty's Ear.
Thus God and Angels do obſerve this day,
And Man in keeping it, doth God obey.
Wherefore, my *Muſe*, do thou ſtand ſtill,
And likewiſe keep a Sabbath for a while :
Thou followed haſt all things unto their Reſt,
And now it would be beſt
For thee to reſt thy ſelf, and quiet lye,
Till a ſhort *Sabbath* do paſs by.

Life

Life and Death:

A PINDARIQUE ODE.

WHere is the thing call'd *Life?* Fain wou'd I know
If it abide on Earth below;
If our ſhort ſtay on Earth can claim
The honour of that Name:
Since here almoſt each one
Doth ſigh, lament and groan,
When he's by ſickneſs ſummon'd to be gone,
And leave his Habitation.
Or if Life doth not here remain,
Whence comes it then,
That Men ſo fearful be,
When Breath takes Wings, from them away to flie.

II.

Life's a miſtaken thing, too great a Name
For any thing on Earth to claim:
It's true, in Innocence Man got
A little Earneſt of the thing call'd Life;
But well we wot
He quickly did deprive
Himſelf o'th' hope to be alive,

The

The Throat whereof was cut by Satans subtle knife:
Of that, his wretched fall
Deprived him, and his Posterity all.
Then, them Death did to Life succeed,
Not by' an earnest, but earnestly indeed;
Since which Man really is dead.

III.

Can it be possible that Life is nurs'd
By being wretched and accurs'd?
Can Life by Death be bred?
Can Life with Death be fed?
Is't possible that true Life can decay
Or flee away?
Can Life within a prison dwell?
Or in a noisom Cell?
Can he be' alive, who did Life's very earnest sell?
Can such a Blessing be bestow'd on Earth or Hell?
No! no! it only in the Heavens doth dwell.

IV.

'Tis true, our Saviour Life hath purchased,
When Death by Death he vanquished,
And freely since hath offered
That noble thing,
To enjoy which he promise doth his Folk to bring.
Oh Life, what wondrous thing art thou!
Who could'st not purchas'd be
By a price less noble or less high (die,
Than thy great Authors Life, who needs behov'd to
E're he could have the priviledge to show,
And upon us bestow
An Earnest only of thee here below.

V. For

V.

For why this lower World God doth ſcorn
With ſuch a Jewel to adorn:
Which as it takes it's riſe,
From Heavens bright Suns moſt glorious Rays,
In heavens illuſtrious Crown, ſo is it only to be worn.
There, there, the holy *purchas'd* ones,
With praiſeful and with joyful Songs,
Inſtead of weeping, ſighs and groans,
Acknowledge that they were no more,
But dead before;
And that it was a groſs miſtake,
To fancy Earth could e're partake
Of ſuch a plant, which cannot grow
Upon an Heath ſo barren and ſo low.

VI.

Leave off, erratick Mortals, to deceive
Your ſelves with ſhadows, which no ſubſtance have;
Could you, alas, conceive
What rare and noble thing is *Life*,
It would be more your ſtrife,
This empty dream of Life to leave,
Than matter for the ſame to grieve.
Will any Man near to the Northern Pole,
Who feels the ſtifling cold
Which of that frozen climate doth take hold,
His going to an hotter place condole?

VII.

It's true indeed, the wicked reaſon have
To fear thoſe things call'd *Death* and *Grave.*
They who in Satans ſervice, waſte the Prime
Of their moſt precious Time;
Who willing do obey each ſinful luſt,
And do refuſe on God to truſt:
Such have good cauſe to fear the loſs of breath,
By that which we call Death,
Since all their hope depends on Earth.

VIII.

But thoſe who of Gods favour are ſecure,
And know the ſame; cannot, I think, endure
Here lingring to remain,
In Sin, in Grief and Pain.
Sure they will needs for Heaven pant,
And grieve till God their ſuit do grant.
Let frantick *Fools* ſeek to enjoy,
Their bliſs in ſome poor earthly Toy;
Let mad *Enthuſiaſts* of perfection boaſt:
The Saints do ſee that they're but loſt,
While on this Dunghill Earth they ſtay.
And therefore, though ſometimes they get a glance of Day,
Yet grieving and impatient of delay,
They can't but pant to be away.

IX.

Oh what a Life muſt that needs be,
Life's ſource and ſpring to know and ſee!

And

And on it's bank to grow,
Like tall and ſtately trees,
Green and thick ſet with fruit and leaves,
And feel it's ſap to feed our roots below!
For while upon the Earth we be,
We are but in a *Nurſerie*,
'Till to Heavens *Orchard* we tranſplanted be.

X.

If endleſs bliſs deſerve the Name of Life,
Without conteſt or ſtrife;
Then ſure to be depriv'd of Bleſſedneſs,
Muſt be call'd Death no leſs.
God is the ſource of Life, from whom doth flow
The Springs thereof, to us who are ſo low.
But if to him we Adverſary be,
Is't poſſible think we,
That we ſhall ne're the leſs be ſuffered to live,
That he, that Noble Gift, to us, as to his Friends
(ſhould give?

XI.

Wherefore let it our ſtudy prove,
To mind what is above,
And thitherwards to move.
Let it be our conteſt,
On Earth who ſhall live beſt.
Let us with an unwearied pace,
Depending on the Heavenly Grace,
Run our Spiritual Race.
Let us our mark and pattern place before our eye,
Let our bleſt Saviours Life obſerved be. (Love,
Our Head and Heart, let them be ſway'd by Faith and
And converſe with our God, let it our Cordial prove!

Let this be our great ſtudy, and our ſtrife,
And thus by time, wee'l reach to Life.

XII.

Which when we feel, Death we ſhall no more fear,
Grief will no more to us appear;
For where there's Life, there is no grief nor tear:
Joy and perpetual Mirth,
Accompany true Life it's Birth.
Perpetual Youth of us ſhall then take hold,
And we ſhall ne're grow old,
Heav'n will unknown reſt and peace to us unfold,
The ſource of Life we always ſhall behold;
In which infinite Myſteries wee'll ſee,
On which wee'l muſing (though ſtill praiſing) be,
Through th' ageleſs Ages of Eternity.
In the mean time, while here, let's groan
Hence thither to be gone.

Thoughts upon David's *ELEGY on* Saul *and* Jonathan, 2 *Sam.* 1. 17.

I.

I *Srael*, quit thy Name of *Iſrael*,
It now doth not befit thee half ſo well,
As the firſt Name thou hadſt before; go then
And take thy Name of *Jacob* once agen,

For

For why, *Iſraels* Beauty now is ſlain,
The Foe hath rubb'd on us an everlaſting ſtain.
Upon the Mountains high,
Our hope, our ſtrength, in gore doth breathleſs lye;
Oh can the Body live, when as the Head doth dye!
Or rather can the Body live again,
When thorowly once ſlain?
What reaſon then have we who yet ſurvive,
To think that we do live?
For though ſome glowing heat doth in us ſtay,
Yet are we ought but dead, when as our Soul's away?

II.

Oh let there none be found,
Abroad our hurt to ſound;
Let there be none,
In *Gath* or *Askelon*,
Who may get notice of our wound:
The ſhame of ſuch diſgrace, and ſuch a fall
May prove ſufficient guard unto us all,
The weakneſs for to cover
Of our almoſt expiring Mother.
Let neither action nor word,
A Token of this general loſs afford:
Leſt that the *Philiſtines* rejoyce,
Leſt that their very Maids extend their voice,
With this ſad ſubject of a Song; (walk along.
Leſt it do prove their common News, when they do
For though we muſt confeſs, and cannot hide,
But that we are the loſing ſide;
Yet ſure we may ſo far keep in our breath,
As not to ſound abroad our King, our Prince, and No-
(bles Death.

III.

Gilboa where this Tragedy hath acted been,
Let there grow nought on you henceforth that's (green!
Let ne're the Clouds upon you pour,
The drops of a refreshing shower:
Let not the moistning rain, nor pearly dew,
Descend or ever fall on you:
Let ne're the vernant Spring your Face renew!
Henceforth let ne're your Mountains
Give birth to Springs or Fountains.
Be, be ye turned into barren sand, (Land.
And prove henceforth a curse and Proverb o're the
Let there no offering henceforth here be made,
But let thy Groves for ever fade.
Let never *Israelite* so far injurious be,
To last days fatal memorie,
As ever to appear,
With Offerings or Sacrifices here:
Or if he do, let God deny to hear,
And justly stop his Ear.

IV.

For why, this is the wretch'd and fatal place,
Of *Israel*'s perpetual disgrace;
Where valiant Men away did throw,
In an unusual flight,
Their Shield, their Sword, their Bow;
Where Men of might,
Where men of great renown,
Were vilely slain and slaughtered down:
Amongst the which our Prince himself doth lye,
(Our Prince ne're us'd to fly;)

Saul

Saul, *Saul* himſelf doth lye among
The common Souldiers, and the vulgar throng ;
As if he were of no eſteem,
As if his head with Oyl had ne're anointed been.

V.

Here *Saul*, and his too valiant Son,
His Son, who did in Vertue far all Men outrun,
Are now, (Oh wonder,) ſlain.
They who while living, did diſdain,
By ſomething more than Magnanimity,
Even when alone, from Armies for to fly :
Who thought it ſhame to grapple with a Foe
Than them more low.
Men mighty, valiant, and renown'd,
Men whoſe admired Acts Fame loud did ſound,
Not one by one, but when combin'd,
Were only Objects worthy of their generous mind.
How many mighty men their Graves did find
By *Jonathan*'s unconquer'd Arm !
What multitudes did he alone diſarm !
What Armies were by him and *Saul* down brought!
How many Captains have their mercy ſought !

VI.

How lovely was our *Saul* and *Jonathan* !
Is there a Subject, nay, is there a Man
To whom they known were, who can
Keep back the tribute of a Tear !
Sure Foes themſelves can't chuſe but grieve, when this
Their lovely and their pleaſant lives (they hear.
With their Heroick actions ſtrives ;

What man is he in Battle that them ſaw,
Who was not ſtruck with awe?
What Man did e're at Court them ſee,
Whom Love did not their Captives make to be?
What Man was e're admit their Speeches for to hear,
Their Speeches worthy of a Learned ear,
Who did not their profoundneſs ſtill admire?
And as they liv'd, ſo now they dye,
One bears the other Company;
Lo now, how they, as one, together lifeleſs lye!
Who while they liv'd, more ſwift than Eagles were,
Encount'ring Foes er'e they were once aware.
Like Eagles mounting up, with Glory's wings they
Like Lions amongſt Enemies they roar'd. (ſoar'd,
Their very Names did fright their Foes;
Their very voice made Adverſaries loſe.

VII.

Ye People weep and wail,
(Though weeping can't alas prevail,)
Weep for your King,
Who to you did ſuch Wealth and Honour bring:
Under whoſe ſhade you liv'd ſecure,
And knew ſcarce what it was for to be poor.
When he at any time did Victory attain,
You ſhared with him in the gain.
With Scarlet, and with cloth of Gold,
With Jewels comely to behold,
And other things moſt fine,
You cloathed were by him, whilſt he did reign.
That e're you did in ſuch great plenty live,
That 'ere you had ſuch ſtore,
That ſcarce you could have wiſh'd for more,

Unto

Unto his care you're bound thanks for to give.
Come therefore, come, and joyn with me
In making of his Funeral *Elegy*:
Of this ſad Scene let us laſt Actors be,
And in a mournful Song cloſe up this *Tragedy*.

VIII.

By what enchanting Magick did the Foe
Prevail o're ſuch Great Hero's ſo?
Who would believe, that *Iſrael* thus ſhould flie?
Who would believe that mighty Men ſhould die
In ſuch a way,
And thoſe, who us'd to flie, ſhould gain the day?
Theſe valiant Men, when Cowards run away,
With generous diſdain,
Reſolved ne're their worth and deeds thus for to ſtain,
But rather fighting, to be ſlain.
They run amongſt their Foes,
And fighting, ſingly multitudes oppoſe; (do loſe.
Till overpowr'd, at laſt, unconquer'd they their lives
O *Jonathan*, thou here thy matchleſs Valour try'd,
And thouſands ſlew before thou dy'd!
Heaps of thy Foes thou ſlew,
And thereby wearied grew,
E're Death could get a ſtroke of you.
In Honours Bed on *Gilboa* thou didſt dye;
Where though thy Corps doth lye,
Thy lovely Soul hath pierc'd the Sky,
Whilſt here Fame paints thee ſtill before our eye.

IX.

O *Jonathan*, how of thee ſhall I ſpeak!
How, I do ſay! not that I matter ſeek:

The

The copiousneſs of matter makes me be
Stupid when I ſhould ſpeak of thee;
Thouſands of thoughts my Breaſt poſſeſs,
When th' Name of *Jonathan* I would expreſs.
How doth thy lamentable Death,
That ſad expiring of thy breath,
With heavy grief my Heart oppreſs!
How doth it wound, how doth it me diſtreſs!
Oh beſt of Friends, my far beſt Brother,
Ne're to be equal'd by another!
My ſweeteſt Fellow, my Companion dear,
My Guide, my Equal, and my lovely Peer,
How can I think of thee without a tear?

X.

How pleaſant waſt thou, when thou liv'd, to me,
How lovely was thy Company!
Thou was the Load-ſtone which my Heart did draw,
When ever I thee ſaw,
And when as abſent, thy Idea bright
Did waſte my day, and ſpend my night.
My mind was always on the wing,
Ready almoſt to break the ſtring
Which doth it to this Body tye,
That ſo it unto thee might flye.
How ſhall I henceforth ſpend my weary time,
My Life's now paſt it's prime?
Care ſure will on me me now it's furrows draw,
They'l ſure not know me, who but now we ſaw.

XI.

Thy love to me was paſſing all account,
All thoughts of men did far ſurmount.

The

The famed loves of th' Female-kind,
The Feats of Love which in record we find,
Though all in one combin'd,
Thy Love to me do halt far, far behind.
Love did in thee ſure to its Zenith grow,
Which Hiſtory to Ages all may ſhow,
As wonderful above what ever we
Did yet behold or ſee.
O who a reaſon can me ſhow, (worth below?
Why thou thy Love didſt place on one ſo far thy
'Tis like thou didſt thy own Idea take,
Perfections perfect Image fair,
And thereof didſt another *Jonathan* make,
A Picture ſure moſt rare:
But ſince thou in that portraiture moſt fair,
Diſdain'ſt the name of *Jonathan* to ſee,
(Such was thy ſtrange and great humility,)
Thou needs muſt ſeek to place another there:
Which prov'd by ſome ſtrange Providence to be
None elſe but me.
Sure *Jonathan* in this thou waſt moſt blind,
To write and love in me the Image of thy mind.

XII.

O who can thy vaſt matchleſs Love expreſs,
I felt it when thy mind thou didſt undreſs!
When thou thy Soul as 'twere did in me pour,
I felt it in that hour.
But words are narrow, thoughts themſelves are weak,
A right Idea of thy Love to make.
When Paſſion at me thy Father did incenſe,
Thou pleaded Innocence,

And

And for thy Friend almoſt him los'd from thence:
Yea of the Crown thou chuſedſt to bereave
Thy ſelf, that I the ſame might have.
Hadſt thou now liv'd, I ſhould have fear'd conteſt,
Which of us ſhould our ſelves of it diveſt:
But now thou wears the Crown of heavenly reſt.
Ne're Soul was more capacious of a Crown,
Ne're Prince deſerved more Renown;
Yet at thy Friend his feet thou all lay'd down.

XIII.

How can we of this doleful ſlaughter hear?
How is't we're not ſtruck deaf, when this doth reach
(our ear?
That our great King, and Prince, and Nobles chief
Who ſlaughtered are, (Oh paining grief,)
Do yet unburied lye,
Since they did dye!
With billows of o'recharging grief we're toſs'd,
And almoſt loſt.
Our Valiant Men are ſlain,
Their Armies and their Weapons caſt away;
While we this day,
Half dead and half alive remain, (pain.
And ſcarce have ſtrength to wreſtle with our killing

The

The Ecſtaſie:

OR,

The Soul's Tranſmigration into the Heavenly Countrey, &c.

The Occaſion.

IT was a ſweet, ſerene, and charming day,
And Earth did look as cloath'd in *May*'s Array;
The Sun did ſmile down from his Orb on high,
And painted all the limpid Azure Sky,
The Roſie Morning yielded had its place,
And warmer Beams did now the Air embrace;
The mounting Larks with all the chanting Train,
As ſung aſleep, did in the Shades remain.
When glutted with the ſight of things below,
More raiſed Thoughts my Mind did over-flow;
A more than Humane Inſtinct ſeiz'd my Soul,
And all baſe Thoughts did utterly controul;
My *Fancy* ſacred Notions did preſent,
And Heav'n, as in a Glaſs, did repreſent.

At

At length my active Spirits tired grew,
And all *Idea*'s quietly withdrew;
My Mind did yield unto its *Organs* Call,
And did repose within its clayie Wall;
Moist Vapours silent to the Brain did creep,
And seal'd the Senses up with quiet sleep:
Yet restless Fancy by a divine sound,
Is called up to run a painted round.
To which the Mind a careful Ear did lend,
And in it things divine did apprehend.
And first, the *Fancy* seem'd to represent
The *Soul*'s *departure* from its earthly Tent;
Its *progress* next, and Journey through the Sky,
Until it reach'd the height of th' Heaven's high;
Its *entry* also there, with what it heard
And saw of th' glorious state which there appear'd;
In a sweet *Dream* (but more than Dream it was,)
Things seem'd as real as if come to pass:
Which, when awake, I did again review,
And here in a short *draught* its summ I shew;
Which, if it seem what's strange for to contain,
The Faith of which you can't with ease attain;
Know, *then* my Soul was in no common strain.

The Ecstasie.

The Soul.

(1.)

Farewell, farewell all earthly *toys*; (*a*)
Sweet *Friends* farewell, farewell all humane *joys*:

(*a*) *The departing Soul's Farewell.*

I have no time in words to waſte,
Farewell t'ye all in haſte.
My Body's now unpin'd I ſee,
I find my ſelf from Fetters free.
Farewell, *dear Body*, I muſt fly
Through the expanded Sky,
I have no time or mind longer to wait on thee.
The Nuptial tye's now loos'd, which made thee mine,
Reſt, reſt in hope, for Death ſhall thee refine;
And from the Grave at laſt, where now thou muſt (remain,
Thoul't rais'd be to be my half again.

(2.)

What glorious *Hoſts!* what ſweet *Companions* thoſe
Which do me cloſe! (*a*)
What pleaſant *Dream* is this, if *Dream* it be!
What lovely *Phantaſms* now I ſee!
But ſure they're real! ſure I do them view!
How glorious do they ſhew!
Mayn't I addreſs them? — Lo, one me prevents;
They ſlight vain Complements.

An Angel.

Bleſs'd Soul, thou'rt in no Dream,
Thy Life was rather ſo:
No, but awake things as they are to know.
We are what we do ſeem,
God's Hoſts, thee to conduct and bring
To Men and Angels King.

(*a*) *The Convoy of Angels.*

Soul

Soul.

(3.)

But if I ſtand in need of any,
What needs ſo many ?

Angel.

Through Satan's Territories now we go,
Who ruleth in the Air, as thou doſt know,
From whom we muſt thee, Soul, with force defend,
If he ſhall chance t'aſſault us for ſuch end.

Soul.

O God's great Love! but why ſuch glorious Ones?

Angel.

All Heavens Hoſts are ſuch ; all who are there
As glorious are and fair,
For we are all God's *Sons.*
But why on us doſt thou thus wond'ring gaze ?
Look on thy ſelf, thy ſelf may thee amaze.

Soul.

(4.)

What am I ? What ?— What do I view ?
Is this my own Proportion ? Is it true ?
What I was once, ſure I am now no more,
Or elſe I ne're did ſee my ſelf before !

When

When first I left the Body, in amaze,
I see you, and did on you gaze;
You were and are a Wonder just to me;
But now my self with wonder more I see.
But things more permanent I leave,
To passing things some passing Thoughts I give.
What things are those we now pass by, (*a*)
Which roul thus through the Sky?

Angel.

(5.)

Those are the *Cloudy Magazines*, which hold
The Hail, the Snow, the Cold.
Lo, here the treasures of the Rain.
Lo, there the Bellows of the noisie Winds remain.
But leaving these; lo, upwards look, what's here?
What glittering World does appear? (*b*)
This is the Moon, the Worlds lesser Light,
Which by the Suns reflection shines so bright,
Illustrating the dusky night:
Which, that it might dispense
An universal Influence
Unto the *Earthly Globle* below;
God did it so, and of such matter frame,
As is with it almost the same,
And thus it seems another World to show.
But here a while we'll stop our flight,
And from the Surface of the Moon so bright
Cast downwards some few looks on Earth below,
And see what at this length its form doth show.

(*a*) *The Clouds.* (*b*) *The Moon.*

Soul.

(6.)

What! —that the Earth! so low! so small!
That dark! that shadowy Ball! (*a*)
Is that the *Boundary* of aspiring Man?
Which seems from hence not much above a span.
Where, where's the *British Isle*, my Native Land?
Lo now I it do see,
Though scarce perceptible it be,
But seem as a grain of the Sand.
And is this little speck I see
(O shame of words!) called great *Britannie?*
Poor shallow-minded Man, where's thy *Renown*?
Where is the glittering glory of the *Crown?*
Where is the boast of an extensive *fame?*
Where are the Trophies *Victories* do claim?
Where's all the Grandeur *Monarchies* do boast?
Thy stately *Ships*, that pass from Coast to Coast?
Where's all thy *Empires* and *Dominions* great?
Where's all thy Grandeur and thy State?
Where's all thy mighty *Business* and *Trade?*
Where are thy long and weary *Journeys* made?
What! Fight, Rob, Ravish, Murder, Kill!
And all for some small dust of this *Mole-hill!*

Angel.

(7.)

Leave off thy *musings*, let us mind our way,
Our Journey's long, and time admits no stay.

(*a*) *The Souls reflection on the Earth from the Moon.*

Lo,

Lo, here's the *way* thy Sacred Maſter took,
When after's Paſſion he the Earth forſook;
We with him then did in ſuch manner fly,
As thee we now accompany.
Thouſands of Saints their new-rais'd Bodies wore(*a*)
At the ſame time, and up with him did ſoar.
Thus alſo did *Elijah* march before,
And *Enoch* ſnatch'd from Earth, to live on it no more.
Thus ſhall the *Martyr'd Saints* aſcend, (*b*)
When Satan's earthly Monarchy does end;
Where they in Heaven ſhall reign a *thouſand years*,
In th'time the Church to reign on Earth appears.
This way thou'lt tread a ſecond time,
When Souls their Bodies do aſſume again;
And then with Chriſt thy Head, and all the Juſt,
Who have put on their then Immortal Duſt,
Thou'lt ſit to judge the Men that are accurſt:
The Judgment over, all the glorions Train,
Who follow their great King, who once was ſlain,
In glory ſhall aſcend to Heaven again.

(8.)

But now look up, behold the glorious Sun, (*c*)
Approach, and fearleſs to it come:
Bodies fear burning, Spirits are not ſuch
As to be hurt by any *matters touch.*
Behold this *World of Fire*, and ſee how ſoon
God can the Earth in Flames conſume.
If plac'd but nearer Earth, Heat would of it take hold;
And further if remov'd, Earth would conſume with cold.
Lo, here's the ſource of Light and Heat,
So fervid, yet ſo ſweet.

(*a*) *Math.* 27. 52, 53. (*b*) *Rev.* 20. 4, 5. (*c*) *The Sun.*

It's this which lower Beings keeps alive,
And from a Winters death doth Earth revive.
Behold the matter feeds this Flame so clear,
Which though for to consume it doth appear,
Yet is not wasted, lo, five thousand year.

(9.)

But upwards let us mount with all our might,
Each Object must not thus retard our flight.

Soul.

Methinks ten thousand Suns I do espy, (*a*)
All rolling through the Sky;
Each of them bigger to me seems, ev'n here,
Than from the Moon the whole Earth did appear.

Angel.

These are the Stars which thus so glorious shew,
But time admits no stay them now to view.
Let's swiftly pass them; *Heav'n* lo, draws near,
Where Objects far more glorious will appear.
Lo, now the Starry-Firmament gives way;
Heav'ns Gates fly open; its Hosts do for us stay.

Soul.

(10.)

Where am I! — where! — How glorious all things
What glorious Objects do I view! (*b*) (shew!

(*a*) *The Stars.* (*b*) *The Soul enters Heaven.*

What

What ſweet Perfumes I ſmell! what Odours rare
Paſs through the ſweet irradiate Air!
What ſweet melodious Muſick do I hear,
Which ſtrikes my raviſht Ear!
Lo, how innumerable the *Armies* be
Of glorious Angels which I ſee!
One to me comes.—Methinks I him ſhould know! (a)
Sure it's a *Soul* that once did dwell below!

A glorified Spirit.

(11.)

Welcome, *dear Brother*, to the Heavens high;
My features thou may know, for it is I:
For Glory alters not the Soul, ſave in
Its Imperfections, the effects of ſin.
All thy Relations, who in Chriſt did die,
Are alſo here, and ſtraight you'll them deſcry.
Our love, which we on Earth each other bore,
Oblig'd me others for to come before,
And be the firſt to fly unto the Gate,
With th'Angels ſent thy entry to await.
For tho' our Heav'nly State, as that of Angels pure,
No Earthly Bond admits, or can endure;
All being ſwallow'd up in cloſer *Saintſhips* Tye:
Yet true Love once begun, like Grace doth never die,
But purg'd from Earthly dregs, and made more pure,
Doth ever here endure.
The Heav'nly Wiſdom knows this fit to be,
As by Experience quickly you will ſee;

(a) *A known Spirit.*

For lo, a *Manſion* is for you prepar'd,
And in the ſame, as part of your Reward,
You may obſerve it ſo to ſtand,
As to have nigh at hand
The Manſions of all thoſe, conjoyn'd to thee on Earth
By *Nature*'s, or by cloſer *Friendſhip*'s *Birth.*

Soul.

(12.)

Sweet Place, ſweet Life, ſweet Company, all ſweet;
Sweet Grace, ſweet Love, which for this made us meet.
Poor ſordid Earth below!
Thy Memory now doth more than ſordid grow.
Poor Mortal Friends, with weeping why ſo pin'd?
What makes you thus to grief inclin'd?
No reaſon ſure you have, except that you are left be-hind,
What! weep becauſe we happy are, and well!
Becauſe we've bid all grief farewell;
Becauſe Death now we have exchang'd for Life,
And Truth & Peace have got for Error & for Strife!
Becauſe we from a troublous Sea are ſafely got on ſhore,
And are to ſail on it no more!
Sure we, who've left you ſailing yet on it,
On that ſo ſad and hazardous a Deep,
Have reaſon more for you to weep,
If Heaven could of ſuch a frame admit.

Glorified Spirit.

(13.)

Break off, we've wing'd the *outer Court* almoſt,
We've ſeen its Glories, and its glorious Hoſt.

The

The *Palace-Gate*, lo, now at length draws near,
Whose splendour will make all you've seen to (disappear:
For there our glorious God himself doth show,
As far as Finite Minds can formed be Infiniteness to (know.
There Christ you'll see, in whose Humanity
Are center'd all the Rays of the bright Deity.
But it's in vain these things for to describe,
Whereof no Picture can be made;
But if there's any, it you'll find
In the bright Mirrour of th' irradiate wondring Mind.
But now let's enter, streight you more will see
Than can be fully known, far less expresst to all Eter- (nity.

Soul.

(14).

What! God himself! —Yea, God himself I see!
My Saviour dear I see and know!
Now Saints and Angels disappear to me:
A divine *Instinct* all things me doth show.
But Words do leave me, Thoughts themselves do (halt,
Tho' *perfect*, yet I'm *finite* still,
And tho' I'm freed from Moral ill,
Yet as a *Creature*, not without all fault.
God is himself my *Bible* now become,
And Christ my *Teacher* grown:
The Wonders of the Deity will come
Henceforth to be more known.
For *he himself*'s presented as our study now,
As's *works* th' Objects once were of our view.

My *powerleſs powers* would fain preſent their Offering,
But that they're wrapt and fetter'd by a divine won-
(dering.
Yet lo, *Seraphick* Fire doth kindle ſo within my Breaſt,
As, with th' glorious *Chorus*, I
To joyn and ſing muſt needs attempt at leaſt;
Yea, lo my God himſelf invites me for to try.

(15.)

All praiſe, all praiſe to *Him* that ſits above,
The only Object worthy of all Love.
To thee, Great God, an *Hallelujah* I
Shall warble out through bleſs'd Eternity.
I enter now th' Song that never ſhall have end,
But ſet to higher Notes, muſt higher ſtill aſcend.
For ſtill of thee the more I know, [ſhow;)
(And more and more Eternity, tho' gradually, will
The more I'll have to ſing and praiſe,
And higher things in higher Notes to raiſe.
Great *Three-One* God aſſiſt my Mind,
New Matter ſtill for praiſe to find.
Aſſiſt my Will, and all my Pow'rs to be
Fit for this Work, ſo as to praiſe thee, *worthy thee.*

The

The Review.

HEre *ſleeps* ſoft Chains no longer could contain
The *Soul*, in all the *Chambers of the Brain*,
Which raviſh'd was with Pleaſures ſweeteſt pain.

The active Soul did chaſe all Clouds away,
Broke all the Fetters that oppos'd its way,
And did reſtore it ſelf to light and day.

But Oh! how griev'd it was when it did find,
That *Fancy* only cheated had the Mind,
And that it ſtill on Earth was left behind.

It fain would have believ'd it was no Dream,
But that things real were, as they did ſeem;
Thus for a while it ſtrove againſt the Stream.

But when it found all was a Dream indeed,
Although it's *Divine meaning* it did read,
It vexed was, and bowed down the Head.

Yet acquieſcing in the Divine will,
Until at length God ſhould the ſame fulfill,
An *Heavenly ſatisfaction* did it fill:

Which made it think all o're again, and taſte
The Joys of Heav'n in the *Firſt-fruits* at leaſt,
As a ſweet *Prelude* of th' *Eternal Feaſt*.

But

But ſtill the more the Soul did think upon
Theſe Objects ſweet, it breathed to be gone,
And panted for it's *Separation.*

At length it could it ſelf no more contain,
Unable *flames* ſuppreſt for to retain;
But *ſpoke them* forth in the *ſucceeding ſtrain.*

The Souls deſire after Separation.

OH! how, how can I chuſe to ſit upon
This ugly Earth, without a pain or groan
At my ſad Fate, for being ſubject to
The various evils that do my peace undo!
Do I not ſee what miſeries attend
My happineſs *begun?* what evils tend
Me to degrade? how ſorrows all combine
To mix with *ſour my ſweet*, with *Gall* my *Wine?*
Do I not ſee how *Satan* lurking lyes
In th' ſecret corners of my Heart? whoſe Eyes
Are ſtill awake, and watch each paſſing glance
And motion of my thoughts, that ſo advance
He may with th' more advantage, and may uſe
My faculties againſt me, and amuſe
This way my Mind, as if it were not he,
But *roving Fancy* that I thus do ſee?
Do I not ſee how ſins do me ſurround?
And how *luſts* oft admit, and gaineth ground,
Freely without a Querying, *From whence?*
And enter'd ſtays oft without one, *Go hence?*

And

And how corrupt *Affections* daily ſtrive,
Sin from it's Mortal wound for to revive ?
Now comes *head-ſtrong* Ambition, and me brings
To mount above my bliſs on Eagles wings.
Now *ſordid* Pleaſure, through it's Perſpective,
That Dung is Gold would fain make me believe ;
God-emulous Pride below my Graces dives,
And to blow up Self-love in Flames contrives.
Cur-natur'd Envy helpeth me to mark
What's good in others, and at them to bark.
Baſe *Concupiſcence* fawning comes and ſtands,
Begging at firſt embraces, then commands.
Ugly *Toad-ſhapen* Covetouſneſs doth crawl,
And when admit, to Poyſon turns my Gall.
Unnat'ral, *Nat'ral* Luſts, all do combine
By courſe, to change my Image from *divine*
To *diabolick*, ſtriving me to make
Participer of the *Infernal Lake*.

What makes me then to grovel on the Earth ?
What pleaſure take I in this panting Breath ?
What comfort ſee I in this barren Soil,
Where nothing's found, but the *old curſe of toil?*
Where every *comfort's* hatched with a *ſting*,
And *diſmal rumours* ſtill are on the wing.
Where *ſhort-liv'd ſmiles* are drown'd in *floods of tears* ;
And *hopes few grains* are loſt in *Fields of fears*.
Where *pounds of grief* weigh down our *drams of mirth*,
And *ſorrow* kills our *joy* even at it's Birth.
Where loſs of Friends or diſtance brings us more
Of grief, than *preſence* gave content before.
Where *vanity* is writ on every thing,
And ſad *vexation* mortally doth ſting.

Up then, I'll rouſe my ſelf, and look above,
Where things are only worthy of my love :

Where

Where Heav'ns bright *Palace* joyfully doth ſtand
To welcome me into the promis'd Land ;
Where Gods Majeſtick looks, yet ſweetly mild,
Do call me to the Throne as his own Child.
Where Heavens bleſt *Hoſt* invite me for to come,
And all my *Friends above* do for me long.
Where my dear Lord with Arms expanded ſtays,
To Crown my Head with Everlaſting *Bays*.
Where my *Relations*, thither gone before,
Shall be my *Fellow Saints* for evermore.
Where Robes of glory are for me to wear,
And hopes *full Harveſt* doth exclude all fear.
Where praiſeful Songs my tuned *Throat* ſhall ſing,
And every *power* its thankful Offering bring.

Down from Felicity's *Pyramid* I then
May look on ſin, and never fear its ſtain ;
For why I ſhall no more it have to be
My *Boſom Neighbour*. *Satan* I ſhall ſee
Trod underfoot, and fully vanquiſht. There
I need not fear the ſmart of any care ;
For why my work ſhall only be to praiſe,
And in exalted Notes the fame to raiſe
Of my great Lord, his footſteps for to trace,
And ſee and love my glorious *Lovers* Face.

Then mayn't I long for *Death* ; ſince ſure he is
No King of terrors, but a King of bliſs
To me ? behind him leaving all his ſting
Which makes him fearful. He to me ſhall bring
A Paſs from th' *Worlds Sov'raign* ; which, when given,
Shall free me from each evil, and to Heaven
Shall ſafely me convoy, conduct and bring ;
Whither when entred, I ſhall ſit and ſing
Triumphant *Hallelujahs*, and ſhall joyn
Eternally in an unwearied Song

Of

Of constant praise, with the harmonious *Quire*
Of Saints and Angels, with *Seraphick* Fire,
Who ravisht are and rapt. There I shall see
The Face of God to all *Eternity.*
There I with Saints shall evermore remain,
And drink in bliss, and drink and drink again,
At the *Well-spring* it self. And so I shall
In God enjoy *one bliss perpetual.*

Wherefore let me take off my thoughts from earth,
Them place on what's beyond the reach of Death:
And since I must not prison break, impart
Unto my Native Land at least my Heart.

FINIS.

Advertisement.

THE Author of the preceding Papers having been absent all the time of their being in the Press, and that at such a distance as to be wholly incapacitated for Revising any of them, the Candid Reader is therefore desired the more favourably to Construct of whatever Omissions or other Defects he may Observe therein, and to judge of them as Typographical Errata's, which its hoped the judicious will easily excuse.

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